

THE MEMOIRS
OF
MR. CHARLES J. YELLOWPLUSH
AND
CATHERINE : A STORY.

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OF
MR CHARLES J. YELLOWPLUSH
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BY
WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY

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1887

CONTENTS.

THE MEMOIRS OF MR. C. J. YELLOWPLUSH.	
	PAGE
Mrs. SHUM'S HUSBAND	7
THE AMOURS OF MR. DEUCEFACE—	
DIMOND CUT DIMOND	27
FORING PARIS	42
MR. DEUCEFACE AT PARIS—	
I. THE TWO BUNDLES OF HAY	52
II. "HONOUR THY FATHER"	57
III. MINNEWYRING	64
IV. "HITTING THE NAIL ON THE HEAD"	71
V. THE GRIFFIN'S CLAWS	75
VI. THE JEWEL	79
VII. THE CONSEQUENCES	87
VIII. THE END OF MR. DEUCEFACE'S HISTORY—	
IMPRO	* 97
IX. THE MARRIAGE	106
X. THE HONEYMOON	108
MR. YELLOWPLUSH'S AJEW	117
SKETCHES FROM "THE DAIRY OF GEORGE IV."	129
EPITLES TO THE LITERARI	141

CATHRINE.

INTRODUCING TO THE READER THE CHIEF PERSON-	
AGES OF THIS NARRATIVE	* 153
IN WHICH ARE DEPICTED THE PLEASURES OF A	
SENTIMENTAL ATTACHMENT	190

	PAGE
III. IN WHICH A NARCOTIC IS ADMINISTERED, AND A GREAT DEAL OF GENTEEL SOCIETY DEPICTED	201
IV. IN WHICH MRS. CATHERINE BECOMES AN HONEST WOMAN AGAIN	210
V. CONTAINS MR. BROCK'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY, AND OTHER MATTER	221
VI. ADVENTURES OF THE AMBASSADOR, MR. MAC SHANE	233
VII. WHICH EMBRACES A PERIOD OF SEVEN YEARS	240
VIII. ENUMERATES THE ACCOMPLISHMENTS OF MASTER THOMAS BILLINGS—INTRODUCES BROCK AS DR. WOOD—AND ANNOUNCES THE EXECUTION OF ENSIGN MACSHANE	266
IX. INTERVIEW BETWEEN COUNT GALGENSTEIN AND MASTER THOMAS BILLINGS, WHEN HE INFORMS THE COUNT OF HIS PARENTAGE	279
X. SHOWING HOW GALGENSTEIN AND MRS. CAT RE- COGNISE EACH OTHER IN MARLBOROUGH GARDENS —AND HOW THE COUNT DRIVES HER HOME IN HIS CARRIAGE	290
XI. OF SOME DOMESTIC QUARRELS, AND THE CONSE- QUENCE THEREOF	300
XII. TRAVELS OF LOVE, AND PREPARES FOR DEATH	313
XIII. BEING A PREPARATION FOR THE END	317
CHAPTER THE LAST	319
ANOTHER LAST CHAPTER	325

THE MEMOIRS
OF
MR. C. J. YELLOWPLUSH,
SOMETIME FOOTMAN IN MANY GENTEEL FAMILIES.

MISS SHUM'S HUSBAND.

CHAPTER I.

I WAS born in the year one of the present or Christian here, and am, in consquints, seven-and thirty years old. My mamma called me Charles James Harrington Fitzroy Yellowplush, in compliment to several noble families, and to a sellybrated coachman whom she knew, who wore a yellow livry, and drove the Lord Mayor of London.

Why she gev me this gentl'mn's name is a diffiklty, or rayther the name of a part of his dress; however, it's stuck to me through life, in which I was, as it were, a footman by both.

Praps he was my father—though on this subject I can't speak surely, for my ma wrapped up my both in a mistry. I may be in the mit, I may have been changed at nuss, but I've always had gentl'mnly tastes through life, and have no doubt that I come of a gentl'mnly origum.

The less I say about my parint the better, for the dear old creatur was very good to me, and, I fear, had very little other goodness in her. Why, I can't say, but I always passed as her son. We led a strange life, sometimes ma was dressed in sack and rooge, and sometimes in rags and dutt; sometimes I was kesses, and sometimes kix, sometimes gin, and sometimes sompang; law bless us! how she used to swear at me, and pash me; there we were, quarrelling and making up, sober

and tipsy, starving and guttling by turns, just as ma got money or spent it. But let me draw a vail over the seen, and speak of her no more—it's sfishant for the public to know, that her name was Miss Montmorency, and we lived in the New Cut.

My poor mother died one morning, Hev'n bless her! and I was left alone in this wide wicked wuld, without so much money as would buy me a penny roal for my brexfast. But there was some amongst our naybours (and let me tell you there's more kindness among them poor disrepettable creaturs than in half-a-dozen lords or barrynets) who took pity upon poor Saff's orfin (for they bust out laffin when I called her Miss Montmorency), and gev me bred and shelter. I'm afraid, in spite of their kindness, that my *morrit* wouldn't have improved if I'd stayed long among 'em. But a benny-violent gentlmn saw me and pöt me to school. The academy which I went to was called the Free School of Saint Bartholomew's the Less—the young gentlmn wore green baize coats, yellow leather what'sisnames, a tin plate on the left arm, and a cap about the size of a muffing. I stayed there sick's years; from sick's, that is to say, till my twelfth year, during three years of witch I distinguished myself not a little in the muscle way, for I bloo the bellus of the church horgin, and very fine tunes we played too.

Well, it's not worth recounting my jewvenile follies (what trix we used to play the applewomian! and how we put snuff in the old clark's Prayer-book—my eye!), but one day a gentlmn entered the school-room—it was on the very day when I went to *apb-traxion*—and asked the master for a young lad for a servant. They pitched upon me glad enough, and next day found me sleeping in the scultry, close under the sink, at Mr. Bago's country-house at Pontonwille.

Bago kep a shop in Smithfield Market, and drow a taring good trade in the hoil and Italian way. I've heard him say, that he cleared no less than fifty pounds every year by letting his front room at hanging time. His winders looked right opoit Newgit, and many and many dozen chaps has he seen hanging there. Laws was laws in the year ten, and they screwed chaps nex for nex to nothink. But my bisniss was at his country-house, where I made my first *ontray* into fashnabl life. I was knish, errint, and stable-boy then, and an't ashamed to own it; for my merrits have raised me to what I am—two livries, forty pounds a year, malt-licker, washin, silk-stocking, and wax candles—~~and~~

counting walls, which is something pretty considerable at our house, I can tell you.

I didn't stay long here, for a suckmstance happened which got me a very different situation. A handsome young gentlem, who kep a tilbry and a ridin boss at lrvy, wanted a tlgcr. I bid at once for the place; and, being a neat tidy-looking lad, he took me. Bago gave me a character, and he my first lrvy; proud enough I was of it, as you may fancy.

My new master had some business in the City, for he went in every morning at ten, got out of his tilbry at the City Road,



and had it waiting for him at six, when, if it was summer, he spanked round into the Park, and drove one of the neatest wagnouts there. Verry proud I was in a gold liced hat, a drab coat and a red weskit, to sit by his side, when he drove. I already began to ogle the gals in the carriages, and to feel that longing for fashionabl life which I ve had ever since. When he was at the oppera, or the play, down I went to skittles, or to White Conclck Gardens; and Mr Frederic Altamont's young man was somebody, I warrant. to be sure there is very few main-servants at Pentonwille, the poppylation being mostly gals

of all work ; and so, though only fourteen, I was as much a man down there, as if I had been as old as Jerusalem.

But the most singular thing was, that my master, who was such a gay chap, should live in such a hole. He had only a ground-floor in John Street—a parlor and a bedroom. I step over the way, and only came in with his boots and breakfast in the morning.

The house he lodged in belonged to Mr and Mrs. Shum. They were a poor but prolific couple, who had rented the place for many years ; and they and their family were squeezed in it pretty tight, I can tell you.

Shum said he had been a hoffer, and so he had. He had been a sub-deputy assistant vice-commissary, or some such thing ; and, as I heard afterwards, had been obliged to leave on account of his *nervousness*. He was such a coward, the fact is, that he was considered dangerous to the army, and sent home.

He had married a widow Buckmaster, who had been a Miss Slamcoe. She was a Bristol gal, and her father being a bankrupt in the tallow-chandlery way, left, in course, a pretty little sum of money. A thousand pound was settled on her, and she was as high and mighty as if it had been a millium.

Buckmaster died, leaving nothink ; nothink except four ugly daughters by Miss Slamcoe, and her forty pound a year was rayther a narrow income for one of her appyite and pretensions. In an unlucky hour for Shum she met him. He was a widower with a little daughter of three years old, a little house at Pentonwille, and a little income about as big as her own. I believe she bullyd the poor creature into marridge ; and it was agreed that he should let his ground-floor at John Street, and so add somethink to their means.

They married, and the widow Buckmaster was the grey mare, I can tell you. She was always talking and blustering about her family, the celebrity of the Buckmasters, and the antickety of the Slamcoes. They had a six-roomed house (not counting kitchen and sculry), and now twelve daughters in all, whizz.—4 Miss Buckmasters : Miss Betsy, Miss Dossy, Miss Biddy, and Miss Winny, 1 Miss Shum, Mary by name, Shum's daughter, and seven others, who shall be nameless. Mrs. Shum was a fat red-haired woman, at least a foot taller than S., who was but a yard and a half high, pale-faced, red-nosed, knock-kneed, bald-headed, his nose and shut-frill all brown with snuff.

Before the house was a little garden, where the washin of the family was all ways hanging. There was so many of 'em that it was obliged to be done by relays. There was six rails and a stocking on each, and four small goosbry bushes, always covered with some bit of linning or other. The hall was a regular puddle : wet slabs of dishcloths flapped in your face, soapy smoking bits of flannel went nigh to choke you ; and while you were looking up to prevent hanging yourself with the ropes which were strung across and about, slap came the hedge of a pail against your shins, till one was like to be drove mad with lagony. The great slatternly doddling girls was always on the stairs, poking about with nasty flower-pots, a-cooking something, or sprawling in the window-seats with greasy curl-papers, reading greasy novels. An infernal pianna was jungling from morning till night—two eldest Miss Buckmasters, "Battle of Prag"—six youngest Miss Shums, "In my Cottage," till I knew every note in the "Battle of Prag," and cussed the day when "In my Cottage" was rote. The younger girls, too, were always bouncing and thumping about the house, with torn pinnyfores, and dogs-eared grammars, and large pieces of bread and treacle. I never see such a house.

As for Mrs. Shum, she was such a fine lady, that she did nothink but lay on the drawing-room sophy, read novels, drink, scold, scream, and go into hystarix. Little Shum kep reading an old newspaper from week's end to week's end, when he was not engaged in teaching the children, or goin for the beer, or cleanin the shoes : 'or they kep no servant. This house in John Street was in short a regular Pandymony.

What could have brought Mr. Frederic Altamont to dwell in such a place ? The reason is hobvius ! he adored the fust Miss Shum.

And suttlny he did not show a bad taste ; for though the other daughters were as ugly as their hideous ma, Mary Shum was a pretty little pink modest creatur, with glossy black hair and tender blue eyes, and a neck as white as plaster of Parish. She wore a dismal old black gownd, which had grown too short for her, and too tight ; but it only served to show her pretty angles and feet, and bewchus figger. Master, though he had looked rather low for the gal of his art, had certainly looked in the right place. Never was one more pretty or more hamiable. I gav her always the buttered toast left from our brexfast, and a cup

of tea or chocklate, as Altamont might fancy: and the poor thing was glad enough of it, I can vouch; for they had precious short commons upstairs, and she the least of all.

For it seemed as if which of the Shum family should try to snub the poor thing most. There was the four Buckmaster girls always at her. It was, Mary, git the coal-skittle; Mary, run down to the public-house for the beer, Mary, I intend to wear your clean stockens out walking, or your new bonnet to church. Only her poor father was kind to her, and he, poor old maff! his kindness was of no use. Mary bore all the scolding like a hangel, as she was no, not if she had a pair of wings and a goold trumpet, could she have been a greater hangel.

I never shall forgit one seen that took place. It was when Master was in the City, and so, having nothink earthly to do, I happened to be listening on the stairs. The old scolding was a-going on, and the old tune of that hojus "Battle of Prag." Old Shum made some remark, and Miss Buckmaster cried out, "Law, pa! what a fool you are!" All the gals began laffin, and so did Mrs. Shum all, that is, except Mary, who turned as red as flams, and going up to Miss Betsy Buckmaster, give her two such wax on her great red ears as made them tingle again.

Old Mrs. Shum screamed, and ran at her like a Bengal tiger. Her great arms vent velling about like a vinnill, as she cuffed and thumped poor Mary for taking her pa's part. Mary Shum, who was always a-crying before, didn't shed a tear now. "I will do it again," she said, "if Betsy insults my father." New thumps, new shrees! and the old horridan went on beatin the poor girl till she was quite exosted, and fell down on the sophy, putin like a poppus.

"For shame, Mary," began old Shum. "for shame, you naughty gal, you! for hurting the feelings of your dear inamma, and beating your kind sister!"

"Why, it was because she called you a"—

"If she did, you pert miss," said Shum, looking mighty dignitified, "I could correct her, and not you."

"You correct me, indeed!" said Miss Betsy, turning up her nose, if possible, higher than before, "I should like to see you crect me! Impurence!" and they all began laffin again.

By this time Mrs. S. had recovered from the effex of her exsire, and she began to pour in *her* wolly. Fust she called Mary names, then Shum.

"Oh, why," screamed she, "why did I ever leave a genteel family, where I ad every ellygance and lucksry, to marry a creature like this? He is unfit to be called a man, he is unworthy to marry a gentlewoman; and as for that hussy, I disown her. Thank Heaven she an't a Slamcoo; she is only fit to be a Shum!"

"That's true, mamma," said all the gals, for their mother had taught them this pretty piece of manners, and they despised their father heartily: indeed, I have always remarked that, in families where the wife is internally talking about the merits of her branch, the husband is invariably a spooner.

Well, when she was exosted again, down she fell on the sofa, at her old trix—more screeching—more convulsions and she wouldn't stop, this time, till Shum had got her half-a-pint of her old remedy from the "Blue Lion" over the way. She grew more easy as she finished the gin, but Mary was sent out of the room, and told not to come back agin all day.

"Miss Mary," says I,—for my heart yurned to the poor gal, as she came sobbing and miserable downstairs. "Miss Mary," says I, "if I might make so bold, here's master's room empty, and I know where the cold luf and pickles is." "O Charles!" said she, nodding her head sadly. "I'm too retched to have any happyite." And she flung herself on a chair, and began to cry fit to bust.

At this moment, who should come in but my master. I had taken hold of Miss Mary's hand, somehow, and do believe I should have kist it, when, as I said, Haltamont made his appearance. "What's this?" cries he, lookin at me as black as thunder, or as Mr. Phillips as Hickit, in the new tragedy of Mac Buff.

"It's only Miss Mary, sir," answered I.

"Get out, sir," says he, as fierce as poshil, and I felt some-think (I think it was the tip of his to) touching me behind, and found myself, nex minit, sprawling among the wet flannings and buckets and things.

The people from upstairs came to see what was the matter, as I was cussin and crying out. "It's only Charles, ma," screamed out Miss Betsy.

"Where's Mary?" says Mrs. Shum, from the sofa.

"She's in master's room, missis," said I.

"She's in the lodger's room, ma," cries Miss Shum, heckoing me.

"Very good; tell her to stay there till he comes back." And then Miss Shum went bouncing up the stairs again, little knowing of Haltamont's return.

I'd long before observed that my master had an anchoring after Mary Shum; indeed, as I have said, it was purely for her sake that he took and kept his lodgings at Pentonville. Except for the sake of love, which is above being mersnary, fourteen shillings a week was a little too strong for two such rat-holes as he lived in. I do believe the family had nothing else but their lodger to live on—they breakfasted off his tea-leaves, they cut away pounds and pounds of meat from his joints (he always dined at home), and his baker's bill was at least enough for six. But that wasn't my business. I saw him grin, sometimes, when I laid down the cold bif of a morning, to see how little was left of yesterday's seline, but he never said a syllabub; for true love don't mind a pound of meat or so hextra.

At first, he was very kind and attentive to all the gals; Miss Betsy, in particular, grew mighty fond of him—they sat, for whole evenings, playing cribblatch, he taking his pipe and glass, she her tea and muffing, but as it was improper for her to come alone, she brought one of her sisters, and this was generally Mary,—for he made a pint of asking her, too,—and one day, when one of the others came instead, he told her, very quietly, that he hadn't invited her, and Miss Buckmaster was too fond of muffs to try this game on again. Besides, she was jealous of her three grown sisters, and considered Mary as only a child. Law bless us! how she used to ogle him, and quote bits of poetry, and play "Meet Me by Moonlight," on an old guitar: she regular flung herself at his head—but he wouldn't have it, being better occupied elsewhere.

One night, as gentle as possible, he brought home tickets for "Ashley's," and proposed to take the two young ladies—Miss Betsy and Miss Mary, in course. I recollect he called me aside that afternoon, assuming a solomon and misterus hare. "Charles," said he, "are you up to snuff?"

"Why, sir," said I, "I'm generally considered tolerably downy."

"Well," says he, "I'll give you half-a-suffering if you can manage this business for me; I've chose a rainy night on purpose. When the theatre is over, you must be waitin' with two umbrellows; give me one, and hold the other over Miss Buck-

master: and, hark ye, sir, *turn to the right* when you leave the theater, and say the coach is ordered to stand a little way up the street, in order to get rid of the crowd."

We went (in a fly hired by Mr. A.), and never shall I forget Cartlich's hacting on that memorable night. Talk of Kimble! talk of Magreedy! Ashley's for my money, with Cartlich in the principal part. But this is nothink to the porpus. When the play was over; I was at the door with the umbrells. It was raining cats and dogs, sure enough.

Mr. Altamont came out presently, Miss Mary under his arm, and Miss Betsy following behind, rayther sulky. "Thus way, sir," cries I, pushin forward, and I threw a great cloak over Miss Betsy, fit to smother her. Mr. A. and Miss Mary skipped on and was out of sight when Miss Betsy's cloak was settled, you may be sure.

"They're only gone to the fly, miss. It's a little way up the street, away from the crowd of carridg's." And off we turned *to the right*, and no mistake.

After marchin a little through the plash and mud, "Has anybody seen Coxy's fly?" cries I, with the most innocent haxent in the world.

"Cox's fly!" hollows out one chap. "Is it the vaggin you want?" says another. "I see the blackin wan pass," giggles out another genl'mn, and there was such a hinterchange of compliments as you never heerd. I pass them over though, because some of 'em were not very genteel.

"Law, miss," said I, "what shall I do? My master will never forgive me, and I haven't a single sixpence to pay a coach." Miss Betsy was just going to call one when I said that; but the coachman wouldn't have it at that price, he said, and I knew very well that *she* hadn't four or five shillings to pay for a vehicle. So, in the midst of that tarrin rain, at midnight, we had to walk four miles, from Westminster Bridge to Pentonville; and what was wuss, *I didn't happen to know the way*. A very nice walk it was, and no mistake.

At about half-past two, we got safe to John Street. My master was at the garden gate. Miss Mary flew into Miss Betsy's arms, while master began cussin and swearing at me for disobeying his orders, and *turning to the right instead of to the left!* Law bless me! his hacting of hanger was very near as natral and as terrybl as Mr. Cartlich's in the play.

They had waited half-an-hour, he said, in the fly, in the little street at the left of the theater; they had drove up and down in the greatest fright possible; and at last came home, thinking it was in vain to wait any more. They gave her 'ot rum-and-water and roast oysters for supper, and this consoled her a little.

I hope nobody will cast an imputation on Miss Mary for *her* share in this adven-ter, for she was as honest a gal as ever lived, and I do believe is hignorant to this day of our little stratagem. Besides, all's fair in love, and, as my master could never get to see her alone, on account of her infernal eleven sisters and ma, he took this opportunity of expressin his attachment to her.

If he was in love with her before, you may be sure she paid it him back again now. Ever after the night at Ashley's, they were as tender as two tuttle-doves—which fully accounts for the axdent what happened to me, in being kicked out of the room; and in course I bore no mallis.

I don't know whether Miss Betsy still fancied that my master was in love with her, but she loved muffings and tea, and kempt down to his parlor as much as ever.

Now comes the sing'lar part of my history.

CHAPTER II.

BUT who was this genl'mn with a fine name—Mr. Frederic Altamont? or what was he? The most mysterus genl'mn that ever I knew. Once I said to him on a wery rainy day, "Sir, shall I bring the gig down to your office?" and he gare me one of his black looks and one of his loudest hoaths, and told me to mind my own bizziness, and attend to my orders. Another day, —it was on the day when Miss Mary slapped Miss Betsy's face—Miss M, who adoared him, as I have said already, kep on asking him what was his buth, parentidg, and edication. "Dear Frederic," says she, "why this mistry about yourself and your hactions? why hide from your little Mary"—they were as tender as this, I can tell you—"your buth and your professin?"

I spose Mr. Frederic looked black, for I was *only* listening, and he said, in a voice hagitated by emotion, "Mary," said he, "if you love me, ask me this no more: let it be sfisht for you to know that I am a honest man, and that a secret, what it

would be misery for you to learn, must hang over all my actions—that is, from ten o'clock till six."

They went on chaffin and talking in this melancolly and mysterious way, and I didn't lose a word of what they said; for their houses in Pentonville have only walls made of pasteboard, and you hear rayther better outside the room than in. But, though he kep tip his secret he swore to her his affickion this day pite black. Nothing should prevent him, he said from leading her to the halter, from makin her his adoarable wife. After this was



a slight silence. Dearest Fickin hummered out Miss, speakin as if she was chokin. I am yours—yours for ever. And then silence agen, and one or two snax as if there was kissin going on. Here I thought it best to give a rattle at the door-lock, for as I live there was old Mrs. Shum a walkin down the stairs!

It appears that one of the younger gals a lookin out of the bed-room window, had seen my master come in and coming down to tea half an hour afterwards, said so in a cussary way.

Old Mrs. Shum, who was a dragon of vertyou, cam bustling down the stairs, panting and frowning, as fat and as fierce as an old sow at feedin time.

"Where's the lodger, fellow?" says she to me.

I spoke loud enough to be heard down the street—"If you mean, ma'am, my master, Mr. Frederic Altamont, esquire, he's just stept in, and is puttin on clean shoes in his bedroom."

She said nothink in answer, but flumps past me, and opening the parlor-door, sees master looking very queer, and Miss Mary a-drooping down her head like a pale lily.

"Did you come into my famly," says she, "to corrupt my daughters, and to destroy the hinnocence of that infamous gal? Did you come here, sir, as a seducer, or only as a lodger? Speak, sir, speak!"—and she folded her arms quite fierce, and looked like Mrs. Siddums in the Tragic Mews.

"I came here, Mrs. Shum," said he, "because I loved your daughter, or I never would have condescended to live in such a beggarly hole. I have treated her in every respect like a genl'mn, and she is as innocent now, ma'm, as she was when she was born. If she'll marry me, I am ready, if she'll leave you, she shall have a home where she shall be neither bullyd nor starved: no hangry frumps of sisters, no cross mother-in-law, only an affectionat husband, and all the pure pleasures of Hyming."

Mary flung herself into his arms—"Dear, dear I rederic," says she, "I'll never leave you."

"Miss," says Mrs. Shum, "you ain't a Slamcoe nor yet a Buckmaster, thank God. You may marry this person if your pa thinks proper, and he may insult me—brave me—trample on my feelins in my own house—and there's no o-o-o-body by to defend me."

I knew what she was going to be at! on came her hustarrix agen, and she began screechin and roarin like mad. Down comes of course the eleven gals and old Shum. There was a pretty row. "I ook here, sir," says she, "at the conduct of your precious trull of a daughter—alone with this man, kissing and dandlin, and I awd knows what besides."

"What, he?" cries Miss Betsy—"he in love with Mary. Oh, the wretch, the monster, the deceiver!"—and she falls down too, screeching away as loud as her mamma, for the silly creature fancied still that Altamont had a fondness for her.

"*Silence these women!*" shouts out Altamont, thundering

load. "I love your daughter, Mr. Shum. I will take her without a penny, and can afford to keep her. If you don't give her to me, she'll come of her own will. Is that enough?—may I have her?"

"We'll talk of this matter, sir," says Mr. Shum, looking as high and mighty as an alderman. "Gals, go upstairs with your dear mamma."—And they all trooped up again, and so the scrimmage ended.

You may be sure that old Shum was not very sorry to get a husband for his daughter Mary, for the old creature loved her better than all the pack which had been brought him or born to him by Mrs. Buckmaster. But, strange to say, when he came to talk of settlements and so forth, not a word would my master answer. He said he made four hundred a year reglar—he wouldn't tell how—but Mary, if she married him, must share all that he had and ask no questions, only this he would say, as he'd said before, that he was a honest man.

They were married in a few days, and took a very genteel house at Islington, but still my master went away to business, and nobody knew where. Who could he be?



CHAPTER III.

If ever a young kipple in the muddlin' classes began life with a chance of happiness, it was Mr. and Mrs. Frederic Altamont. Their house at Cannon Row, Islington, was as comfortable as house could be. Carpited from top to to, pore's rates small; furnatur elygant; and three deomestix, of which I, in course, was one. My life wasn't so easy as in Mr. A's bachelor days; but, what then? The three W's is my maxum: plenty of work, plenty of wittles, and plenty of wages. Altamont kep his gig no longer, but went to the City in an omnibuster.

One would have thought, I say, that Mrs. A, with such an effectshnut husband, might have been as happy as her blessed majesty. Nothing of the sort. For the fust six months it was all very well; but then she grew gloomier and gloomier, though A. did everythink in life to please her.

Old Shum used to come reglarly four times a wick to Cannon Row, where he lunched, and dined, and teed, and supd. The

pore little man was a thought too fond of wine and spirits; and many and many's the night that I've had to support him home. And you may be sure that Miss Betsy did not now desert her sister. she was at our place mornink, noon, and night; not much to my mayster's liking, though he was too good-natured to wex his wife in trifles.

But Betsy never had forgotten the recollection of old days, and hated Altamont like the foul feind. She put all kind of bad things into the head of poor innocent missis; who, from being all gaiety and cheerfulness, grew to be quite melumcooly and pale, and retchid, just as if she had been the most miserable woman in the world.

In three months more, a baby comes, in course, and with it old Mrs. Shum, who stuck to Mrs.' side as close as a wampire, and made her retchider and retchider. She used to bust into tears when Altamont came home, she used to sigh and wheep over the pore child, and say, "My child, my child, your father is false to me," or, "Your father deceives me," or, "What will you do when your pore mother is no more?" or such like sentimental stuff.

It all came from Mother Shum, and her old trix, as I soon found out. The fact is, when there is a mustry of this kind in the house, it's a servant's *duty* to listen, and listen I did, one day when Mrs. was cryin as usual, and fat Mrs. Shum a sittin consoln her, as she called it though, Heaven knows, she only grew wuss and wuss for the consolation.

Well, I listened, Mrs. Shum was a-rockin the baby, and missis crying as youusual.

"Pore dear innocent," says Mrs. S., heavin a great sigh, "you're the child of a unknown father and a miserable mother."

"Don't speak ill of Frederic, mamma," says missis, "he is all kindness to me."

"All kindness, indeed! yes, he gives you a fine house, and a fine gownd, and a ride in a fly whenever you please, but *where does all his money come from?* Who is he—what is he? Who knows that he mayn't be a murderer, or a housebreaker, or a utterer of forged notes? How can he make his money honestly, when he won't say where he gets it? Why does he leave you eight hours every blesid day, and won't say where he goes to? O Mary, Mary, you are the most injured of women!"

And with this Mrs. Shum began sobbin; and Miss Betsy

began yowling like a cat in a gutter; and pore missis cried, too—
—poors is so remarkable infeckshus.

"Perhaps, mamma," whimpered out she, "Frederic is a shop-boy, and don't like me to know that he is not a gentleman."

"A shop-boy," says Betsy; "he a shop-boy! Oh no, no, no! more likely a wretched willain of a murderer, stabbin and robbin all day, and feedin you with the fruits of his ill-gotten games!"

More cryin and screechin here took place, in which the baby joined, and made a very pretty consort, I can tell you.

"He can't be a robber," cries nussis; "he's too good, too kind, for that: besides, murdering is done at night, and Frederic is always home at eight."

"But he can be a forger," says Betsy, "a wicked wicked forger. Why does he go away every day? to forge notes, to be sure. Why does he go to the City? to be near banks and places, and so do it more at his convenience."

"But he brings home a sum of money every day—about thirty shillings—sometimes fifty and then he sniles, and says it's a good day's work. This is not like a forger," said pore Mrs. A.

"I have it—I have it!" screams out Mrs. S. "The villain—the sneaking double faced Jonas! he's married to somebody else, he is, and that's why he leaves you, the base biggymist!"

At this, Mrs. Altamont, struck all of a heap, fainted clean away. A dreadful business it was—hystarrix; then hystarrix, in course, from Mrs. Shum, bells ringin, child squalin, suvvanis tearin up and down stairs with hot water! If ever there is a noosance in the world, it's a house where faintin is always goin on. I wouldn't live in one,—no, not to be groom of the chambers, and git two hundred a year.

It was eight o'clock in the evenin when this row took place; and such a row it was, that nobody but me heard master's knock. He came in, and heard the hooping, and screeching, and roaring. He seemed very much frightened at first, and said, "What is it?"

"Mrs. Shum's here," says I, "and Mrs. in astarrix."

Altamont looked as black as thunder, and growled out a word which I don't like to nanfe—let it suffice that it begins with a *d*, and ends with a *nation*, and he tore upstairs like mad.

He bust open the bedroom door, missis lay quite pale and stony on the sofy, the babby was screechin from the cradle;

Miss Betsy was sprawlin over missis; and Mrs. Shum half on the bed and half on the ground: all howlin and squelchin like so many dogs at the moon.

When A. came in, the mother and daughter stopped all of a sudding. There had been one or two tiffs before between them, and they feared him as if he had been a hogre.

"What's this infernal screeching and crying about?" says he. "Oh, Mr. Altamont," cries the old woman, "you know too well; it's about you that this darling child is misrable!"

"And why about me, pray, madam?"

"Why, sir, dare you ask why? Because you deceive her, sir; because you are a false cowardly traitor, sir, because *you have a wife elsewhere, sir!*" And the old lady and Miss Betsy began to roar again as loud as ever.

Altamont pawsed for a minnit, and then flung the door wide open, nex he seized Miss Betsy as if his hand were a vice, and he wold her out of the room, then up he goes to Mrs. S. "Get up," says he, thundering loud, "you lazy, trollopping, mischief-making, lying old fool! Get up, and get out of this house. You have been the cuss and bairn of my happyness since you entered it. With your d—d lies, and novle reading, and histerrie, you have perverted Mary, and made her almost as mad as yourself."

"My child! my child!" shriek out Mrs. Shum, and clings round missis. But Altamont ran between them, and griping the old lady by her arm, dragged her to the door. "Follow your daughter, ma'm," says he, and down she went. "*Chatels, see those ladies to the door,*" he hollows out, "and never let them pass it again." We walked down together, and off they went; and master locked and double-locked the bedroom door after him, intendin, of course, to have a *tutor-tutor* (as they say) with his wife. You may be sure that I followed upstairs again pretty quick, to hear the result of their confidence.

As they say at St Steveneses, it was rayther a stormy debate. "Mary," says master, "you're no longer the merry grateful gal I knew and loved at Pentonwill. there's some secret a pressin on you—there's no snulin welcom for me now, as there used formly to be! Your mother and sister-in-law have perverted you, Mary and that's why I've drove them from this house, which they shall not re-enter in my life."

"O Frederic! it's *you* is the cause, and not I. Why do you have any mistry from me? Where do you spend your days?"

Why did you leave me, even on the day of your marriage, for eight hours, and continue to do so every day?"

"Because," says he, "I makes my livelihood by it. I leave you, and don't tell you *how* I make it for it would make you *less* the happier to know."

It was in this way the convysation ren on—more tears and questions on my missis's part more sturniness and silence on my master's. It ended, for the first time since their marriage, in a reglar quarrel. Wery difrent I can tell you from all the ham-snerous billing and lewing which had proceeded their nupshuls.



Master went out clammng the door in a fury as well he might. Says he, "If I can't have a comfortable life I in have a jolly one," and so he went off to the hed tavern and came home that evening beesly intawsicated. When high words begin in a family drink generally follows on the genlms side, and then, fearwell to all, conjubial happyms! These two pippie, so fond and loving were now sirly silent and full of ill-will. Master went out earlier and came home later, missis cried more, and looked even paler than before.

Well, things went on in this uncomfortable way, master still in the mopes, missis tempted by the deamons of jellous and curocity ; until a singlar axident brought to light all the goings on of Mr. Altamont.

It was the tenth of January ; I recklect the day, for old Shum gev me half-a-crownd (the fust and last of his money I ever see, by the way) he was dining along with master, and they were making merry together.

Master said, as he was mixing his fifth tumler of punch and little Shum his twelfth or so—master said, "I see you twice in the City to-day, Mr. Shum"

"Well, that's curious!" says Shum "I ~~was~~ in the City To-day's the day when the divyrlins (God bless 'em) is paid; and me and Mrs. S. went for our half-year's inkern. But we only got out of the corch, crossed the street to the Bank, took our money, and got in agen How could you see me twice?"

Altamont stuttered and stammered and hemd, and hawd. "Oh!" says he, "I was passing—passing as you went in and out" And he instantly turned the conversation, and began talking about pollytix, or the weather, or some such stuff.

"Yes, my dear," said my missis, "but how could you see papa twice?" Master didn't answer, but talked pollytix more than ever Still she would continy on "Where was you, my dear, when you saw pa? What were you doing, my love, to see pa twice?" and so forth Master looked angrier and angrier, and his wife only pressed him wuss and wuss.

This was, as I said, little Shum's twelfth tumler ; and I knew pritty well that he could git very little further, for as reglar as the thirteenth came, Shum was drunk The thirteenth did come, and its consquenzes. I was obliged to leed him home to John Street, where I left him in the hangry arms of Mrs. Shum.

"How the d—," sayd he all the way, "how the d-d-d—the deddy—deddy—devil—could he have seen me twice?"

CHAPTER IV.

It was a sad slip on Altamont's part, for no sooner did he go out the next morning than missis went out too. She tor down the street, and never stopped till she came to her pa's house at Pentonwill. She was clositid for an hour with her ma, and

when she left, her she drove straight to the City. She walked before the Bank, and behind the Bank, and round the Bank: she came home disappointed, having learned nothing.

And it was now an extraordinary thing that from Shum's house for the next ten days there was nothing but expeditions into the City. Mrs. S., tho her dropsicle legs had never carried her half so far before, was eternally on the *ky reve*, as the French say. If she didn't go, Miss Betsy did, or missis did: they seemed to have an attraction to the Bank, and went there as natural as an omnibus.



At last one day, old Mrs. Shum comes to our house—(she wasn't admitted when master was there, but came still in his aprons)—and she wore a hair of triumph, as she entered. "Mary," says she, "where is the money your husband brought to you yesterday?" My master used always to give it to missis when he returned.

"The money, ma!" says Mary, "why, here!" And pulling out her puss, she showed a tovrin, a good heap of silver, and an odd-looking little coin.

"That's fr! that's it!" cried Mrs. S. "A Queens Anne's shilling, isn't it, dear—dated seventeen hundred and three?"

It was so sure enough: a Queen Ann's sixpence of that very date.

"Now, my love," says she, "I have found him! Come with me to-morrow, and you shall KNOW ALL!"

And now comes the end of my story.

The ladies nex morning set out for the City, and I walked behind, doing the genteel thing, with a nosegay and a good stick. We walked down the New Road—we walked down the City Road—we walked to the Bank. We were crossing from that heddyfiz to the other side of Cornhill, when all of a sudden missis shreeked, and fainted spontaceously away.

I rushed forrard, and raised her to my arms, spiling thereby a new weskit and a pair of crimson smalcloes. I rushed forrard, I say, very nearly knocking down the old sweeper who was hobbling away as fast as posibil. We took her to Birche's; we provided her with a hackney-coach and every lucksury, and carried her home to Islington.

That night master never came home. Nor the nex night, nor the nex. On the fourth day an octioneer arrived, he took an infantry of the furnitur, and placed a bill in the window.

At the end of the wick Altamont made his appearance. He was haggard and pale; not so haggard, however, not so pale, as his miserable wife.

He looked at her very tendrilly. I may say, it's from him that I coppied *my* look to Miss — He looked at her very tendrilly and held out his arms. She gev a suffycating shreek, and rusht into his umbraces.

"Mary," says he, "you know all now. I have sold my place; I have got three thousand pounds for it, and saved two more. I've sold my house and furnitur, and that brings me another. We'll go abroad and love each other, has formly."

And now you ask me, Who he was? I shudder to relate. —Mr. Haltamont SWEP THE CROSSING FROM THE BANK TO CORNHILL!!

Of cors, I left his servis. I met him, few years after, at Badden-Badden, where he and Mrs. A. were much respected, and pass for pippel of propaty.

THE AMOURS OF MR. DEUCEACE.

DIMOND CUT DIMOND.

THE name of my nex master was, if posibil still more ellygant and youfionious thah that of my fust. I now found myself body servant to the Honnible Halgarnon Percy Deuceace, youngest and fifth son of the Earl of Crabs.

Halgarnon was a barrystur—that is he lived in Pump Court, Temple, a vulgar naybrood witch praps my readers don't no. Suffis to say, it's on the confines of the Citty, and the choasen aboad of the lawyers of this metrappollish.

When I say that Mr Deuceace was a barrystir I don't mean that he went sesshams or surcoats (as they call em) but simply that he kep chambers, lived in Pump Court and looked out for a committion-walup or a revisionship, or any other place that the Wig guvymment could give him. His father was a Wig pier (as the landriss told me) and had been a Foary pier. The sack is, his Lordship was so poor, that he would be anythink or nothink, to get provisions for his sons and an inkum for himself.

I phansy that he aloud Halgarnon two hundred a year and it would have been a very comfortable maintainents, only he knever paid him.

Owever, the young genlinn was a genlinn and no mistake; he got his allowents of nothing a year and spent it in the most honnorable and fashnablie manner. He kep a kal—he went to Holmax—and Crockfuds—he moved in the most aquizit suckles and trubblid the law boox very little. I can tell you these fashnabbie gents have ways of gotten money, witch common pipple doan't understand.

Though he only had a therd floor in Pump Court he lived as if he had the welth of Cresas. The tenpun nots floo about as common as haypince—clarrit and shamping wau at his abuse as vulgar as gin, and verry glad I was, to be surc, to be a valley sonation of the nobillaty.

Deuceace had, in his sittin'-room, a large pictur on a sheet of paper. The names of his family was wrote on it; it was done in the shape of a tree, a groin-out of a man-in-armor's stomach, and the names were on little plates among the boughs. The pictur said that the Deuceaces kem into England in the year 1066, along with William Conqueruns. My master called it his podygree. I do bleev it was because he had this pictur, and because he was the *Honrabble* Deuceace, that he manpitched to live as he did. If he had been a common man, you'd have said he was no better than a swinler. It's only rank and buth that can warrant such singularities as my master show'd. For it's no use disgysing it—the *Honrabble* Halgernon was a GAMBLER. For a man of vulgar family, it's the wust trade that can be—for a man of common feelinx of honesty, this profession is quite imposbil; but for a real thoroughbread gentlman, it's the easiest and most prophetable line he can take.

It may praps appear curious that such a fashnable man should live in the Temple, but it must be recklected, that it's not only lawyers who live in what's called the *Ins of Court*. Many batchylers, who have nothink to do with lör, have here their loginx, and many sham barrysters, who never put on a wig and gownd twice in their lives, kip apartments in the Temple, instead of *Hon Street*, *Pickledilly*, or other fashnable places.

Frinstance, on our stairkis (so these houses are called), there was 8 sets of chamberses, and only 3 lawyers. These was bottom floar, *Screwson*, *Hewson*, and *Jewson*, attorneys; fast floar, *Mr. Sergeant Flabber*—opsite, *Mr. Counslor Bruffy*; and secknd pair, *Mr. Haggerstony*, an Irish counslor, praktising at the *Old Baly*, and lickwise what they call reporter to the *Morning Post* nyouspapper. Opsite him was wrote

MR. RICHARD BLEWITT;

and on the thud floar, with my master, lived one *Mr. Dawkins*.

This young fellow was a new comer into the Temple, and unlucky it was for him too—he'd better have never been born; for it's my firm apinion that the Temple ruined him—that is, with the help of my master and *Mr. Dick Blewitt* as you shall hear.

Mr. Dawkins, as I was gave to understand by his young man, had jest left the *Universary of Oxford*, and had a pretty little fortin of his own—six thousand pound, or so—in the stock. He

was just of age, an orphan who had lost his father and mother; and having learned his trade at Collitch, where he gained sufficient money, was come to town to push his fortune, and study the barrister's business.

Not being of a very high family himself—indeed, I've heard say his father was a chismonger, or something of that sort—Dawkins was glad to find his old Oxford friend, Mr. Blewitt, younger son to rich Squire Blewitt, of Lister-shire, and to take rooms so near him.

Now, tho' there was a considerable intimacy between me and Mr. Blewitt's gentleman, there was scarcely any betwixt our masters,—mine being too much of the aristocracy to associate with one of Mr. Blewitt's sort. Blewitt was what they call a betting man; he went regular to Tattlesall's, kept a pony, wore a white hat, a blue bird's-eye handkercher, and a cutaway coat. In his manners he was the very contrary of my master, who was a most elegant man as ever I see—he had very white hands, rather a sallow face, with sharp dark eye, and small whiskers neatly trimmed and as black as Warren's jet—he spoke very low and soft—he seemed to be watching the person with whom he was in conversation, and always flattered everybody. As for Blewitt, he was quite of another sort. He was always swearing, singing, and slapping people on the back, as hearty as possible. He seemed a merry, careless, honest creature, whom one would trust with life and soul. So thought Dawkins, at least; who, though a quiet young man, fond of his books, novels, Byron's poems, foot-playing, and such like scientific amusements, grew hand in glove with honest Dick Blewitt, and soon after with my master, the Honourable Halgernon. Poor Daw! he thought he was making good connexions and real friends—he had fallen in with a couple of the most atrocious swindlers that ever lived.

Before Mr. Dawkins's arrival at our house, Mr. Deuceace had barely condescended to speak to Mr. Blewitt, it was only about a month after that circumstance that my master, all of a sudden, grew very friendly with him. The reason was pretty clear,—Deuceace *wanted him*. Dawkins had not been an hour in master's company before he knew that he had a piggin to stick.

Blewitt knew this too; and being very fond of piggin, intended to keep this one entirely to himself. It was amusing to see the Honourable Halgernon manuvring to get this poor bird out of

Blewitt's clause, who thought he had it safe. In fact, he'd brought Dawkins to these chambers for that very purpose, thinking to have him under his eye, and strip him at leisure.

My master very soon found out what was Mr. Blewitt's game. Gamblers know gamblers, if not by instink, at least by reputation; and though Mr. Blewitt moved in a much lower sphere than Mr. Deuceace, they knew each other's dealings and characters piffickly well.

"Charles, you scoundrel," says Deuceace to me one day (he always sponk in that kind way), "who is this person that has taken the opsit chambers, and plays the flute so industriously?"

"It's Mr. Dawkins, a rich young gentleman from Oxford, and a great friend of Mr. Blewitts, sir," says I; "they seem to live in each other's rooms."

Master said nothink, but he *grin'd*—my eye, how he did grin. Not the fowl find himself could sneer more satannuckly.

I knew what he meant:

Imprimish. A man who plays the froot is a simpleton.

Secknly Mr. Blewitt is a raskle.

Thurmo. When a raskle and a simpleton is always together, and when the simpleton is *rich*, one knows pretty well what will come of it.

I was but a lad in them days, but I knew what was what, as well as my master, it's not gentlemen only that's up to snough. Law bless us! there was four of us on this stairkes, four as nice young men as you ever see. Mr. Bruffy's young man, Mr. Dawkinses, Mr. Blewitt's, and me—and we knew what our masters was about as well as they did theirselves. Forinstance, I can say this for *myself*, there wasn't a paper in Deuceace's desk or drawer, not a bill, a note, or numerandum, which I hadn't read as well as he: with Blewitt's it was the same—me and his young man used to read 'em all. There wasn't a bottle of wine that we didn't get a glass out of, nor a pound of sugar that we didn't have some lumps of it. We had keys to all the cubbards—we pipped into all the letters that kem and went—we pored over all the bill-files—we'd the best pickens out of the dinners, the livvers of the fowls, the forcemit balls out of the soup, the eggs from the sallit. As for the coals and candles, we left them to the landrisses. You may call this robry—nonsince—it's only our rights—a suvvant's purquizzits is as sacred as the law of Hengland.

Well, the long and short of it is this. Richard Blewitt, square, was reckoned as follows: He'd an incurn of three hundred a year from his father. Out of this he had to pay one hundred and sixty for money borrowed by him at collidge, seventy for chambers, seventy more for his hoss, aty for his suvvant on horse wages, and about three hundred and fifty for a sepparat establishment in the Regency Park; besides this, his pocket-money, say a hundred, his eatin, drinkin, and wine-marchant's bill, about two hundred moar. So that you see he laid by a pretty handsome sum at the end of the year.

My master was diffrent; and being a more fashnable man than Mr. B., in course he owed a deal more mony. There was first—

Account contrary, at Crockford's	£3711	0	0
Bills of exchange and I O U's (but he didn't pay these in most cases)	4963	0	0
11 tailors' bills, in all	1300	11	9
3 hossedealers' do	402	0	0
a coachbuilder	306	0	0
Bills contracted at Cambridtch	2193	6	8
Sundries	987	10	0

£14,069 8 5 .

I give this as a curiosity—pipple don't know how in many cases fashnabble life is carried on, and to know even what a real gnilmn owes is somethink instructif and agreeable.

But to my tale. The very day after my master had made the inquiries concerning Mr. Dawkins, witch I mentioned already, he met Mr. Blewitt on the stairs, and byoutiffle it was to see how this gnilmn, who had before been almost cut by my master, was now received by him. One of the sweetest smiles I ever saw was now vizzable on Mr. Deuceace's countenance. He held out his hand, covered with a white kid glove, and said, in the most friendly tone of vice poshill, "What? Mr. Blewitt? It is an age since we met. What a shame that such near naybors should see each other so seldom!"

Mr. Blewitt, who was standing at his door, in a pe-green dressing-gown, smoaking a segar, and singing a hunting coarus, looked surprised, flattered, and then suspicious.

"Why, yes," says he, "it is, Mr. Deuceace, a long time." "Not, I think, since we dined at Sir George Hookey's. By-the-by, what an evening that was—hey, Mr. Blewitt? What

wine! what capital songs! I recollect your 'May Day in the Morning'—cuss me, the best comick song I ever heard. I was speaking to the Duke of Doncaster about it only yesterday. You know the Duke, I think?"

Mr Blewitt said, quite surly, "No, I don't."

"Not know him!" cries mister; "why, hang it, Blewitt! he knows *you*, as every sporting man in England does, I should think. Why, man, your good things are in everybody's mouth at Newmarket."

And so master went on chaffin Mr Blewitt. That gentleman at first answered him quite short and angrv but, after a little more flummery, he grew as pleased as poshill took in all Deuceace's flattery and bleaved all his lies. At last the door shut, and they both went into Mr Blewitt's chambers together.

Of course I can't say what past there, but in an hour master kem up to his own room as yaller as mustard, and smellin sadly of backo smoke. I never see any gentlm more sick than he was: *he'd been smoakin* *along with Blewitt*. I said nothin, in course, tho I'd often heard him xpress his horror of backo, and knew very well he would as soon swallow pizon as smoke. But he wasn't a chap to do a thing without a reason: if he'd been smoakin I warrant he had smoked to some purpos.

I didn't hear the convysation between em, but Mr. Blewitt's man did it was,—Well, Mr Blewitt, what capital seagars! Have you one for a friend to smoak? (The old fox, it wasn't only the *seagars* he was a smoakin!) 'Walk in,' says Mr. Blewitt, and they began a chaffin together, master very anxious about the young gentleman who had come to live in our chambers, Mr Dawkins, and always coming back to that subject—saying that people on the same stairkis ot to be frenly; how glad he'd be, for his part, to know Mr Dick Blewitt, and *any friend of his*, and so on. Mr Dick however, seemed quite aware of the trap laid for him. "I really don't know this Dawkins," says he "he's a chismonger's son, I hear; and tho I've exchanged visits with him, I doan't intend to continou the acquaintance,—not wishin to assoshate with that kind of pippin." So they went on, master fishin, and Mr. Blewitt not wishin to take the hook at no price.

"Confound the vulgar thief!" muttard my master, as he was laying on his sophy, after being so very ill; "I've poisoned myself with his infernal tobacco, and he has foiled me. The

opened a window door? he thinks he'll ruin this poor cheese-monger, does he? I'll step in, and warn him."

I thought I should, just a-laffin, when he talked in this style. I knew very well what his "warning" meant,—lockin the stable-door, but stealin the hoss fust.

Next day, his strattygam for becoming acquainted with Mr. Dawkins we exciuted, and very pritty it was.

Besides potry and the flute, Mr Dawkins I must tell you, had some other parshallities—viz he was very fond of good eatin and drinkin. After doddling over his music and boox all day, this young genlman used to sally out of evnings, dine sumptuously at a tavern drinkin all sots of wine along with his friend Mr. Hewitt. He was a quiet young fellow enough at fust, but it was Mr B. who (for his own porpuses no doubt) had got him into this kind of life. Well I needn't say that he who eats a fine dinner, and drinks too much overnight wants a bottle of soda-water, and a gril praps, in the morning. Such was Mr. Dawkinses case, and reglar almost as twelve o'clock came, the waiter from "Dix Coffy House" was to be seen on our stairkis, bringing up Mr D's hot breakfast.

No man would have thought there was anythink in such a trifling circumstance master did, though und pounced upon it like a cock on a barleycorn.

He sent me out to Mr Morell's in Puddledilly, for wot's called a Strasbug-pie—in French a "patty defau graw." He takes a card, and nails it on the outside case (patty defau graws come generally in a round wooden box like a drum) and what do you think he writes on it? whv is follos — *For the Honourable Algernon Percy Deuceace, Esq &c &c* With Prince Talley-
ram's compliments.

Prince Tallyram's compliments indeed! I kaff when I think of it, still, the old surpint. He was a surpint that Deuceace, and no mistake.

Well, by a most extrornary piece of ill luck the nex day exactly as Mr. Dawkinses breafas was coming up the stairs, Mr. Halgernon Percy Deuceace was going down. He was as gay as a lark, humming an Oppra tune and twizting round his head his hevy gold headed cane. Down he went very fast, and by a most unlucky axdent struck his cane against the water's edge, and away went Mr Dawkinses gril kayann, kitchup, soda-water and all! I can't think how my master should have

choas such an exact time; to be sure, his window looked upon the court, and he could see every one who came into our door.

As soon as the accident had took place, master was in such a rage as, to be sure, no man ever was in befor; he swear at the waiter in the most dreddle way; he threatened him with his stick, and it was only when he see that the waiter was rayther a bigger man than himself that he was in the least pazzified. He returned to his own chambers, and John, the waiter, went off for more gril to Dixes Coffy house



"This is a most unlucky accident, to be sure, Charles," says master to me, after a few minutes paws, during witch he had been and wrote a note put it into an anvelope, and sealed it with his big seal of arms. "But stay—a thought strikes me—take this note to Mr. Dawkins, and that pve you brought yesterday; and hearkye, you scoundrel, if you say where you got it I will break every bone in your skin!"

These kind of prommisses were among the few which I knew him to keep. and as I loved boath my skinn and my blains, I

carried the boat, and of cors said nothink. Waiting in Mr. Deuceace's chamber for a few minuits, I returned to my master with an anser. I may as well give both of these documentes, of which I happen to have taken copies —

I.

The Hon. A. P. Deuceace to T. S. Dawkins, Esq.

"TEMPLE, Tuesday.

"MR. DEUCEACE presents his compliments to Mr. Dawkins, and begs at the same time to offer his most sincere apologies and regrets for the accident which has just taken place.

"May Mr. Deuceace be allowed to take a neighbour's privilege, and to remedy the evil he has occasioned to the best of his power? If Mr. Dawkins will do him the favour to partake of the contents of the accompanying case (from Strasbourg direct, and the gift of a friend, on whose taste as a gourmand Mr. Dawkins may rely), perhaps he will find that it is not a bad substitute for the *plat* which Mr. Deuceace's awkwardness destroyed.

"It will also, Mr. Deuceace is sure, be no small gratification to the original donor of the *plat*, when he learns that it has fallen into the hands of so celebrated a *bon vivant* as Mr. Dawkins.

"T. S. Dawkins, Esq., Esq. Esq. Esq."

II.

From T. S. Dawkins, Esq., to the Hon. A. P. Deuceace.

"MR. THOMAS SMITH DAWKINS presents his grateful compliments to the Hon. Mr. Deuceace, and accepts with the greatest pleasure Mr. Deuceace's generous proffer.

"It would be one of the *happiest moments* of Mr. Smith Dawkins's life, if the Hon. Mr. Deuceace would extend his generosity still further, and condescend to partake of the repast which his *manificent politeness* has furnished.

"TEMPLE, Tuesday."

Many and many a time I say, have I gazed over these letters, which I had wrote from the original by Mr. Bruffy's copyin clerk. Deuceace's flun about Prince Talbaram was puffickly successful. I saw young Dawkins blush with delight as he read the note; he toar up for or five sheets before he composed the answer to it, which was as you real abuff, and roat in a hand quite trembling with plessyer. If you could but have seen the look of triumph in Deuceace's wicked black eye when he read the noat! I never see a deamin yet, but I can plainly see, holding a writtling soal on his pitchfrock, and smilin like Deuceace. He dressed himself in his very best clothes, and in he

went, after sending me over to say, that he would accept with pleasyour Mr. Dawkins's invite.

The pie was cut up, and a most frenly conversation began betwixt the two genlmin. Deuceace was quite captivatin'. He spoke to Mr. Dawkins in the most respectful and flatterin' manner, - agreed in everythink he said, - prazed his taste, his furniter, his coat, his classick nollidge, and his playin on the ffoot, you'd have thought, to hear him, that such a polygon of evlens as Dawkins did not breath, -- that such a modust, sinseat, honrabble genlmin as Deuceace was to be seen nowhere except in Pump Court. Poor Daw was complittly taken in. My master said he'd introduce him to the Duke of Doncaster, and Heaven knows how many nob. more, till Dawkins was quite intawstated with pleasyour. I know as a fac (and it pretty well shows the young genlmin's carryter), that he went that very day and ordered a new coatts, on porpos to be introjuced to the lords in.

But the best joke of all was at last. Singin, swagrin, and swarink - up stairs came Mr. Dick Blewitt. He flung open Mr. Dawkins's door, shouting out, "Daw, my old buck, how are you?" when, all of a sudden, he sees Mr. Deuceace: his jor dropt, he turned chocky white, and then burnin red, and looked as if a stor would knock him down. "My dear Mr. Blewitt," says my master, smilin and offerin his hand, "how glad I am to see you. Mr. Dawkins and I were just talking about your pony." Pray sit down."

Blewitt did, and now was the question, who should sit the other out, but law bless you! Mr. Blewitt was no match for my master - all the time he was fdgettiv, silent, and sulky; on the contry, master was charmin. I never herd such a flo of conversatin, or so many wittacisms as he uttered. At last, completely beat, Mr. Blewitt took his leaf, that instant master followed him, and passin his arm through that of Mr. Dick, led him into our chambers, and began talkin to him in the most affabl and affeckshnat manner.

But Dick was too angry to listen; at last, when master was telling him some long story about the Duke of Doncaster, Blewitt burst out—

"A plague on the Duke of Doncaster! Come, come, Mr. Deuceace, don't you be running your rigs upon me; I ain't the man to be bamboozl'd by long-winded stories about dukes and duchesses. You think I don't know you; every man knows you

and your line of country. Yes, you're after young Dawkins there, and think to pluck him; but you shan't,—no, by—you shan't." (The reader must reckon that the oaths which interrupted Mr. B.'s conversation I have left out.) Well, after he'd fired a volley of 'em, Mr. Deuceface spoke as cool as possible.

"Heark ye, Blewitt. I know you to be one of the most infernal thieves and scoundrels unhung. If you attempt to bicker with me, I will cane you, if you want more, I'll shoot you; if you meddle between me and Dawkins, I will do both. I know your whole life, you miserable swindler and coward. I know you have already won two hundred pounds of this lad, and want all. I will have half, or you never shall have a penny." It's quite true that master knew things, but how was the wonder.

I couldn't see Mr. B.'s face during this dialogue, bein on the wrong side of the door; but there was a considerable paws after these compliments had passed between the two gentlemen,—one walkin quickly up and down the room,—tother, ugly and stupid, sittin down, and stampin with his foot.

"Now listen to this, Mr. Blewitt," continues master at last. "If you're quiet, you shall half this fellow's money—but venture to win a shilling from him in my absence, or without my consent, and you do it at your peril."

"Well, well, Mr. Deuceface," cries Dick, "it's very hard, and I must say, not fair: the game was of my startin, and you've no right to interfere with my friend."

"Mr. Blewitt, you are a fool! You professed yesterday not to know this man, and I was obliged to find him out for myself. I should like to know by what law of honour I am bound to give him up to you?"

It was charmin to hear this pair of rascals talking about honour. I declare I could have found it in my heart to warn young Dawkins of the precious way in which these chaps were going to serve him. But if *they* didn't know what honour was, I did; and never never did I tell tails about my masters when in their service—out, in court, the obligation is no longer binding.

Well, the nexaday there was a grand dinner at our chambers. White soup, turbit, and lobster sos, saddle of Scotch muttin, grouse, and M'Arory; wines, shampang, hock, maderia, a bottle

of poart, and ever so many of clarrit. The compoy present was three; wiz., the Honrabble A. P. Deuceace, R. Blewitt, and Mr. Dawkins, Esquires. My I, how we genlms in the kitchen did enjoy it. Mr Blewittes man eat so much groats (when it was brot out of the parlor), that I reely thought he would be sik; Mr. Dawkinses genlm (who was only about 13 years of age) grew so ill with M'Arony and plum-b-puddn, as to be obleeged to take seftral of Mr. D's pills, which $\frac{1}{2}$ kild him. But this is all prouscuous. I aint talkin of the survants now, but the masters.

Would you bieve it? After dinner and praps 8 bottles of wine between the 3, the genlms sat down to *darty*. It's a game where only 2 plays, and where, in coarse, when there's only 3 one looks on.

First, they playd crown pints, and a pound the bett. At this game they were wonderful equill, and about supper-time (when grilled an, more shampang, cold bakits, and other things, was brot in) the play stood thus. Mr Dawkins had won 2 pounds, Mr Blewitt, 30 shillings; the Honrabble Mr. Deuceace having lost £3. 10s. After the devdle and the shampang the play was a little higher. Now it was pound pints, and five pound the bett. I thought, to be sure, after hearing the complyments between Blewitt and master in the morning, that now poor Dawkins's time was come.

Not so. Dawkins won always, Mr. B. betting on his play, and giving him the very best of advice. At the end of the evening (which was about five o'clock the nex morning) they stopt. Master was counting up the skore on a card.

"Blewitt," says he, "I've been unlucky. I owe you—let me see—yes, five and forty pounds?"

"I've and forty," says Blewitt, "and no mistake!"

"I will give you a cheque," says the honrabble genlms.

"Oh! don't mention it, my dear sir!" But master got a grate sheet of paper, and drew him a check on Messers. Pump, Algit and Co., his bankers.

"Now," says master, "I've got to settle with you, my dear Mr. Dawkins. If you had backed your luck, I should have owed you a very handsome sum of money. *Foyus*, thirteen points at a pound—it is easy to calculate, and drawin out his gins, he clinked over the table 13 goolden suverings, which shoo till they made my eyes wink.

So did pore Dawkinses, as he put out his hand, all trembling, and drew them in.

"Let me say," added master, "let me say (and I've had some little experience), that you are the very best *heart* player with whom I ever sat down."

Dawkinses eyes glassened as he put the money up, and said, "Law, Deuceace, you flatter me."

"Flatter him! I should think he did. It was the very think which master ment."

"But mind you, Dawkins," continyoud he, "I must have my revenge; for I'm ruined--positively ruined--by your luck."

"Well, well," says Mr Thomas Smith Dawkins, as pleased as if he had gained a nullium, "shall it be to morrow? Blewitt, what say you?"

Mr. Blewitt agreed, in course. My master, after a little demurring, consented too. "We'll meet," says he, "at your chambers. But mind, my dear felb, not too much wine, I can't stand it at any tunc, especially when I have to play *heart* with you."

Pore Dawkins left our rooms as happy as a prims. "Here, Charles," says he, and flung me a sovring. Pore fellow! pore fellow! I knew what was a comin!

But the best of it was, that these 14 sivrings which Dawkins won, *master had borrowed them from Mr. Blewitt!* I brought 'em, with 7 more, from that young gentl'm's chambers that very morning: for, since his intervw with master, Blewitt had nothing to refuse him.

Well, shall I continue the tale? If Mr Dawkins had been the least bit wiser, it would have taken him six months befoar he lost his money; as it waz, he was such a confunded ninny, that it took him a very short time to part with it.

Nex day (it was Thursday, and master's acquaintance with Mr. Dawkins had only commenced on Tuesday), Mr. Dawkins, as I said, gev his party,--dinner at 7. Mr. Blewitt and the two Mr. D.'s as befoar. Play begins at 11. This time I knew the *blancs* was pretty serious, for we suvrants was packed off to bed at 2 o'clock. On Friday, I went to chambers--no master--he kern in for 5 minutes at about 12, made a little toilt, ordered more *serviks* and soda-water, and back again he went to Mr. Dawkins's. They had dinner there at 7 again, but nobody seemed to eat,

for all the vittles came out to us gentlmn : they had in more wine though, and must have drunk at least two dozen in the 96 hours.

At ten o'clock, however, on Friday night, back my master came to his chambers. I saw him as I never saw him before, namely reglar drunk. He staggered about the room, he dandered, he hickipd, he swear, he flung me a heap of silver, and, finely, he sunk down excoasted on his bed, I pullin off his boots and close, and making him comfrable.

When I had removed his garimints, I did what it s the duty of every servant to do - I emtied his pockits, and looked at his pocket-book and all his letters - a number of ardents have been prevented that way.

I found there, among a heap of things, the following pretty dockymnt --

I O U
£700.
THOMAS SMITH DAWKINS
London, 16th February

There was another bit of paper of the same kind-- "I. O. U. four hundred pounds Richard Blowitt" but this, in consequence, meant nothink.

Next mornin, at nine, master was up, and as sober as a judg. He dreed, and was off to Mr Dawkins. At ten, he ordered a cab, and the two gentlmn went together.

"Where shall he drive, sir?" says I.

"Oh, tell him to drive to THE BANK."

Poor Dawkins! his eyes red with remorse and sleepless drunkenness, gave a shudder and a sob, as he sunk back in the vehicle, and they drove on.

That day he sold out every hapny he was worth, except five hundred pounds.

About 12 master had returned, and Mr. Dick Blowitt came stridin up the stairs with a sollum and important haik.

"Is your master at home?" says he

"Yes, sir," says I; and in he walks, I, in coats, with my ear to the keyhole, listening with all my mite.

"Well," says Blewitt, "we maid a pretty good night of it, Mr. Deuceace. Yu've settled, I see, with Dawkins."

"Settled!" says master. "Oh, yes—yes—I've settled with him."

"Four thousand seven hundred, I think?"

"About that—yes."

"That makes my share—let me see—two thousand three hundred and fifty, which I'll thank you to fork out."

"Uplin my word—why—Mr. Blewitt," says master, "I don't really understand what you mean."

"*You don't know what I mean!*" says Blewitt, in an accent such as I never before heard. "You don't know what I mean! Did you not promise me that we were to go shares? Didn't I lend you twenty sovereigns the other night to pay out losings to Dawkins? Didn't you swear, on your honour as a gentleman, to give me half of all that might be won in this affair?"

"Agreed, sir," says Deuceace, "agreed."

"Well, sir, and now what have you to say?"

"Why, *that I don't intend to keep my promise!* You infernal fool and nunny! do you suppose I was lakouning for you? Do you fancy I was going to the expense of giving a dinner to that jackass yonder, that you should profit by it? Get away, sir! Leave the room, sir! Or, stop—here— I will give you four hundred pounds—your own note of hand, sir, for that sum, if you will consent to forget all that has passed between us, and that you have ever known Mr. Algernon Deuceace."

I've sech pupple angry before now, but never any like Blewitt. He stormed, growled, belloed, swore! At last, he fairly began blabbling, now cussing and nashing his teeth, now praying dear Mr. Deuceace to grant him mercy.

At last, master flung open the door (Heaven bless us! it's well I didn't tumble head over ears into the room!) and said, "Charles, show the gentleman downstairs!" My master looked at him quite steddily. Blewitt slunk down, as miserable as any man I ever see. As for Dawkins, Heaven knows where he was!

"Charles," says my master to me, about an hour afterwards, "I'm going to Paris; you may come, too, if you please."

FORING PARTS.

IT was a singular proof of my master's modesty, that though he had won this handsome sum of Mr. Dawkins, and was inclined to be as extravagant and ostentatious as any man I ever seed, yet, when he determined on going to Paris, he didn't let a single friend know of all them winnings of his; didn't acquaint my Lord Crabs his father, that he was about to leave his natiss shoars—nough—didn't even so much as call together his tradesmen, and pay off their little bills for his departure.

On the contrary, "Charles," said he to me, "stick a piece of paper on my door, which is the way that lawyers do, "and write 'Back at seven' upon it." Back at seven I wrote, and stuck it on our outer door. And on my return was Deuceace about his contentment too (to all except me), that when the landlady brought him her account for the last month (amounting, at the very least, to £200s) my master told her to leave it till Monday morning, when it should be properly settled. It's extrodny how economical a man becomes, when he's got five thousand lbs. in his pocket.

Back at 7 indeed! At 7 we were a-roamin on the Dover Road, in the Regulator Coach—master inside, me out. A strange company of people there was, too, in that vehicle,—3 sailors, an Italyin with his music box and munky; a missionary, going to convert the heathens in France; 2 oppia girls (they call 'em figure-aunts), and the figure aunts' mothers inside; 4 Frenchmen, with gingy-bred caps and mustashes, singing, chatt'ring, and josticklating in the most vonderful way. Such compliments as passed between them and the figure aunts! such a munshun of biscuits and sippin of brandy! such "O mong Jews" and "O sacrrrés," and "kill fay frwaws!" I didn't understand their languidge at that time, so of course can't igsplain much of their conversation; but it pleased me, nevertheless, for now I felt that I was recly going into foring parts, which, ever sins I had had any edication at all, was always my fondest wish. Heaven bless us! thought I, if these are specimeens of all Frenchmen, what a set they must be. The

pore, Italy's monkey, sittin mopin and mehincolly on his box, was not half so ugly, and seemed quite as reasonable.

Well, we arrived at Dover—"Ship Hotel"—veal cutlets half-a-gunny, glas of ale a shilling, glas of nergush half a-crowd, a hapnyworth of wax-lites four shillings, and so on. But master paid without grumbling; as long as it was for himself he never minded the expens. and nex day we embarked in the packit for Balong-sir-mare—which means in French, the town of Balong situated on the sea. I, who had heard of founy wonders, expected this to be the fust and greatest: phansy, then, my disappointment, when we got there, to find this Balong, not situated on the sea, but on the *shore*.

But oh! the gettin there was the blains. How I did wish for Pump Court agin, as we were tawing about in the Channel! Gentle reader, av you ever been on the otion?—"The sea, the sea, the open sea!" as Barry Cromwell says. As soon as we entered our little vessel, and I'd looked to master's luggitch and mine (mine was rapt up in a vety small hankercher), as soon, I say, as we entered our little vessel, as soon as I saw the waves, black and frothy, like fish drawn porter a-dashin against the ribs of our gallant bark, the keel like a wedge, splittin the billocks in two, the sales a flamin in the hur, the standard of Hengland floating at the mack head, the steward a getting ready the basins and things, the cuping proudly treddeing the deck and giving orders to the salers, the white rox of Albany and the bathin-masheeps disappearing in the distans--then, then I felt, for the first time, the mite, the madgisty of existence. "Yellow-plush, my boy," said I, in a dialogue with myself, "your life is now about to commens-- your career, as a man, dates from your entrans on board this packit. Be wise, be manly, be cautious, forgit the follies of your youth. You are no longer a boy now, but a FOOTMAN. Throw down your tops, your marbles, your boyish games--throw off your childish habbits with your inky clerk's jackit--throw up you!"—

Here, I reollect, I was obleeged to stopp. A flamin, in the fust place singlar, in the next place painful, and at last com-
pactly overpowering, had come upon me while I was making the abuss speech, and now I found myself in a situation which Dettixy for Bids me to describe. Suffis to say, th at now I discovered what basins was made for—that for many many hours,

I lay in a agony of exostion, dead to all intense and purposes, the rain pattering in my face, the sailors tramplink over my body --the panes of purgatory going on inside. When we'd been about four hours in this situation (it seem'd to me four ears), the steward comes to that part of the deck where we servants were all huddled up together, and calls out "Charles!"

"Well," says I, gurgling out a faint "yes, what's the matter?"

"You're wanted."

"Where?"

"Your master's very ill," says he, with a grin.

"Master be hanged!" says I, turning round, more miserable than ever. I wouldn't have moved that day for twenty thousand masters --no, not for the Emptor of Russia or the Pop of Room.

Well, to cut this sad subjik short, many and many a voyitch have I sinned and upon what Shakspear calls the "wasty dip," but never such a retched one as that from Dover to Balong, in the year Anna Domino 1818. Steamers were scarce in those days; and our journey was made in a smack. At last, when I was in a stage of despare and exostion, as reely to phansy myself at Death's door, we got to the end of our journey. Late in the evening we hauled the trache shore and hankered in the arbour of Balong sir-mare.

It was the entrans of Parrowdree to me and master: and as we entered the calm water, and saw the comfrable lights gleaming in the houses, and felt the roal of the vessel degreasing, never was two mortals gladder, I warrant, than we were. At length our capting drew up at the key, and our journey was down. But such a bustle and clutter, such jabbering, such shrieking and swaring, such wolles of oafs and axications as saluted us on landing, I never knew! We were boarded, in the fust place, by custom house officers in cock hats, who seased our luggitch, and called for our passspots. Then a crowd of inn-waiters came tumbling and screaming on deck--"Dis way, sare," cries one, "Hôtel Meunice," says another, "Hôtel de Bang," screeches another chip--the tower of Bable was nothing to it. The fust thing that struck me on landing was a big fellow with ear-rings, who very nigh knock me down, in wrenching master's carpet-bag out of my hand, as I was carrying it to the hotel. But we got to it safe at last; and, for the fust time in my life, I sleep in a foring country.

I shan't describe this town of Balong, which, as it has been

visited by not less (on an avaridge) than two millions of English since I first saw it twenty years ago, is tolerably well known already. It's a dingy, mellowcolly place, to my mind; the only thing moving in the streets is the gutter which runs down 'em. As for wooden shoes, I saw few of 'em; and for frogs, upon my honour I never see a single Frenchman swallow one, which I had been led to believe was then reg'lar, though beastly, custom. One thing which amazed me was the singlar name which they give to this town of Balong. It's divided, as everybody knows, into an upper town (situate on a mounting, and surrounded by a wall, or *bullyear*) and a lower town, which is on the level of the sea. Well, will it be believed that they call the upper town the *Hut Veal*, and the other the *Base Veal*, which is on the contry generally good in France, though the beef, it must be confest, is execrable.

It was in the Base Veal that Deuceace took his lodgian, at the Hôtel de Bang, in a very crooked street called the Rue del Ascew; and if he'd been the Archbishop of Devonshire, or the Duke of Canterbury, he could not have given himself greater halls, I can tell you. Nothink was too fine for us now; we had a sweet of rooms on the first floor which belonged to the prime minister of France (at least the landlord said they were the *premier's*), and the Hon. Algernon Percy Deuceace, who had not paid his landriss, and came to Dover in a coach, seemed now to think that goold was too vulgar for him, and a carridge and six would break down with a man of his weight. Shampang flew about like ginger pop. Besides brandy, claret, burgundy, burgong and other wines, and all the delices of the Balong kitchens. We stopp'd a fortnit at this dull place, and did nothing from morning till night except walk on the beach, and watch the ships going in and out of arber, with one of them long sliding opira-glasses, which they call, I don't know why, tallow-scoops. Our amusements for the fortnit we stopp'd here were both numerous and daltiful, nothink, in fact could be more *gickang*, as they say. In the morning before breakfast we both walked on the Peer, master in a blue maceen jacket, and me in a slap-up new livry, both provided with long sliding opira glasses, called as I said (I don't know Y, but I suppose it's a scientific term) tallow-scoops. With these we examined, very attentively, the otion, the sea-weed, the pebbles, the dead cat, the fish-wagmin, and the waives (like little children playing at leap-frog),

which came tumbling over 1 another on to the shore. It seemed to me as if they were scrambling to get there, as well they might, being sick of the sea, and anxious for the blessed peaceable *herry* *firmy*.

After brexfast, down we went again (that is, master on his beat, and me on mine,—for my place in this foring town was a complete *shinycure*), and puttink our tally scoops again in our eyes, we egsamined a little more the oton, pebbils, dead cats, and so on; and this lasted till dinner, and dinner till bed-time, and bed time lasted till nex day, when came brexfast, and dinner,



and tally-scooping as before. This is the way with all people of this town, of which, as I've heard say, there is ten thousand happy English, who lead this plesnt life from year's end to year's end.

Besides this, there's billiards and gambling for the gentlemen, a little dancing for the gals, and scandle for the dowygers. In none of these amusements did we partake. We were a *little* too good to play crown pints at cards, and never get paid when we won, or to go dangling after the portionless gals, or amuse ourselves with slops and penny-wist along with the old ladies. No, no, my master was a man of fortin now, and behaved him-

self as rich. If ever he condysended to go into the public room of the Hôtel de Bang--the French (doubtless for reasons best known to themselves) call this a sallymanjy--he swear more and louder than any one there; he abyoused the waiters, the wittles, the wines. With his glas in his i, he stared at everybody. He took always the place before the fire. He talked about "my carriage," "my currier," "my servant," and he did wright. I've always found through life, that if you wish to be respected by English people, you must be insalent to them, especially if you are a sprig of nobiliaty. We *lits* being insulted by noble-men,--it shows they're familiar with us. Law bless us! I've known many and many a genl'mn about town who'd rather be kicked by a lord than not be noticed by him, they've even had an aw of *me*, because I was a lord's footman. While my master was hectoring in the parlor, at Balong, pretious airs I gave myself in the kitching, I can tell you, and the consequents was, that we were better served, and moar liked, than many pipples with twice our merit.

Deuceace had some particklar plans, no doubt, which kep him so long at Balong, and it clearly was his wish to act the man of fortune there for a little time before he tried the character at Paris. He purchased a carriage, he hired a currier, he rigged me in a fine new livery blazin with lace, and he paid through the Balong bank a thousand pounds of the money he had won from Dawkins, to his credit at a Paris house, showing the Balong bankers, at the same time, that he'd plenty moar in his pocket. This was killin two birds with one stone, the bankers' clerks spread the news over the town, and in a day after master had paid the money every old dowyger in Balong had looked out the Crabs' family podgree in the Peeridge, and was quite intimate with the Deuceace name and estates. If Sattu himself were a lord, I do beleave there's many virtuous English mothers would be glad to have him for a son in law.

Now, though my master had thought fitt to leave town without excommunicating with his father on the subject of his intended continental tripe, as soon as he was settled at Balong he recd my Lord Crabbs a letter, of which I happen to have a copy. It ran thus:--

"BOUTLAND, January 25.

"MY DEAR FATHER, I have long, in the course of my legal studies, found the necessity of a knowledge of French, in which language all the early history of our profession is written, and have determined to

take a little relaxation from chamber reading, which has seriously injured my health. If my modest finances can bear a two months journey, and a residence at Paris, I propose to remain there that period.

"Will you have the kindness to send me a letter of introduction to Lord Bobtail, our Ambassador? My name and your old friendship with him I know would secure me a reception at his house; but a pressing letter from yourself would at once be more courteous, and more effectual.

"May I also ask you for my last quarter's salary? I am not an expensive man, my dear father, as you know; but we are no chameleons, and fifty pounds (with my little earnings in my profession) would vastly aid to the *agrément* of my Continental excursion."

"Present my love to all my brothers and sisters. Ah! how I wish the hard portion of a younger son had not been mine, and that I could live without the dire necessity for labour, happy among the rural scenes of my childhood, and in the society of my dear sisters and you! Heaven bless you, dearest father, and all those beloved ones now dwelling under the dear old roof at Sixes.

"Ever your affectionate son

"ALGERNON.

*"The Knight has the Tail of Crabs, &c
Sixes Court Bucks"*

To this affectshnat letter his Lordship replied, by return of post, as follows:

"MY DEAR ALGERNON. Your letter came safe to hand, and I inclose you the letter for Lord Bobtail as you desire. He is a kind man, and has one of the best cooks in Europe.

"We were all charmed with your warm remembrances of us, not having seen you for seven years. We cannot but be pleased at the family affection which, in spite of time and absence, still clings so fondly to home. It is a sad selfish world and very few who have entered it can afford to keep those fresh feelings which you have, my dear son.

"May you long retain them, is a fond father's earnest prayer. Be sure, dear Algernon, that they will be through life your greatest comfort, as well as your best worldly ally, consoling you in misfortune, cheering you in depression, aiding and inspiring you to exertion and success.

"I am sorry, truly sorry, that my account at Coutts's is so low, just now, as to render a payment of your allowance for the present impossible. I see by my book that I owe you now nine quarters, or £450. Depend on it, my dear boy, that they shall be faithfully paid over to you on the first opportunity.

"By the way, I have inclosed some extracts from the newspapers, which may interest you and have received a very strange letter from a Mr. Blewitt, about a play transaction, which, I suppose, is the case alluded to in these prints. He says you won £4,000 from one Dawkins; that the lad paid it—that he, Blewitt, was to go what he calls 'snacks' in the winning, but that you refused to share the booty. How can you, my dear boy, quarrel with these vulgar people, or lay yourself in any way open to their attacks? I have played myself a good deal, and there is no man living who can accuse me of a doubtful act. You should either have shot this Blewitt or paid him. Now, as the matter stands, it is too late to do the former; and, perhaps, it would be Quakerish to perform the latter. My dearest boy, recollect through life that you

never can afford to be dishonest with a rogue. Four thousand seven hundred pounds was a great sum, to be sure.

But you are now in such high feather, can you, dearest Algernon, lend me five hundred pounds? Upon my soul and honour, I will repay you. Your brothers and sisters send you their love. I need not add, that you have always the blessings of your affectionate father.

CRABS.

"P.S.—Make it 500, and I will give you my note-of-hand for a thousand."

I needn't say that this did not *quite* enter into Deuceace's speculations. Lend his father 500 pound, indeed! He'd as soon have lent him a box on the year! In the first place, he hadn't seen old Crabs for seven years, as that nobleman remarked in his epistol; in the second, he hated him, and they hated each other; and nex, if master had loved his father ever so much, he loved somebody else better—his father's son, namely—and sooner than deprive that exlent young man of a penny, he'd have seen all the fathers in the world hangin at Newgit, and all the "be-loved ones," as he called his sister, the Lady Deuceacisses, so many convix at Bottomy Bay.

The newspaper paragrafs showed that, however secret we wished to keep the play transaction, the public knew it now full well. Blewitt, as I found after, was the author of the libels which appeared right and left.

"GAMBLING IN HIGH LIFE. The Honourable Mr. Deuceace again!—This celebrated whist player has turned his accomplishments to some profit. On Friday, the 10th January, he won five thousand pounds from a very young gentleman, Thomas Smith Deukens, Esq., and lost two thousand five hundred to Robert Fitz Page, of the Temple. Mr. D. very honourably paid the sum lost by him to the honourable whist-player, but we have not heard that, before his sudden trip to Paris, Mr. Deuceace paid his losses to Mr. Fitz Page."

Nex came a "Notice to Correspondents."

"Fair Play asks us, if we know of the gambling couings of the notorious Deuceace? We answer, We do, and, in our very next Number, propose to make some of them public."

They didn't appear, however—but, on the contrary, the very same newspaper, which had been before so abusive of Deuceace, was now loud in his praise! It said—

"A paragraph was inadvertently admitted into our paper of last week, most unjustly smearing the character of a gentleman of high birth and talents, the son of the exemplary Earl of Crabs. We regret, with scorn

and indignation, the dastardly falsehoods of the malignant slanderer who vilified Mr De-ce-ze, and beg to offer that gentleman the only reparation in our power for having thus tampered with his unsullied name. We disbelieve the *russian* and *his story*, and most sincerely regret that such a tale, or *such a writer*, should ever have been brought forward to the readers of this paper."

This was satisfactory, and no mistake, and much pleased we were at the denial of this conscientious editor. So much pleased that master sent him a ten pound note, and his compliments. He'd sent another to the same address, *before* this parrowgrass was printed. *Oh*, I can't think, for I woodn't suppose anything musnary in a literary man.

Well, after this bust was concluded, the currier hired, the carriage smartened a little, and me set up in my new livries, we bade good-bye to Bulging in the grandest state possible. What a figure we cut! and, my God, what a figger the postillion cut! A cock hat, a rickit made out of a cow's skin (it was in cold weather), a pig-tail about 3 feet in length, and a pair of boots! Oh, such a pair! A bishop might almost have preached out of one, or a moderate sized family sleep in it. Mr and Mr Schwig-shinnaps, the currier, sat behind in the rumble-master alone in the middle of the grand leather seats, and rapt up in his fine fir-cloak. Off we set, bowing gracefully to the crowd, the harness bells jingling, the great white horses snorting, kicking, and squeeling, and the postillion crack in his whip, as loud as if he'd been drivin her majesty the queen.

Well, I shan't describe our voyitch. We passed several situos, wilitches, and mettrappolishes, sleeping the first night at Amiens, witch, as everybody knows, is famous ever since the year 1802 for what's called the Pease of Amiens. We had some, very good, done with sugar and brown sauce in the Amiens way. But after all the boasting about them I think I like our marrowphats better.

Speaking of wedgytables, another singular accident happened here concerning them. Master, who was brexfasting before going away, told me to go and get him his fur travling-shoes. I went and toald the waiter of the inn who stared, grunted (as these chaps always do), said "*Pang*" (which means, *very well*), and presently came back.

I'm blast if he didn't bring master a plate of rabbit! Would

you believe it, that now, in the nineteenth sentry, when they say there's schoolmasters abroad, these stupid French jackasses are so astonishingly ignorant as to call a *utridge* a *shoo*? Never, never let it be said, after this, that these benighted, superstitious, miserable *savidges*, are equal, in any respect, to the great British people. The moor I travel, the moor I see of the world, and other nations, I am proud of my own, and despise and deplore the fetchid ignorance of the rest of Yourrup.

My remarks on Parris you shall have by an early opportunity. Me and Deuceace played some curious prank there, I can tell you.



MR. DEUCEACE AT PARIS. *

CHAPTER I.

The Life and Adventures of H. J.

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL SIR GEORGE GRIFFIN, K.C.B., was about seventy-five years old when he left this life, and the East India army, of which he was a distinguished ornament. Sir George's first appearance in Injar was in the character of a cabbagingboy to a vessel, from which he rose to be clerk to the owner at Calcutta, from which he became all of a sudden a captain in the Company's service, and so rose and rose, until he rose to be a lieutenant-general, when he stopped rising altogether—hopping the twig of this life, as drummers, generals, dustmen, and emperors must do.

Sir George did not leave any mind heir to perpetuate the name of Griffin. A widow of about twenty-seven, and a daughter awaiting twenty-three, was left behind to deplore his loss, and share his property. On old Sir George's death, his interesting widow and orphan, who had both been with him in Injar, returned home—tried London for a few months, did not like it, and resolved on a trip to Paris, where very small London people become very great ones if they've money as these Griffinses had. The intelligent reader need not be told that Miss Griffin was not the daughter of Lady Griffin, for though marritches are made tolerably early in Injar, people are not quite so precious as all that—the fact is, Lady G. was Sir George's second wife. I need scarcely add, that Miss Matilda Griffin was the offspring of his first marritch.

Miss Leonora Kicksey, a sum lively Islington gal, taken out to Calcutta, and, amongst his other goods, very comfortably disposed of by her uncle, Captain Kicksey, was one-and-twenty, when she married Sir George at seventy-one; and the 13 Miss Kickseys, nine of whom kept a school at Islington (the other 4

being married variously in the City), were not a little envious of my Lady's luck, and not a little proud of their relationship to her. One of 'em, Miss Jemima Kicksey, the oldest, and by no means the least ugly of the sett, was staying with her Ladyship, and gev me all the partocklars. Of the rest of the famly, being of a lo sort, I in course no nothink, my acquaintance, thank my stars, don't lie among them, or the likes of them.

Well, this Miss Jemima lived with her younger and more fortunat sister, in the quality of companion, or toldy. Poor thing! I'd n soon be a gally slave, as lead the life she did! Everybody in the house despised her, her Ladyship insulted her, the very kitching gals scorned and flouted her. She roat the notes, she kep the bills, she made the tea, she whipped the chocklate, she cleaned the canary birds, and gev out the linning for the wash. She was my Lady's walking pocket, or rettycule; and fetched and carried her handkercher, or her smell bottle, like a well-bred spaniel. All night, at her Ladyship's swarries, she thumped kidrills (nobody ever thought of asking *her* to dance!), when Miss Griffing sung, she played the pruno, and was scolded because the singer was out of fun; abominating dogs, she never drove out without her Ladyship's puddle in her lap, and, regularly unwell in a carriage, she never got anything but the 'back seat. Poor Jemima! I can see her now in my Lady's *weeknd best* old clothes (the ladies' minds always got the pruno leavings): a liloe satin gown, crumpled, blotched, and greasy, a pair of white satin shoes, of the colour of Inger rubber, a faded yellow velvet hat, with a wreath of hartfishil flowers run to seed, and a bird of Parrowdice perched on the top of it, molumcolly and moulting, with only a couple of feathers left in his unfortunate tail.

Besides this ornament to their saloon, Lady and Miss Griffin kept a number of other servants in the kitching: 2 ladies'-maids; 2 footmen, six feet high each, crimson coats, gould knots, and white cassynear pantyloons, a coachman to match, a page: and a Shassure, a kind of servant only known among for-riners, and who looks more like a major-general than any other mortal, wearing a cock hat, a unicorn covered with silver lace, mustashos, eplets, and a sword by his side. All these to wait upon two ladies, not counting a host of the fair sex, such as cooks, scullion, housekeepers, and so forth.

My Lady Griffin's lodging was at forty pounds a week, in a grand sweet of rooms in the *Plas Vendome* at Paris. And,

having thus described their house, and their servants' hall, I may give a few words of description concerning the ladies themselves.

In the first place, and in coarse, they hated each other. My Lady was twenty-seven—a widdo of two years—fat, fair, and rosy. A slow, quiet, cold-looking woman, as those fair-haired gals generally are, it seemed difficult to rouse her either into likes or dislikes, to the former, at least. She never loved anybody but *one*, and that was herself. She hated, in her calm quiet way, almost every one else who came near her—every one, from her neighbour the duke, who had slighted her at dinner, down to John the footman, who had torn a hole in her train. I think this woman's heart was like one of them lithographic stones, you *an't rub out anything* when once it's drawn or wrote on it, nor could you *out* of her Ladyship's stone-heart, I mean—in the shape of an affront, a slight, or real or phrased injury. She bore an extent irreproachable character against which the tongue of scandal never wagged. She was allowed to be the best wife possible—and so she was, but she killed her old husband in two years, as dead as ever Mr. Thurtell killed Mr. William Weare. She never got into a passion, not she—she never said a rash word, but she'd a genius—a genius which many women have—of making a *hell* of a house, and torturing the poor creatures of her family, until they were wellnigh drove mad.

Miss Matilda Griffin was a good deal uglier, and about as amiable as her mother-in-law. She was crooked, and squinted; my Lady, to do her justice, was straight, and looked the same way with her eyes. She was dark, and my Lady was fair—sentimental, as her Ladyship was cold. My Lady was never in a passion. Miss Matilda always, and awlilewrote the scenes which used to pass between these two women, and the wickid wickid quarls which took place. Why did they live together? There was the mystery. Not related, and hating each other like poison, it would surely have been easier to remain seprut, and so have detested each other at a distans.

As for the fortune which old Sir George had left, that, it was clear, was very considrabble—300 thousand lb. at the least, as I have heard say. But nobody knew how it was disposed of. Some said that her Ladyship was shle mistriss of it, others that it was divided, others that she had only a life inkum, and that the money was all to go (as was natral) to Miss Matilda. These are subijx which are not praps very interesting to the

British public, but were mighty important to my master, the Honorable Algernon Percy Deuceace, esquire, barrister-at-law, *esattler, esattler*.

For I've forgot to inform you that my master was very intimate in this house; and that we were now comfortably settled at the Hotel Mirabew (pronounced Marobo in French), in the Rewdilly Pay, at Paris. We had our cab, and two riding horses; our banker's book, and a thousand pound for a hal'untz at Lafitt's; our club at the corner of the Rew Gramong, our share in a box at the oppras, our apartments, spacious and elegant; our swarries at Court, our dinners at his Excellency Lord Bobtail's and elsewhere. Thanks to poor Dawkins's five thousand pound, we were as complete gentlemen as any in Paris.

Now my master, like a wise man as he was, seeing himself at the head of a smart sum of money and in a country where his debts could not bother him, determined to give up for the present everythink like gambling—at least, high play, as for losing or winning a row of Napoleons at whist or *carte*, it did not matter: it looks like money to do such things, and gives a kind of respectability. "But as for play, he wouldn't—oh no! not for worlds!—do such a thing." He *had* played, like other young men of fashion, and won and lost [old fox! he didn't say he had *paid*!]; but he had given up the amusement, and was now determined, he said, to live on his inkum. The fact is, my master was doing his very best to act the respectable man—and a very good game it is, too, but it requires a pious great roag to play it.

He made his appearance regular at church, one carrying a handsome large black marocky Prayer book and Bible, with the psalms and lessons marked out with red ribbings, and you'd have thought, as I gravely laid the volumes down before him, and as he bowed his head in his nicely brushed hat, before service began, that such a pious, proper, good young nobleman was not to be found in the whole of the perridge. It was a comfort to look at him. Every old tabby and dowdyger at my Lord Bobtail's turned up the wights of their eyes when they spoke of him, and vowed they had never seen such a dear, nobleful, elegant young man. What a good son he must be, they said; and oh, what a good son-in-law! He had the pick of all the English gals at Paris before we had been there 3 months. But, unfortunately, most of them were poor, and low and a cottidge was not quite in master's way of thinking.

Well, about this time my Lady Griffin and Miss G. made their appearants at Parris, and master, who was up to enough, very soon changed his coat. He sate near them at chappin, and sung hims with my Lady: he danced with em at the embassy balls, he rood with them in the Boy de Balong and the Shandleasies (which is the French High Park); he rood potry in Miss Griffin's halbam, and sang jewets along with her and Lady Griffin, he brought sweetmeats for the puddle-dog; he gave money to the footman, kisses and gloves to the sniggering ladies-maids, he was sivil even to pour Miss Kicksey; there



wasn't a single soul at the Griffinses that didn't adoar this good young man.

The ladies, if they hated befor, you may be sure detested each other now wuss than ever. There had been always a jallowssy between them—miss jellowss of her mother-in-law's bewty; madam of miss's espre; miss taunting my Lady about the school at Islington, and my Lady snearing at miss for her squint and her crookid back. And now came a stronger caws. They both fell in love with Mr. Deuceace—my Lady, that is to

say, as much as she could, with her cold selfish temper. She liked Deuceace, who amused her and made her laugh. She liked his manners, his riding, and his good look; and being a Jewess herself had a dubble respect for real aristocratick flesh and blood. Miss's love, on the contrary, was all flames and fury. She'd always been at this work from the time she had been at school, where she very nigh run away with a French master; next with a footman (which I may say, in confidence, is by no means unnaturl or unusuall, as I *could show if I liked*); and so had been going on sinv fifteen. She reglarly flung herself at Deuceace's head—such sighing, crying, and ogling, I never see. Often was I ready to bust out laffin, as I brought master skoars of rose-coloured *billydows*, folded up like cock-hats, and smellin like barber's shops, which this very tender young lady used to address to him. Now, though master was a scoundrill and no mistake, he was a gentlemun, and a man of good bread ing; and miss *came a little too strong* (pardon the vulgarity of the xpression) with her harlor and attachmint, for one of his taste. Besides, she had a crookid spine, and a squint, so that (supposing their fortis tolrably equal) Deuceace reely preferred the mother-in-law.

Now, then, it was his busness to find out which had the most money. With an English family this would have been easy: a look at a will at Doctor Commons's would settle the matter at once. But this India naybobs will was at Calcutty, or some outlandish place, and there was no getting sight of a copy of it. I will do Mr Algernon Deuceace the justass to say, that he was so little musnary in his love for Lady Griffin, that he would have married her gladly even if she had ten thousand pounds less than Miss Matilda. In the meantime, his plan was to keep 'em both in play, until he could strike the best fish of the two—not a difficult matter for a man of his genius, besides, Miss was hooked for certain.



CHAPTER II

"Honour thy Father"

I said that my master was adored by every person in my Lady Griffin's establishmint. I should have said by every person except one,—a young French galman, that is, who, before our

appearants, had been mighty partikler with my Lady, occupying by her side exactly the same position which the Honourable Mr. Deuceace now held. It was bewtiffle and headifying to see how coolly that young nobleman kicked the poor Shevallay de l'Orge out of his shoes, and how gracefully he himself stepped into 'em. Munseer de l'Orge was a smart young French gentleman, of about my master's age and good looks, but not possess'd of half my master's impudence. Not that that quality is uncommon in France; but few, very few, had it to such a degree as my excellent employer, Mr. Deuceace. Besides, De l'Orge was regularly and reely in love with Lady Griffin, and master only pretending: he had, of coars, an advantitch, which the poor Frentchman never could get. He was all smiles and gity, while Delorge was peckward and melumcolly. My master had said twenty pretty things to Lady Griffin, befor the Shevalier had finished smoothing his hat, staring at her, and sighing fit to bust his weskit. O luv, luv! *This* isn't the way to win a woman, or my name's not Fitzroy Yellowplush! Myself, when I begun my enreär among the fair sex, I was always sighing and moping, like this poor Frenchman. What was the consquints? The poor lust women I adored laßt at me, and left me for something more lively. With the rest I have elopted a different game, and with tolerable suvcess, I can tell you. But this is eggatism, which I aboar.

Well, the long and the short of it is, that Munseer Ferdinand Hyppolite Xavier Stanislas, Shevalier de l'Orge, was reglar cut out by Munseer Algernon Percy Deuceace, Esquire. Poor Ferdinand did not leave the house—he hadn't the heart to do that—nor had my Lady the desue to dismiss him. He was usefcl in a thousand different ways, gitting oppra-boxes, and invitations to French swarnes, bying gloves, and O de Colong, writing French noats, and such like. Always let me recommend an English family, going to Paris, to have at least one young man of the sort about them. Never munda how old your Ladyship is, he will make love to you, never mind what crints you send him upon, he'll trot off and do them. Besides, he's always quite and well-dressd, and never drinx moar than a pint of wine at dinner, which (as I say) is a pint to consider. Such a conveniants of a man was Munseer de l'Orge—the greatest use and comfort to my Lady possibill; if it was but to laß at his bad pronounciatum of English, it was somethink amusink; the fair

was to set him against poor Miss Kicksey, she speakin' French, and be our north British tong.

My master, to do him justice, was perfectly sirvie to this poor young Frenchman; and having kicked him out of the place which he occupied, sartinly treated his fallen anymy with every respect and consideration. Poor modest down-hearted little Ferdinand adored my lady as a goddess! and so he was very polite, likewise, to my master—never venturing once to be fellows of him, or to question my Lady Griffin's right to change her lover, if she choose to do so.

Thus, then, matters stood; master had two stunk to his bo, and might take either the widdo or the orfin as he preferred: *com long vive somblay* as the French say. His only punt was to discover how the money was disposed off, which evidently belonged to one or other, or both. At any rate he was sure of one; as sure as any mortal man can be in this sublunary spear, where nothink is sartin except unsertinty.

A very unexpected insident here took place, which in a good deal changed my master's calkylations.

One night, after conducting the two ladies to the oppra, after suppink of white soap, sunmy-deperdrow, and shampang glassy (which means, eyed), at their house in the Plas Vandome, me and master droav hoam in the cab, as happy as possibill.

"Chawls, you d——d scoundrel," says he to me (for he was in an exlent humer), "when I'm married, I'll dubbl your wagis."

This he might lo, to be sure, without injuring himself, seing that he had as yet never paid me any. But, what then? Law bless us! things would be at a pretty pass if we suvants only lived on our *wagis*, our pockwrits is the thing, and no mistake.

I exprest my gratitude as best I could, swear that it wasn't for wagis I served him—that I would as leaf weight upon him for nothink; and that never never, so long as I livd, would I, of my own accord, part from such an exlent master. By the time these two spitches had been made—my spitch and his—we arrived at the "Hotel Mirabeu," which, as everybody knows, ain't very distant from the Plas Vandome. Up we marched to our spartmince, me carrying the light and the cloay, master humpink a hair out of the oppra, as merry as a lark.

I opened the door of our salong. There was lights already in the room; an empty shampang bottle roamin on the floor,

another on the table ; near which the sofy was drawn, and on it lay a stout old genl'mn, smoking seagars as if he'd been in an inn tap-room.

Deuceace (who abommanates seagars, as I've already shown) bust into a furious rage against the genl'mn, whom he could hardly see for the smoak, and, with a number of oaths quite unnecessary to repeat, asked him what b'sness he'd there.

The smoking chap rose, and laying down his seagar, began



a ror of laffin, and said 'What! V'at my boy! don't you know me?'

The reader may praps reckon a very affecting letter which was published in the last chapter of these memoirs ; in which the writer requested a loan of five hundred pound from Mr. Algernon Deuceace, and which bears the respected signatur of the Earl of Crabs Mr. Deuceace's own fither. It was that distinguished arastycrat who was now smokin and laffin in our room.

My Lord Crabs was, as I pre-humed, about 60 years old. A

stout, burly, red-faced, bald-headed nobleman, whose nose seemed blushing at what his mouth was continually swallowing ; whose hand, perhaps, trembled a little, and whose thy and legs were not quite so full or as steady as they had been in former days. But he was a respectable, fine looking old nobleman ; and though it must be confessed, $\frac{1}{2}$ drunk when we first made our appearance in the salong, yet by no means more so than a real nobleman ought to be.

"What, Algy my boy !" shouts out his Lordship, advancing and seizing master by the hand, "don't you know your own father?"

Master seemed anything but overhappy. "My Lord," says he, looking very pale, and speaking rather slow, "I didn't I confess—the unexpected pleasure—of seeing you in Paris. The fact is, sir," said he, recovering himself a little, "the fact is, there was such a confounded smoke of tobacco in the room, that I really could not see who the stranger was who had paid me such an unexpected visit."

"A bad habit, Algernon, a bad habit," said my Lord, lighting another cigar. "a disgusting and filthy practice which you, my dear child, will do well to avoid. It is at best dear Algernon, but a nasty idle pastime, unfitting a man as well for mental exertion as for respectable society, sacrificing, at once, the vigour of the intellect and the graces of the person. By-the bye, what infernal bad tobacco they have too, in this hotel. Could not you send your servant to get me a few cigars at the Café de Paris? Give him a five franc piece, and let him go at once, that's a good fellow."

Here his Lordship hiccuped, and drank off a fresh tumbler of shampang. Very sulkily, master drew out the coin, and sent me on the errand.

Knowing the Café de Paris to be shut at that hour, I didn't say a word, but quietly established myself in the ante-room, where, as it happened by a singular coincidence, I could hear every word of the conversation between this excellent pair of relatives.

"Help yourself, and get another bottle," says my Lord, after a solemn pause. My poor master, the king of all other compounds in which he moved, seemed here but to play second fiddle, and went to the cupboard, from which his father had already extracted two bottles of his prime hillyary.

He put it down before his father, coast, spit, opened the windows,

stirred the fire, yawned, clapt his hand to his forehead, and looked so weary as a gentleman could be. But it was of no use; the old one would not budge. "Help yourself," says he again, "and pass me the bottle."

"You are very good, father," says master; "but really, I neither drink nor smoke."

"Right, my boy quite right. Talk about a good conscience in this life—a good *stomach* is everythink. No bad nights, no headaches—eh? Quite cool and collected for your law studies in the morning?—eh? And the old nobleman here grinned in a manner which would have done credit to Mr Grimoldi.

Master sat pale and wining, as I've seen a pore soldier under the cat. He didn't answer a word. His exlent pa went on, warming as he continued to speak, and drinking a fresh glas at every full stop.

"How you must improve, with such talents and such principles! Why, Algernon, all I ordon talks of your industry and perseverance—you're not merely a philosopher, man; hang it if you've got the philosopher's stone—fine rooms, fine horses, champagne, and all for 200 a year!"

"I presume, sir," says my master, "that you mean the two hundred a year which *you* pay me?"

"The very sum, my boy, the very sum!" cries my Lord, laughing as if he would die. "Why, that's the wonder! I never pay the two hundred a year, and you keep all this state up upon nothing. Give me your secret, O you young Iriemegistus! Tell your old father how such wonders can be worked, and I will—yes, then, upon my word, I will—pay you your two hundred a year!"

"*Enfin*, my lord," says Mr Deuceace, starting up, and losing all patience, "will you have the goodness to tell me what this visit means? You leave me to starve, for all you care; and you grow mighty facetious because I earn my bread. You find me in prosperity and"—

"Precisely, my boy, precisely. Keep your temper, and pass that bottle. I find you in prosperity, and a young gentleman of your genius and acquirements ask me why I seek your society? O Algernon! Algernon! this is not worthy of such a profound philosopher. Why do I seek you? Why, because you are in prosperity, O my son! else, why the devil should I bother myself about you? Did I, your poor mother, or your family, ever get

from you a single affectionate feeling? Did we, or any other of your friends or intimates, ever know you to be guilty of a single honest or generous action? Did we ever pretend any love for you, or you for us? Algernon Deuceace, you don't want a father to tell you that you are a swindler and a spendthrift! I have paid thousands for the debts of yourself and your brothers; and, if you pay nobody else, I am determined you shall repay me. You would not do it by fair means, when I wrote to you and asked you for a loan of money. I knew you would not. Had I written again to warn you of my coming, you would have given me the slip; and so I came, uninvited, to *force* you to repay me. *That's* why I am here, Mr. Algernon, and so help yourself and pass the bottle."

After this speech, the old gentleman sunk down on the sofa, and puffed as much smoke out of his mouth as if he'd been the chimney of a steam-injun. I was pleased, I confess, with the scene, and liked to see this venerable and virtuous old man a nocking his son about the head; just as Deuceace had done with Mr. Richard Blewitt, as I've before shown. Master's face was fust, red-hot: next, chalk white; and then, sky blew. He looked, for all the world, like Mr. Tippy Cooke in the tragedy of *Franklin'sing*. At last, he manmided to speak.

"My Lord," says he, "I expected when I saw you that some such scheme was on foot. Swindler and spendthrift as I am, at least it is but a family failing; and I am indebted for my virtues to my father's precious example. Your lordship has, I perceive, added drunkenness to the list of your accomplishments; and, I suppose, under the influence of that gentlemanly excitement, you have come to make these preposterous propositions to me. When you are sober, you will, perhaps, be wise enough to know, that, fool as I may be, I am not such a fool as you think me; and that if I have got money I intend to keep it—every farthing of it, though you were to be ten times as drunk, and ten times as threatening as you are now."

"Well, well, my boy," said Lord Crabs, who seemed to have been half-asleep during his son's oration, and received all his sneers and surcisms with the most complete good humour; "well, well, if you will resist, *tant pis pour toi*. I've no desire to ruin you, recollect, and am not in the slightest degree angry; but I must and will have a thousand pounds. You had better give me the money at once; it will cost you more if you don't."

"Sir," says Mr. Deuceace, "I will be equally candid: I would not give you a farthing to save you from"—

Here I thought proper to open the door, and, touching my hat said, "I have been to the Café de Paris, my Lord, but the house is shut."

"*Bon* there's a good lad; you may keep the five francs. And now get me a candle and show me downstairs."

But my master seized the wax taper "Pardon me, my Lord," says he. "What! a servant do it: when your son is in the room? Ah, *par exemple*, my dear father," said he, laughing. "you think there is no politeness left among us." And he led the way out.

"Good-night, my dear boy," said Lord Crabs.

"God bless you, sir," says he. "Are you wrapped warm? Mind the step!"

And so this affektnate *par* parted

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CHAPTER III.

Muttering

MASTER rose the next morning with a dismal countenance—he seemed to think that his past visit boded him no good. I heard him muttering at his breakfast, and fumbling among his hundred-pound notes, once he had laid a parcel of them aside (I knew what he meant) to send em to his father. "But no," says he at last, clutching them all up together again and throwing them into his escritaw, "what harm can he do me? If he is a knave, I know another who's full as sharp. Let's see if we cannot beat him at his own weapons." With that Mr. Deuceace dressed himself in his best clothes and marched off to the Plas Vandom, to pay his court to the fair widdo and the intresting orfn.

It was about ten o'clock, and he proposod to the ladies, on seeing them, a number of planns for the day's rackrations: Riding in the Bodly Balong going to the Twillaries to see King Looey Disweef (who was then the raining sufferin of the French crown) go to chapple, and, finely, a dinner at 5 o'clock at the Caffy de Parry, whents they were all to adjourn, to see a new peace at the theatre of the Pot St. Marun, called "*Sousmar* and the Elders."

The girls agreed to everything, except the two last propositions. "We have an engagement, my dear Mr. Algernon," said my Lady. "Look—a very kind letter from Lady Bobtail." And she handed over a paper and noat from that excited lady. It ran thus:—

"FAC. ST HONORÉ, Thursday, Feb. 15, 1837.

"MY DEAR LADY GRIFFIN.—It is an age since we met. Harassing public duties occupy so much myself and Lord Bobtail, that we have scarce time to see our private friends, among whom, I hope, my dear Lady Griffin will allow me to rank her. Will you excuse so very unreasonable an invitation, and dine with us at the embassy to-day? We shall be *en petite comitè*, and shall have the pleasure of hearing, I hope, some of your charming daughter's singing in the evening. I ought, perhaps, to have addressed a separate note to dear Miss Griffin; but I hope she will pardon a poor *diplomate* who has so many letters to write, you know.

Farewell till seven, when I positively must see you both. Ever,
dearest Lady Griffin, your affectionate "ELIZA BOBTAIL."

Such a letter from the ambassadress, brot by the ambassador's Shassure, and sealed with his seal of arms, would affect anybody in the muddling rank of life. It drew Lady Griffin mad with delight; and, long before my master's arrival, she'd sent Mortimer and Fitzclarence, her two footmen, along with a polite reply in the affirmative.

Master read the noat with no such feelings of joy. He felt that there was something a going on behind the scenes, and, though he could not tell how, was sure that some danger was near him. That old fox of a father of his had begun his M'uations pretty early!

Deuceace handed back the letter, sneered, and pooked, and hinted that such an invitation was an insult at best (what he called a *pers ally*); and, the ladies might depend upon it, was only sent because Lady Bobtail wanted to fill up two spare places at her table. But Lady Griffin and Miss would not have his insinuations, they knew too fu lords ever to refuse an invitation from any one of them. Go they would, and poor Deuceace must dine alone. After they had been on their ride, and had had their other amusemence, master came back with them, chatted, and left; he was mighty sarkastic with my Lady; tender and sentrymentle with Miss, and left them both in high spirits to perform their twollet, before dinner.

As I came to the door (for I was as famillyer as a servant of the house), as I came into the drawing room to announth his

cab, I saw master very quietly taking his pocket-book (*or port folio*, as the French call it) and thrusting it under one of the cushions of the sofa. What game is this? think I.

Why, this was the game. In about two hours, when he knew the ladies were gone, he pretends to be vastly anxious about the loss of his portfolio; and back he goes to Lady Griffinses to seek for it there.

"Pray," says he, on going in, "ask Miss Kicksey if I may see her for a single moment." And down comes Miss Kicksey, quite smiling, and happy to see him.



"Law, Mr. Deuceace!" says she, trying to blush as hard as ever she could, "you quite surprise me! I don't know whether I ought, really, being alone, to admit a gentleman."

"Nay, don't say so, dear Miss Kicksey! for do you know, I came here for a double purpose—to ask about a pocket-book which I have lost, and may, perhaps, have left here; and then, to ask you if you will have the great goodness to pity a solitary bachelor, and give him a cup of your nice tea?"

Nice as I I that I should have split; for I'm blest if master had eaten a morsle of dinner.

Never mind: down to tea they sat. "Do you take cream and sugar, dear sir?" says poor Kicksey, with a voice as tender as a little-duff.

"Both, dearest Miss Kicksey!" answers master, who stowed in a power of sashong and muffins which would have done honour to a washawoman.

I shan't describe the conversation that took place betwixt master and this young lady. The reader, praps, knows y Deuceace took the trouble to talk to her for an hour, and to swallow all her tea. He wanted to find out from her all she knew about the famly money matters, and settle at once which of the two Griffinses he should marry.

The poor thing, of cers, was no match for such a man as my master. In a quarter of an hour, he had, if I may use the figspression, "turned her inside out." He knew everything that she knew; and that, poor creature, was very little. There was nine thousand a year, she had heard say, in money, in houses, in banks in Injar, and what not. Boath the ladies signed papers for selling or buying, and the money seemed equilly divided betwixt them.

Nine thousand a year! Deuceace went away, his cheeks tingling, his heart beating. He, without a penny, could nex morning, if he liked, be master of five thousand per annum!

Yes. But how? Which had the money the mother or the daughter? All the tea-drinking had not taught him this piece of mellidge; and Deuceace thought it a pity that he could not marry both.

The ladies came back at night, mightily pleased with their reception at the ambassador's, and, stepping out of their carriage, bid coachman drive on with a gentleman who had handed them out—a stout old gentleman, who shook hands most tenderly at parting, and promised to call often upon my Lady Griffin. He was so polite, that he wanted to mount the stairs with her Ladyship; but no, she would not suffer it. "Edward," says she to the coachman, quite loud, and pleased that all the people in the hotel should hear her, "you will take the carriage, and drive *his Lordship* home." Now, can you guess who *his Lordship* was? The Right Hon. the Earl of Cabs, to be sure;

the very old genl'mn whom I had seen on such char. day terms with his son the day before. Master knew this the next day, and began to think he had been a fool to deny his pa the thousand pound.

Now, though the suckmstansies of the dinner at the ambassador's only came to my years some time after, I may as well relate 'em here, word for word, as they was told me by the very genl'mn who waited behind Lord Crabsees chair.

There was only a "*petty comity*" at dinner, as Lady Boptail said; and my Lord Crabs was placed betwixt the two Griffines, being mighty ellygant and palite to both. "Allow me," says he to Lady G. (between the soup and the fish), "my dear madam, to thank you—fervently thank you—for your goodness to my poor boy. Your Ladyship is too young to experience, but, I am sure, far too tender not to understand the gratitude which must fill a fond parent's heart for kindness shown to his child. Believe me," says my Lord, looking her full and tenderly in the face, "that the favours you have done to another have been done equally to myself and awaken in my bosom the same grateful and affectionate feelings with which you have already inspired my son Algernon."

Lady Griffin blusht, and droopt her head till her ringlets fell into her fish plate—and she swallowed Lord Crabs's flumry just as she would so many musharums. My Lord (whose powers of slack jaw was notorious) nex' addrest another spitch to Miss Griffin. He said he'd heard how Deuceace was *situated*. Miss blusht—what a happy dog he was.—Miss blusht crimson, and then he sighed deeply, and began eating his turbot and lobster sos. Master was a good un at flumry, but, law bless you! he was no moir equill to the old man than a mole-hill is to a mounting. Before the night was over, he had made as much progress as another man would in a ear. One almost forgot his red nose and his big stomick, and his wicked leering 's, in his gentle insinuating voice, his fund of annygoats, and, above all, the bewtiffe, morl, religious, and honorable toan of his genral conversation. Praps you will say that these ladies were, for such rich pippie, mightaly easly captivated, but relect, my dear sir, that they were fresh from Injrt.—that they'd not seen many fords—that they adored the peeridge, as every honest woman does in England who has proper feelinx, and has read the fashnabble novvles,—and that here at Paris was t' into fashnabble soslity.

Went her dinner, while Miss Matilda was singing "Die Indian." "Dip your chair," or some of them, celebrated Italian airs (when she began this squall, hang me if she'd ever stop), my Lord gets hold of Lady Griffin again, and gradually begins to talk to her in a very different strain.

"What a blessing it is for us all," says he, "that Algernon has found a friend so respectable as your Ladyship."

"Indeed, my Lord, and why? I suppose I am not the only respectable friend that Mr. Deuceace has?"

"No, surely; not the only one he *has had*, his birth, and, permit me to say, his relationship to myself, have procured him many. But"—— (here my Lord heaved a very affecting and large sigh).

"But what?" says my Lady, laughing at the expression of his dismal face. "You don't mean that Mr. Deuceace has lost them, or is unworthy of them?"

"I trust not, my dear madam, I trust not, but he is wild, thoughtless, extravagant, and embarrassed—and you know a man under these circumstances is not very particular as to his associates."

"Embarrassed? Good heavens! He says he has two thousand a year left him by a grandmother, and he does not seem even to spend his income—a very handsome independence, too."

My Lord nodded his head sadly and said,—"Will your Ladyship give me your word of honour to be secret? My son has but a thousand a year which I allow him—and is heavily in debt. He has played, madam, I fear, and for this reason I am so glad to hear that he is in a respectable domestic circle, where he may learn, in the presence of far greater and purer attractions, to forget the dice box, and the low company which has been his bane."

My Lady Griffin looked very grave indeed. Was it true? Was Deuceace sincere in his professions of love, or was he only a sharper wooing her for her money? Could she doubt her informer? his own father, and, what's more, a real flesh and blood peer of parliament? She determined she would try him. Perhaps she did not know she had liked Deuceace so much, until she began to feel how much she should *hate* him if she found he'd been playing her false.

The evening was over, and back they came, as we've seen,—

my Lord driving home in my Lady's carriage, her Ladyship and Miss walking upstairs to their own apartmence.

Here, for a wonder, was poor Miss Kicksey quite happy and smiling, and evidently full of a secret,—something mighty pleasant, to judge from her look. She did not long keep it. As she was making tea for the ladies (for in that house they took a cup regular before bedtime), "Well, my Lady," says she, "who do you think has been to drink tea with me?" Poor thing; a frendly face was an event in her life—a tea-party quite a here!

"Why, perhaps, Lenoir my maid," says my Lady, looking grave. "I wish, Miss Kicksey, you would not demean yourself by mixing with my domestics. Recollect, madam, that you are sister to Lady Griffin."

"No, my Lady, it was not Lenoir, it was a gentleman, and a handsome gentleman, too."

"Oh, it was Monsieur de l'Orge, then," says Miss; "he promised to bring me some guitar-strings."

"No, nor yet M. de l'Orge. He came, but was not so polite as to ask for me. What do you think of your own beau, the Honourable Mr. Algernon Deuceace?" and, so saying, poor Kicksey clapped her hands together, and looked as joyful as if she'd come into a fortune.

"Mr. Deuceace here, and why, pray?" says my Lady, who reckoned all that his exlent pa had been saying to her.

"Why, in the first place, he had left his pocket book, and in the second, he wanted, he said, a dish of my nice tea; which he took, and stayed with me an hour, or moar."

"And pray, Miss Kicksey," said Miss Matilda, quite contemptshusly, "what may have been the subject of your conversation with Mr. Algernon? Did you talk politics, or music, or fine arts, or metaphysics?" Miss M. being what was called a *blue* (as most hump-backed women in society are), always made a pint to speak on these grand subjects.

"No, indeed, he talked of no such awful matters. If he had, you know, Matilda, I should never have understood him. First we talked about the weather, next about nuffins and crumpets. Crumpets, he said, he liked best, and then we talked" (here Miss Kicksey's voice fell) "about poor dear Sir George in heaven! what a good husband he was, and"—

"What a good fortune he left,—eh, Miss Kicksey?" says my Lady, with a hard snearing voice, and a diabollic grin.

"Yes, dear Leonora, he spoke so respectfully of your blessed husband, and seemed so anxious about you and Matilda, it was quite charming to hear him, dear man!"

"And pray, Miss Kicksey, what did you tell him?"

"Oh, I told him that you and Leonora had nine thousand a year, and"—

"What then?"

"Why, nothing; that is all I know. I am sure I wish I had sixty," says poor Kicksey, her eyes turning to heaven.

"Ninety fiddlesticks! Did not Mr. Deuceace ask how the money was left, and to which of us?"

"Yes; but I could not tell him."

"I knew it!" says my Lady, slapping down her tea-cup,—"I knew it!"

"Well!" says Miss Matilda, "and why not, Lady Griffin? There is no reason you should break your tea-cup, because Algernon asks a harmless question. He is not mercenary; he is all candour, innocence, generosity! He is himself blessed with a sufficient portion of the world's goods to be content; and often and often has he told me he hoped the woman of his choice might come to him without a penny, that he might show the purity of his affection."

"I've no doubt," says my Lady, "Perhaps the lady of his choice is Miss Matilda Griffin!" and she flung out of the room, slamming the door, and leaving Miss Matilda to burst into tears, as was her regular custom, and pour her loves and woes into the bosom of Miss Kicksey.

CHAPTER IV

"Hitting the Nale on the Hedd."

THE next morning, down came me and master to Lady Griffins,—I amusing myself with the gals in the anty-room, he paying his devours to the ladies in the salong. Miss was thimmaring on her glitter, my Lady was before a great box of papers, busy with accounts, bankers' books, lawyers' letters, and what not. Law bless us! it's a kind of business I should like well enuff; especially when my hannual account was seven or eight thousand on the right side, like my Lady. My Lady in this house kep all these matters to herself. Miss was a vast deal too sentrimtente to mind business.

Miss Matilda's eyes sparkled as master came in; she moved gracefully to a place on the sofa beside her, which Deuceace took. My Lady only looked up for a moment, smiled very kindly, and down went her head among the papers again, as busy as a B.

"Lady Griffin has had letters from London," says Miss, "from nasty lawyers and people. Come here and sit by me, you naughty man you!"

And down sat master. "Willingly," says he, "my dear Miss Griffin, why, I declare, it is quite a *l'ite-à-tête*."

"Well," says Miss (after the preliminary flummies, in haste), "we met a friend of yours at the embassy, Mr. Deuceace."

"My father, doubtless, he is a great friend of the ambassador, and surprised me myself by a visit the night before last."

"What a dear delightful old man! how he loves you, Mr. Deuceace!"

"Oh, amazingly!" says master, throwing his i's to heaven.

"He spoke of nothing but you, and such praises of you!"

Master breathed more freely. "He is very good, my dear father, but blind, as all fathers are, he is so partial and attached to me."

"He spoke of you being his favourite child, and regretted that you were not his eldest son. 'I can but leave him the small portion of a younger brother,' he said; 'but never mind, he has talents, a noble name, and an independence of his own.'"

"An independence? yes, oh yes, I am quite independent of my father."

"Two thousand pounds a year left you by your godmother; the very same you told us, you know."

"Neither more nor less," says master, bobbing his head; "a sufficiency, my dear Miss Griffin, -to a man of my moderate habits an ample provision."

"By-the-bye," cries out Lady Griffin, interrupting the conversation, "you who are talking about money matters there, I wish you would come to the aid of poor *me*! Come, naughty boy, and help me out with this long long sum."

Didn't he go—that's all! My i, how his i's shone, as he skipped across the room, and seated himself by my Lady!

"Look!" said she, "my agents write me over that they have received a remittance of 7,200 rupees, at 2s. 9d. a rupee. Do

tell me what the sum is, in pounds and shillings ; * which master deucebase took with great gravity.

"Nine hundred and ninety pounds. Good ; I dare say you are right. I'm sure I can't go through the fatigue to see. And now comes another question. Whose money is this, mine or Matilda's ? You see it is the interest of a sum in India, which we have not had occasion to touch, and according to the terms of poor Sir George's will, I really don't know how to dispose



of the money except to spend it. Matilda, what shall we do with it ?

"Oh, ma'am, I wish you would arrange the business your self."

"Well, then, Algernon, *you* tell me," and she laid her hand on his, and looked him most pathetically in the face.

"Why," says he, "I don't know how Sir George left his money ; you must let me see his will, first."

"Oh, willingly."

Master's chair seemed suddenly to have got springs in the cushions ; he was obliged to hold himself down.

"Look here, I have only a copy, taken from the hand of Sir

George's own manuscript. Soldiers, you know, do not employ lawyers much, and this was written on the night before going into action." And she read, "'I, George Griffin," &c. &c.—you know how these things begin—'being now of sane mind—um, um, um,—'leave to my friends, Thomas Abraham Hicks, a colonel in the H. E. I. Company's Service, and to John Moore Mackirkincroft (of the house of Huffle, Mackirkincroft, and Dobbs, at Calcutta), the whole of my property, to be realised as speedily as they may (consistently with the interests of the property), in trust for my wife, Leonora Emilia Griffin (born L. E. Kicksey), and my only legitimate child, Matilda Griffin. The interest resulting from such property to be paid to them, share and share alike, the principal to remain untouched, in the names of the said T. A. Hicks and J. M. Mackirkincroft, until the death of my wife, Leonora Emilia Griffin, when it shall be paid to my daughter, Matilda Griffin, her heirs, executors, or assigns."

"There," said my Lady, "we won't read any more; all the rest is stuff. But now you know the whole business, tell us what is to be done with the money?"

"Why, the money, unquestionably, should be divided between you."

"*Tant mieux*, say I, I really thought it had been all Matilda's."

There was a pause for a minute or two after the will had been read. Master left the desk at which he had been seated with her Ladyship, paced up and down the room for a while, and then came round to the place where Miss Matilda was seated. At last he said, in a low, trembling voice,—

"I am almost sorry, my dear Lady Griffin, that you have read that will to me, for an attachment such as mine must seem, I fear, mercenary, when the object of it is so greatly favoured by worldly fortune. Miss Griffin—Matilda! I know I may say the word; your dear eyes grant me the permission. I need not tell you, or you, dear mother-in-law, how long, how fondly, I have adored you. My tender, my beautiful Matilda, I will not affect to say I have not read your heart ere this, and that I have not known the preference with which you have honoured me. *Speak it*, dear girl! from your own sweet lips: in the presence of an affectionate parent, utter the sentence which is to seal my

happiness for life. Matilda, dearest Matilda I say, oh say, that you love me!"

Miss M. shivered, turned pale, rowled her eyes about, and fell on master's neck, whispering hoarsely, "*I do!*"

Mr Lady looked at the pair for a moment with her teeth grinding, her lip's glaring, her bust throbbing, and her face black white; for all the world like Madam Pasty, in the opp'n of "My dear" (when she's goin to mudder her childr'n, you rock-lee); and out she flounced from the room, without a word, knocking down poor me, who happened to be very near the door, and leaving my master along with his crook back mistress.

I've repotted the speech he made to her pretty well. The fact is, I got it in a rust copy, only on the copy it s wrote "*Lady Griffin, Leonora!*" instead of "*Miss Griffin, Matilda,*" as in the abuff, and so on

Master had hit the right nail on the head this time, he thought: but his adventures an't over yet.



CHAPTER V.

The Griffin's Career

WELL, master had hit the right nail on the head this time: thanks to luck--the crooked one, to be sure, but then it had the gold nobb, which was the part Deuceace most valued, as well he should; being a conny hure as to the rebelliff valout of pretious spetals, and much preferring virg'n gool like this to poor old battered iron like my Lady Cuffin.

And so, in spite of his father (it which old nobleman Mr. Deuceace now snapt his fingers), in spite of his detts (which to do him justice, had never stood much in his way), and in spite of his povarty, idleness, extravagance, swindling, and dishonesties of all kinds (which an't *generally* very favorable to a young man who has to make his way in the world), in spite of all there he was, I say, at the topp of the trea the swiftest master of a perfect fortune, the defianced husband of a fool of a wife. What can mortal man want more? V'rhins of ambition now occupied his soul. Shooting boxes, oppra boxes more, Loves always full of hunters at Melton, a seat in the House of Commons: Heaven knows what! and not a poor fellow, who only

describes what he's seen, and cap't, in cors, pennytrate into the
idears and the busms of men.

You may be shore that the three-cornered noats came pretty thick now from the Griffinses. Miss was always a-writing them befoar, and now, nite, noon, and mornink, breakfast, dinner, and sopper, in they came, till my pantry (for master never read em, and I carried 'em out) was puffickly intolerable from the odor of musk, amblygrease, largymot, and other sense with which they were impregnated. Here's the contense of three on 'em, which I've kep in my dex these twenty years as skeew-nositic. Faw! I can incl 'em at this very mint, as I am copying them down.

But a Dog No I

Monday morning, 2 o'clock.

"In the woe of my life I find illumined my chamber, and falls upon my bed, my pillow. By her light I am inditing these words to thee, my Almoner. My brave and beautiful, my soul's lord! when shall the time come when the tedious night shall not separate us, nor the blessed day. Twelve ours 'two'! I have heard the bells chime, and the quarters, and never can I think of my husband, My adored Percy, perched the girl's cross-tree. I have read the letter at this place. While the ship is at two o'clock. For a moment on the spot which has been so deadly to thee, you."

This was the *zabotnik*, and was brought to our house by one of the poor footmen. Fortunately, it was o'clock in the morning. I thought it was for his good and death, and took master at that extraordinary hour, and gave it to him. I shall never forget him when he read it, he crumpled it up, and he cursed and swore, applying to the lady who sent the gentleman that brought it, and me who introduced it to his notice such a collection of epigrams as I seldom heard except at Billingsgate. The fact is this, for a fast letter, Miss's heart was *zabotnik* too strong and sentymetic. But that was her way, she was always reading melancholy story books — "The Tale of Woe," "The Sorrows of MacWhirter," and such like.

After about 6 of them master never vould to read them; but handid them over to me to see if there was anythink in them which must be answered, in order to kip up appearantses. The next letter I -

1011

"Beloved" to what strange muleness will passion lead one! Lady Griffin, since your arrival yesterday, has not spoken a word to you!

poor Marilda; has declared that she will admit no one (hoigho! not even you, my Algernon), and has locked herself in her own dressing-room. I do believe that she is *jealous*, and fancies that you were in love with her! Ha, ha! I could have told her *another safe--n'est ce pas?* Adieu, adieu, adieu! A thousand thousand million kisses!

"M. G.

"Monday afternoon, 2 o'clock"

There was another letter kem before bedtime, for though me and master called at the Guffines, we waint cloud to enter at



no price. Mortimer and Fitzlatence gaud at me as much as to say we were going to be relations; but I don't spoor master was very sorry when he was obleached to come back without seeing the fair object of his affeckshins.

Well, on Chewsdy there was the same game; dno on Wens day; only, when we called there, who should we see but our father, Lord Grabs, who was waiting behind to Mr's Kicksy, and saying he should be back to dinner at 7.30 to me and master came up the stairs. There was no admittor for us though.

"Bah! bah! never mind," says my Lord, taking his son affectshnately by the hand. "What, two strings to your bow; ay, Algernon? The dowager a little jealous, miss a little love-sick. But my Lady's fit of anger will vanish, and I promise you, my boy, that you shall see your fair one to-morrow."

And so saying, my Lord walked master down stares, looking at him as tender and affectshnat, and speaking to him as sweet as possibl. Master did not know what to think of it. He never new what game his old father was at, only he somehow felt that he had got his head in a net, in spite of his suzess on Sunday. I know it. I know it quite well, as soon as I saw the old gentlmn agsumm him by a kind of smile which came over his old face, and was somethink betwext the angellic and the diabollic.

But master's dowt went cleared up nex day, and everything was bright again. At breakfast, in comes a note with inclosier, both of which I here copy.

NO. IX.

"M. G. TO M. G."

"Valentine Vernon! Maria a la diablo! at last, not her consent to our union, but her consent to give you a wife, and has promised to forget the past. Silly woman how could he ever think of you as mything but the lover of good Maria! I am in a whirl of delicious joy and passionate excitement. I have been awake all this long night, thinking of the pretty Algernon, and longing for the blissful hour of meeting."

"Come."

"M. G."

This is the inclosed from my Lady.

"I write to tell you that your behaviour on Sunday did not deeply shock me. I had been foolish enough to think of other plays, and to hurt your heart (if you had any) was fixed elsewhere than on one at whose forbear you have often turned with me, and whose person at least cannot have charmed you."

"My step-daughter will not, I presume, marry without at least going through the ceremony of asking my consent, I cannot as yet, give it. Have I not reason to doubt whether she will be happy in trusting herself to you?"

But she is of age, and has the right to receive in her own house all those who may be agreeable to her, certainly yes, who are likely to be one day so nearly connected with her. If I have honest reason to believe that your love for Miss Griffin is sincere, if I had in a few months that you yourself are still desirous to marry her, I can, of course, place no further obstacles in your way.

"You are welcome, then, to return to your hotel. I cannot promise to receive you as I did of old. You would expose me if I did. I can promise, however, to thank no more of all that has passed between us, and yield up my own happiness for that of the daughter of my dear husband."

"L. E. G."

Well, now, an't this a manly, straitforard letter enough, and natral from a woman whom we had, to confess the truth, treated most scurvily? Master thought so, and went and made a tender respectful speech to Lady Griffin (a little flumry costs nothink). Grave and sorrowful he kist her hand, and, speakin in a very low adgityayed voice, callid Hevn to witness how he deplored that his conduct should ever have given rise to such an unfortunat idee; but if he might offer her esteem, respect, the warmest and tenderest admiration, he trusted she would accept the same, and a deal moar flumry of the kind, with dark solum glansis of the eyes, and plenty of white pocket hankercher.

He thought he'd make all safe. Poor fool! he was in a net—sich a net as I never yet see set to ketch a roag in.



CHAPTER VI.

The Jewel.

THE *Shevalier de l'Orge*, the young Frenchman whom I wrote of in my last, who had been rather shy of his visits while master was coning it so very strong, now came back to his old place by the side of Lady Griffin: there was no live now, though, betwixt him and master, although the *Shevalier* had got his lady back agin, Deuceace being completely devoted to his crookid Venus.

The *Shevalier* was a little, pale, meek, and, in my opinion, a most unmanly creature; and I should a't have thought, from his appearance, would have the heart to do harm to a fly, much less to stand before such a tremendous tiger and fire-eater as my master. But I see putty well, after a week, I can be manner of going on: of speakin at master, and lookin at him, and ouling his lips tight when Deuceace came into the room, and glaring at him with his e's, that he hated the Honrabl Algernon Percy.

Shall I tell you why? Because my Lady Griffin hated him: hated him wuss than pison, or the devyle, or even wuss than her daughter-in-law. Praps you phansy that the letter you have just red was honest, praps you amadgin that the scene of the reading of the will came on by mere chans, and in the regular cours of suckmansies; it was all a *game*, I tell you: a regular trap, and that extrodinar clever young man, my master, as neatly put his foot into it, as ever a pocher did in feaut preserve.

The Shevalier had his q from Lady Griffin. When Deuceace went off the feald, back came De l'Orge to her feet, not a witt less tender than befor. Por fellow, por fellow! he really loved this woman. He might as well have soln in love with a bare-constructor! He was so blinded and beat by the power wich she had got over him, that if she told him black was white he'd beleave it, or if she ordered him to commit murder, he'd do it; she wanted something very like it, I can tell you.

I've already said how in the fust part of their acquaintance, master used to luff at De l'Orge's bad English, and funny ways. The little creature had a thousand of these; and being small, and a Frenchman master, in cors, looked on him with that good-humoured kind of contempt which a good Brittn of always to show. He rayther treated him like an intelligent munky than a man, and ordered him about as if he'd bean my Lady's foot-man.

All this munser took in very good part, until after the quarl betwixt master and Lady Griffin when that lady took care to turn the tables. Whenever master and miss were not present (as I've heard the servint say), she used to luff at Shevalliaay for his obeaquance and sivilatty to master. For her part, she wondered how a man of his lart could act a servnt how any man could submit to such contemishuous behaviour from another; and then she told him how Deuceace was always sneering at him behind his back, how in fact, he ought to hate him corjaly, and how it was saadly time to show his spirit.

Well, the poor little man beleved all this from his hart, and was angry or pleased, gentle or quarl um, ig actly as my Lady liked. There got to be frequent rows betwixt him and master; sharp words flung at each other across the dinner-table; dispuets about handing ladies their smeling bottles, or seeing them to their carriage, or going in and out of a room fast, or any such non-sence.

'For hev'n's sake,' I heard my Lady in the mull of one of these tiffs, say, paah, and the tears trembling in her eys, "do, do be calm, Mr Deuceace. Monsieur de l'Orge I beseech you to forgive him. You are both of you, so esteemed, lov'd, by members of this famly, that for its peace as well as your own, you should forbear to quarrel."

It was on the way to the Sally Mengy that this bfrangling had begun, and it ended jest as they were seating themselves. "I

shall never forget poor little De l'Orge's eyes, when my Lady said "both of you." He stair'd at my Lady for a moment, turned pale, red, look'd wild, and then, going round to master, shook his hand as if he would have wrung it off. Mr. Deuceace only bow'd and grin'd, and turned away quite stately; Miss heaved a loud O from her busin, and looked up in his face with an expressin jest as if she could have eat him up with love; and the little Shervallhay sat down to his soup plate, and was so happy, that I'm blest if he wasn't crying! He thought the widow had made her declaration, and would have him, and so thought Deuceace, who look'd at her for some time mighty bitter and contemptuous, and then fell a talking with Miss.

Now, though master didn't choose to marry Lady Guffin, as he might have done, he yet thought fit to be very angry at the notion of her marrying anybody else, and so, consequently, was in a fewry at this confusion which she had made regarding her parishaleaty for the French Shevaller.

And this I've perserv'd in the cours of my experients through life, that when you vex him, a roag's no longer a roag—you find him out at onst when he's in a passion, for he shows, as it ware, his cloven foot the very instnt you tread on it. At least this is what *young* roags do, it requires very good blood and long practice to get over this part, and not to blow your passion when you feel it and snarl when you are angry. Old Cads wouldn't do it, being like another noblemn of whom I heard the Duke of Wellington say, while waiting behind his grooves chair, that if you were kicking him from behind no one standing before him would know it from the bewiddle smiling in presn of his face. Young master hadn't got so far in the thief's grammar, and, when he was angry, show'd it. And it's also to be remarked (a very profound observation for a footmn, but we have it's though we *do* wear plush britches) it's to be remarked, I say, that one of these chaps is much sooner mad angry than another, because honest men yield to other people, roags never do, honest men love other people, roags only themselves, and the slightest thing which comes in the way of the beloved objects sets them fowryous. Master hadn't led a life of gaudling, swindling, and every kind of debotch to be good temper'd at the end of it, I promise you.

He was in a passion and when he was in a passion, a more insolent, insufferable, overbearing broag didn't do it.

This was the very pint to which my Lady wished to bring him, for I must tell you, that though she had been trying all her might to set master and the Shevallaiy by the years, she had succeeded only so far as to make them hate each other profoundly: but somehow or other, the 2 cox wouldn't fight.

I don't think Deuceace ever suspected any game on the part of her Ladyship, for she carried it on so admirably, that the quarrels which daily took place betwixt him and the Frenchman never seemed to come from her, on the contriv, she acted as the regular peace maker between them, as I've just shown in the tiff which took place at the door of the Sally Mungy. Besides, the 2 young men, though ready enough to snarl, were natrally unwilling to cum to blows. I'll tell you why being friends, and idle, they spent their mornings as young fashnabbles generally do, at billiards, fencing, riding, pistol shooting, or some such improving study. In billiards, master beat the Frenchman hollow (and had won a pretious sight of money from him, but that's neither here nor there, or, as the French say, *entry noo*); at pistol shooting, master could knock down eight unridges out of ten, and De l'Orge seven, and in fencing, the Frenchman could pink the Honorable Algernon down every one of his weskit batty. They'd each of them been out more than onst, for every Frenchman will fight, and master had been oblig'd to do so in the cors of his business, and knowing each other's curridg, as well as the fact that either could put a hundred bolts running into a hat at 50 yards, they wern't very willing to try such expatience upon their own hats with their own heads in them. So you see they kep quiet, and only ground at each other.

But today Deuceace was in one of his thundering black humors, and when in this way he wouldn't stop for man or devil. I said that he walked away from the Shevallaiy, who had given him his hand in his sudden burst of joyffe good-humour, and who, I do believe would have hug'd a she bear, so very happy was he. Master walked away from him pale and hotty, and, taking his seat at table, no moor mindid the brandishments of Miss Griffin, but only replied to them with a pshaw, or a dum at one of us terms, or thase of the soup, or the wine, cussing and sweating like a trooper, and not like a well-bred son of a noble British peer.

"Will your Ladyship," says he, "slicing off the wing of a pully ally barnymall, allow me to help you?"

"I thank you! no; but I will trouble Monsieur de l'Orge." And towards that galun she turned, with a most tender and fascinating smile.

"Your Ladyship has taken a very sudden admiration for Mr. de l'Orge's carving. You used to like mine once."

"You are very skilful; but to day, if you will allow me, I will partake of something a little simpler."

The Frenchman helped, and, being so happy in coers, spilt the gravy. A great blob of brown sos spurted on to master's chick, and myandrewd down his short collar and vinging-white weskiet.

"Confound you!" says he, "M. de l'Orge, you have done this on purpose." And down went his little and fork, over went his tumbler of wine, a deal of it into poor Miss Griffinses lap, who looked fittened and ready to cry.

My Lady bust into a fit of luffin peel upon peel, as if it was the best jonk in the world. De l'Orge giggled and grin'd too. "Pardong," says he, "meat pardong, mong chaw munseer." And he looked as if he would have done it again for a penny.

The little Frenchman was quite in extas, he found himself all of a sudden at the very top of the tree, and the bill for onst turned agunst his neck. He actually had the order evy to propose to my Lady in English to take a glass of wine.

"Veal you," says he, in his jargon, "take a glass of Madère viz me, mi Lady?" And he looked round, as if he did ignackly hit the English manner and pronunciation.

"With the greatest pleasure," says Lady G., most graciously nodding at him, and gazing at him as she drank up the wine. She'd refused master beate, and this don't increase his good humer.

Well, they went on, master snarling, snapping and swearing, making himself, I must confess, a much of a blaggard as any I ever see, and my Lady employing her time betwixt him and the Shevallary, doing everythink to irritate master, and flatter the Frenchmn. Desert came, and by this time Miss was stock-still with fright, the Chevalier half tipsy with pleasure and gratified vannaty, my Lady puttickly raygent with smiles, and master bloo with rage.

"Mr. Deuceace," says my Lady in a most winning voice,

* In the long dialogues, we have generally ventured to change the peculiar spelling of our friend Mr. Yellowplush.

after a little chaffing (in which she only worked him up more and more), "may I trouble you for a few of those grapes? they look delicious."

For answer, master seas'd hold of the grapp dish, and sent it sliding down the table to De l'Orge, upsetting, in his way, fruit plates, glasses, dickanters, and Heaven knows what.

"Monsieur de l'Orge," says he, shouting out at the top of his voice, "have the goodness to help Lady Griffin. She wanted my grapes long ago, and has found out they are sour!"

There was a dead pause of a moment or so.

"Ah!" says my Lady. "vous osez m'insulter, devant mes gens, dans ma propre maison. C'est par trop fort, monsieur." And up she got, and flung out of the room. Miss followed her, screeching out, "Mamma! for God's sake—Lady Griffin!" and here the door slammed on the pair.

Her Ladyship did very well to speak French. De l'Orge could not have understood her at all, as it was he heard quite enough, and as the door shut too, to the presents of me, and Messieurs Mortimer and Fitzclarence—the family footmen, he vults round to my master, and nips him a slap on the face, and says, "Prends ça, menteur et lâche!" which means, "Take that, you liar and coward!"—rather strong expressions for one gentleman to use to another.

Master staggered back and looked bewildered, and then he gave a kind of scream, and then he made a run at the Frenchman, and then me and Mortimer flung our elyes upon him, whilst Fitzclarence embraced the *Shoalhay*.

"A demand!" says he, clenching his little fist, and walking away, not very sorry to get off.

When he was fairly down stairs we let go of master, who swallowed a goblet of water, and then pawing a little and pulling out his pus, he presented to Messieurs Mortimer and Fitzclarence a hydor each. "I will give you five more to-morrow," says he, "if you will promise to keep this secret."

And then he walked in to the ladies. "If you know," says he, going up to Lady Griffin, and speaking very slow (in case we were all at the keyhole), "the pain I have endured in the last minute, in consequence of the rudeness and insolence of which I have been guilty to your Ladyship, you would think

my own remorse was punishment sufficient, and would grant me pardon."

My Lady bowed, and said she didn't wish for explanations. Mr. Deuceace was her daughter's guest, and not hers; but she certainly would never demean herself by sitting again at table with him. And so saying, out she bolted again.

"Oh! Algernon! Algernon!" says Mrs. in tears, "what is this dreadful mystery—these fearful shocking quarrels? Tell me, has anything happened? Where, who is the Chevalier?"



Master smiled, and said, "Be under no alarm, my sweetest Matilda. De l'Orge did not understand a word of the dispute, he was too much in love for that. He is but gone away for half-an-hour, I believe, and will return to coffee."

I knew what Master's game was for if Mrs. had got a hinting of the quarrel betwixt him and the Frenchman, we should have had her screening at the "Hotel Mignon," and the police and all to pay. He only staid for a few minutes and consulted

her, and then drove off to his friend, Captain Bullseye, of the Rifles; with whom, I s'pose, he talked over this unpleasant business. We found, at our hotel, a note from De l'Orge, saying where his second was to be seen.

Two mornings after there was a parrowgraff in *Gallynanny's Messenger*, which I hear beg leaf to transcribe.—

"*Fearful Duel*—Yesterday morning, at six o'clock, a meeting took place, in the Bois de Boulogne, between the Hon. A. P. D—ce—ce, a younger son of the Earl of Crabs, and the Chevalier de l'O—. The Chevalier was attended by Major de M— of the Royal Guard, and the Hon. Mr. D— by Captain Bullseye, of the British Rifle Corps. As far as we have been able to learn the particulars of this deplorable affair, the dispute originated in the house of a lovely lady (one of the most brilliant ornaments of our Embassy), and the duel took place on the morning ensuing.

"The Chevalier (the challenged party, and the most accomplished amateur sword man in Paris) waived his right of choosing the weapons, and the combat took place with pistol.

"The combatants were placed at forty paces, with directions to advance to a barrier which separated them only eight paces. Each was furnished with two pistols. Monsieur de l'O— fired almost immediately, and the ball took effect in the left wrist of his antagonist, who dropped the pistol which he held in that hand. He fired, however, directly with his right, and the Chevalier fell to the ground, we fear mortally wounded. A full hour intervened before his hip joint, and there is very little hope that he can recover.

"We have heard that the cause of the sportsman's duel was a blow, which the Chevalier ventured to give to the Hon. Mr. D—. If so, there is some reason for the unusual and determined manner in which the duel was fought.

"Mr. Deuce returned to his hotel, whither his excellent father, the Right Hon. Earl of Crabs, immediately hastened on hearing of the sad news, and is now bestowing on his son the most affectionate parental attention. The news only reached his Lordship yesterday at noon, while at breakfast with his Excellency, the British Ambassador, the noble Lord fainted on receiving the intelligence, but in spite of the shock to his own nerve and health, persisted in passing last night by the coach of his son."

And so he did. "This is a sad business, Charles," says my Lord to me, after seeing his son and settling himself down in our sitting-room. "Have you my cigars in the house? And, hark ye, send me up a bottle of wine and some luncheon. I can certainly not leave the neighbourhood of my dear boy."

CHAPTER VII.

The Consequences.

THE Shevallay did not die, for the ball came out of its own accord, in the midst of a violent fever and inflammation which was brot on by the wound. He was kept in bed for 6 weeks though, and did not recover for a long time after.

As for master, his lot, I'm sorry to say, was worse than that of his adversary. Inflammation came on too, and, to make an ugly story short, they were obliged to take off his hand at the risk.

He bore it, in co's, like a Troian, and in a month he too was well, and his wound he'd, but I never see him look so like a devile as he used sometimes, when he looked down at the stump!

To be sure, in Mrs Griffiths's eye, this only made him the more. She sent twenty notes a day to ask for him, calling him her beloved, her unfortunate, her hero, her victim, and I done what. I've kep some of the notes as I tell you, and curiously sentimentle they are, beating the sorrow of MacWhiter all to nothing.

Old Crabs used to come often, and consumed a power of wine and seagars at our house. I believe he was at Paris because there was an execution in his own house in England, and his son was a sure find (as they say) during his illness, and couldn't deny himself to the old gen'man. His son-in-law Lord spent regular at Lady Griffin's, and as matters well, I didn't go any more now, and where the Shallice wasn't there to disturb him.

"You see how that woman hates you Deuceace," says my Lord, one day, in out of order, after they had been talking about Lady Griffin. *she has not done with you yet, I tell you fairly.*"

"Curse her," says master, in a fury, lifting up his maim'd arm. "Curse her! but I will be even with her one day. I am sure of Matilda. I took care to put that beyond the reach of a scoundrel. The girl must marry me, for her own sake."

"For her own sake! O ho! Good, good!" My Lord lifted his f's, and said gravely, "I understand my dear boy. It is an excellent plan."

"Well," says master, grinning fearfully and knowingly at his

exlent old father, "as the girl is safe, what harm can I fear from the fiend of a stepmother?"

My Lord only gav a long whizzle, and, soon after, taking up his hat, walked off. I saw him sawnter down the Plas Vandome, and go in quite calmly to the old door of Lady Griffinses hotel. Bless his old face! such a puffickly good-natured, kind-hearted, merry, selfish old scoundrel, I never shall see again.

His Lordship was quite right in saying to master that "Lady Griffin hadn't done with him." No moar she had. But she never would have thought of the nex game she was going to play, *if somebody hadn't put her up to it*. Who did? If you red the above passidge, and saw how a verrable old gentinan took his hat, and scamtered down the Plas Vandome (looking hard and kind at all the nursery maids—*buns* they call them in France—in the way), I leave you to guess who was the author of the nex scheme—a woman, intinly, never would have cither on it.

In the first prayer which I wrote concerning Mr. Bence's adventures, and his kind behaviour to Messrs. Dawkins and Blewitt, I had the honour of lying before the publick shidewl of my master's debts, in witeh was the following item:—

"Bills of exchange and I O U's, £1363, 6s. 6d."

The I O U's were trifling, saving a thousand pound. The bills amounted to four thousand moar.

Now, the bu is in France, that if a gentinan gives these in England, and a French gentinan gits them in any way, he can put 'em on the Englishman who has drawn them, even though he should be in France. Master did not know this fact—labouring under a very common mistake, that when onst out of England, he might wissle at all the debts he left behind him.

My Lady Griffin sent over to her shesators in London, who made arrajgements with the persons who possess the fine collection of ottograts on stampt paper which master had left behind him, and they were glad enuff to take any oppertunity of getting back their money.

One fine morning, as I was looking about in the courtyard of our hotel, talking to the servant girls, as was my reglar custom, in order to improve myself in the French languidge, one of them comes up to me and says, "Tenez, Monsieur Charles, down below in the office there is a bailiff, with a couple of gen-

dames, who is asking for your master—a-t-il des lettres par hasard?"

I was struck all of a heap—the truth flasht on my mind's hi. "Toinette," says I, for that was the gal's name—"Toinette," says I, giving her a kiss, "keep them for two minnits, as you say you my affeckshn," and then I gave her another kiss, and ran up stairs to our chambers. Mister had now pretty well recovered of his wound, and was aloud to drive about—it was lucky for him that he had the strength to move. "Sir, sir,"



says I, "the bailiffs are after you, and you won't care for your life."

"Bailiffs?" says he: "nonsense! I don't, thank Heav'n, owe a shilling to any man."

"Stuff, sir," says I, forgetting my respect, "don't you owe money in England? I tell you the bailiffs are here, and will be on you in a moment."

As I spoke, cling cling, ring, ring goes the bell of the anty-chamber, and there they were sure enough!

What was to be done? Quick as lightning, I throws off my livry coat, claps my gould lace hat on master's head, and makes him put on my livry. Then I wraps myself up in his dressing-gown, and lolling down on the sofa, bids him open the door.

There they were--the bailiff--two jondarnes with him--Toinette, and an old waiter. When Toinette sees master, she smiles, and says "Dis done, Charles! c'est done ton maitre? Chez lui, n'est-ce pas? C'est le jeune homme à monsieur," says she, currying to the bailiff.

The old waiter was just going to blurt out, "Mais ce n'est pas!" when Toinette stops him, and says, "Laissez donc passer ces mesieurs, votre bien," and in they walk, the 2 jou d'arms taking their post in the hall.

Master throws open the salong door very gravely, and touching my hat says, "Have you any orders about the cab, sir?"

"Why, no, Charls," says I, "I shan't drive out to-day."

The old bailiff grained for he understood English (having had plenty of English creditors), and says in French, as master goes out, "I think, my lord, had better let your servant get a coach, for I am under the painful necessity of arresting you, au nom de la loi, for the sum of ninety-eight thousand seven hundred francs, owed by you to the Sieur Jacques L'engrais Dubrun, of Paris," and he pulls out a number of bills, with master's acceptances on them sure enough.

"Take a chair, sir," says I, and down he sits, and I began to chaff him as well as I could, about the weather, my illness, my sad accident, having lost one of my hands, which was stuck into my bureau, and so on.

At last, after a minute or two, I could contain no longer, and bust out in a horse laugh.

The old fellow turned quite pale, and began to suspect something. "Holt!" says he, "gendarmes! a mort! à mort! Je suis floué, volé," which mean, in English, that he was reglar sold.

The jondarnes jumped into the room, and so did Toinette and the waiter. Graciously trying from my arm-chair, I took my hand from my dressing gown, and, flinging it open, stuck up on the chair one of the neatest legs ever seen.

I then pated mysteriously to what do you think?--to my PLUSH TIES! these scintillating incompressibles which have rendered me famous in Yourlope.

Taking the hint, the jondarnes and the servants rood out lassing; and so did Charles Yellowplush, Esquire, I can tell you. Old Grippard, the bailiff looked as if he would faint in his

I heard a kab galloping like mad out of the hotel-gate, and knew then that my master was safe

CHAPTER VIII

The End of Mr. Deuceace's History - I ambo

MY tail is doring rablly to a close my service with Mr. Deuceace didn't continou very long after the last chapter, in which I described my admiral strattyjny, and my singlar self devocean. There's very few servants, I can tell you, who'd have thought of such a contrivance, and very few mon would have egg-scuted it when thought of.

But after all, beyond the trilling advantich to myself in selling master's roab de charn, which your gentle reader, may remember I wear, and in discovering a fupun note in one of the pockets,—beyond this, I saw, there was to pou master very little advymuch in what had been done. It's true he had escaped. Very good. But Frans is not like Great Britain, a man in a lery coat, with a arm, is pretty easily knean, and caught too, as I can tell you.

Such was the case with master. He coodn leave Paris, moreover, if he would. What was to become, in that case, of his bride—his much-poled beares? He knew that young lady's *tempryming* (as the Paridners say) too well to let her long out of his site. She had nine thousand a yer. She'd been in love a duzn times befor, and int to be agin. The Hon'able Algernon Deuceace was a 'rble too wite awake to trust much to the constasy of so very influmable a young creacher. Heaven bless us, it was a martyde she wa'n't earlier married! I do believe (from suttin seans that past betwixt us) that she'd have married me, if she hadn't been seized by the supcaror rank and indiamity of the gentlmn in whose service I wa.

Well, to use a common igspresion, the beaks were after him. How was he to manitch? He coodn get away from his debts, and he wooden quit the fare object of his affeckshns. He was ableed, then, as the French say, to be p'ot w,—going out at

night, like a howl out of a hivy-bush, and returning in the day-time to his roast. For it's a maxum in France (and I wood it were followed in England), that after dark no man is libble for his detts, and in any of the Royal gardens—the Twillaries, the Pally Roil, or the Lucksimbug, for example—a man may wander from sunrise to evening, and hear nothing of the ojus dums; they an't admitted into these places of public enjyment and rondyvoo any more than dogs, the centunes at the garden-gate having orders to shut all such

Master, then, was in this uncomfrable situation — neither liking to go nor to stay — peeping out at nights to have an interview with his miss, ablegd to shuffle off her repeated questions as to the reason of all this digesse, and to talk of his two thowsnd a year jest a, if he had it and didn't owe a shilling in the world.

Of course, now, he began to grow mighty eager for the mairitch

He roat as many noits as she had done befor, swear against delay and ectymory, talked of the pleasures of Hyming, the ardschip that the ardor of two arts should be allowed to inspire, the folly of waiting for the consent of Lady Griffin. She was but a step mother, and an unkind one. Mi's was (he said) a mayor, might marry whom she liked, and surely had paid Lady G. quite as much attention as she ought, by paying her the compliment to ask her at all.

And so they went on. The curious thing was, that when master was pressed about his cause for not coming out till night-time, he was mysticus, and Miss Griffin, when asked why she wouldn't marry, igprest, or rather, *didn't* igspress, a similar seerasy. Wasn't it hard? the cup seemed to be at the lip of both of 'em, and yet somehow, they could not manitch to take a drink.

But one morning, in reply to a most desprat epistol wrote by my master over night, Deuceace, delighted, gits an answer from his soal's belufd, which ran thus —

Miss Griffin to the Hon. A. P. Deuceace

"DRAREST — You say you would share a cottage with me; there is no need, luckily, for that? You plead the sad sinking of your spirits at our delayed union. Beloved, do you think *my* heart rejoices at our separation? You bid me disregard the refusal of Lady Griffin, and tell me that I owe her no further duty.

"Adored Algernon! I can refuse you no more. I was willing not to lose a single chance of reconciliation with this unnatural step-mother.

Respect for the memory of my sainted father bid me do all in my power to gain her consent to my union with you; nay, shall I own it? prudence dictated the measure; for to whom should she leave the share of money accorded to her by my father's will but to my father's child?

"But there are bounds beyond which no forbearance can go, and, thank Heaven, we have no need of looking to Lady Griffin for sordid wealth: we have a competency without her. Is it not so, dearest Algernon?"

"Be it as you wish then, dearest, lovest, and best. Your poor Matilda has yielded to you her heart long ago: she has no longer need to keep back her name. Name the hour, and I will delay no more; but seek for refuge in your arms from the contumely and insult which meet me ever here."

MATILDA

"P.S.—Oh, Algernon! if you did but know what a noble part your dear father has acted throughout, in doing his best endeavours to further our plans and to soften Lady Griffin! It is no fault that she is inexorable as she is. I send you a note sent by her to Lord Crible, we will laugh at it soon, *nest-ce pas?*"

II

"MY LORD,—In reply to your demand for Miss Griffin's hand, in favour of your son, Mr. Algernon Deuceace, I can only repeat what I before have been under the necessity of stating to you: that I do not believe a union with a person of Mr. Deuceace's character would conduce to my step-daughter's happiness, and therefore *refuse my consent*. I will beg you to communicate the contents of this note to Mr. Deuceace, and implore you no more to touch upon a subject which you must be aware is deeply painful to me."

I leave your Lordship most humble regards

J. J. CRIBLE.

"*The Knight Hanthartford*."

"Hang her Ladyship!" says my master, "what care I for it?" As for the old lord who'd been so at show in his kindness and advice, master reckoned that pretty well with thinking that his Lordship knew he was going to marry ten thousand a year, and expected to get some share of it, for he sent back the following letter to his father, as well as a flaming one to Miss—

"THANK you, my dear father, for your kindness in that awkward business. You know how painfully I am situated just now, and can pretty well guess *à la the corner* of my discontent. A marriage with my beloved Matilda will make me the happiest of men. The dear girl consents, and laughs at the foolish pretensions of her mother-in-law. To tell you the truth I wonder she yielded to them so long. Carry your kindness a step further, and had for us a parson, a church, and make us two into one. We are both major, you know, so that the ceremony of a guardian's consent is unnecessary."

"Your affec^tionate son,

ALGERNON DEUCEACE

"How I regret that difference between us is so great! Matters are changed now, and shall be more. Will you be so good as to

I knew what my master meant,—that he would give the old lord the money after he was married: and as it was probable that miss would see the letter he wrote, he made it such as not to let her see too clearly into his present uncomfortable situation.

I took this letter along with the tender one for Miss, reading both of 'em, in course, by the way. Miss, on getting hers, gave an inexpressible look with the white of her eye, kiss'd the letter, and prest it to her breast. Lord Crabs read his quite calm, and then they fell a talking together, and told me to wait a while, and I should get an answer.

After a deal of consultation, my Lord brought out a card, and there was simply written on it,

To morrow, at 11. Let Crabs, at Twelve.

"Carry that back to your master, Chawls," says he, "and bid him not to fail."

You may be sure I stole back to him pretty quick, and gave him the card and the message. Mr. Crabs look'd satisfied with both, but still not over happy; no man is the day before his marriage, much more his marriage with a humpback, Harriot though she be.

Well, as he was a going to depart this bachelor life, he did what every man in such circumstance ought to do: he made his will:—that is, he made a disposition of his property, and wrote letters to his creditors, telling them of his lucky chance; and that after his marriage he would suitably pay them every shilling. And so, Chawls, I thought, now his power is well enough to be sure that payment was out of the question.

To do him justice, he seem'd to be inclin'd to do the thing that was right, now that it didn't put him to any inconveniencs to do so.

"Chawls," says he, handing me over a tenpenny note, "here's your wages, and thank you for getting me out of the scrape with the bailiffs: when we are married, you shall be my valet out of herry, and I'll treble your salary."

His valet! praps his butler! Ye thought I, here's a chance—a valet to ten thousand a year! Nothing to do but to shave him, and read his notes, and let my whiskers grow; to dress in

pick and span black, and a clean shut per day; muffs every night in the housekeeper's room; the pick of the gals in the servants' hall; a chap to clean my boots for me, and my master's opera bone reglar once a week. I knew what a vallet was as well as any gentlmn in service; and this I can tell you, he's generally a hapier, idler, handsomer, mor gentlmly man than his master. He has more money to spend for gentlmn a *ill* leave their silver in their waistcoat pockets, more success among the gals; as good dinners, and as good wine—that is, if he's friends with the butler—and friends in cose they will be if they know which way their interest lies.

But these are only rascals in the air what the French call *shutter d'Esping*. It wasn't root in the book of fate that I was to be Mr. Deuceace's vallet.

Days will pass at last—seven days before a wedding (the longest and unpleasantist day in the whole of a man's life, I can tell you, excep, may be, the day before his hanging)—and at length Aroarer dawned on the suspicious morning which was to unite in the bonds of Hymning the Honorable Alernon Percy Deuceace, Esquire, and Miss Minilda Griffin. My master's wardrobe wasn't so rich as it had been, for I had left the whole of his ricknax and trumpany of dressing case and robbery trams, his bewtife museum of varnished boots, his curious collection of Stulr and Stulr coats, when he had been obliged to quit so suddenly our pore dear Edgema at the Hôtel Miralwa; and being incog at a friend's house and contented himself with ordering a couple of shoots of c'aves from a common taton, with a sufficient quantity of clothing.

Well, he put on the best of his coats—a blue, and I thought it my duty to ask him whether he'd want his frock again—he was good natured and said, "Take it and be hanged to you." Half-past eleven o'clock came, and I was sent to look out at the door, if there were any suspicious characters (a precious good nose I have to find 'em out I can tell you, and in a which will almost see one round a corner), and jae only a very modest green glass-coach droave up, and in master's coat—I didn't, in cose, appear on the box, because, being known, my appearance might have compromised master. But I took a short cut, and walked as quick as possibl down to the Rue de l'Ébourg St. Honoré, where his exlisy the English unlady do live, and where marriages are always performed by two or three English folk at Paris.

There is, almost nex door to the ambador's hotel, another hotel, of that lo kind which the French call cabbyrays, or wine-houses, and jest as master's green glass-coach pulled up, another coach drove off, out of which came two ladies, whom I knew pretty well,—suffiz, that one had a humpback, and the ingenious reader will know why *she* came there, the other was poor Miss Kicksey, who came to see her turned off.

Will, master's glass-coach drove up, jest as I got within a few yards of the door, our carriage, I say, drove up, and stopt. Down gits coachmin to open the door, and comes I to give Mr. Deuceace an aim, when— out of the cabarey shoot four fellows, and draw up betwig t the coach and embassy door, two other chaps go to the other door of the carriage, and, opening it, one says— "Rendez-vous, Monsieur Deuceace! Je vous arrête au nom de la loi!" (which means, "Get out of that, Mr. D.; you are nabbed, and no mistake.") Master turned gashly pail, and springing to the other side of the coach, as if a serpent had stung him. He flung open the door, and was for making off that way, but he saw the four chaps standing betwigst libbarty and him. He stuns down the front window, and screams out, "Fouettez, cocher!" (which means "Go it, coachmin!") In a despart loud voice, but coachmin wooden go it, and besides was off his box.

The long and short of the matter was, that jest as I came up to the door two of the buns jumped into the carriage. I saw all. I knew my duty, and so very mornally I got up behind.

"Tiens," says one of the chaps in the street, "c'est ce drôle qui vous a floué l'autre jour." I knew 'em, but was too meluncolly to smile.

"Où irons-nous, donc?" says coachmin to the gentlman who had got inside.

A deep voice from the interior shouted out, in reply to the coachmin, "A SAINT PÉLAGIE!"

And now, praps, I ot to dixeribe to you the humours of the prizn of Sante Pelagie, which is the French for Fleet, or Queen's Bench— but on this subject I'm rather shy of writing, partly because the admiral Boz has in the history of Mr. Pickwick, made such a dixeripshun of a prizn, that mine wooden read very amysously afterwards, and also, because, to tell you the truth,

I didn't stay long in it, being not in a humor to wait my ignorance by passing away the ears of my youth in such a dull place.

My first errand now was, as you may phansy, to carry a noot from master to his destined bride. The post thing was sadly taken aback, as I can tell you, when she found, after remaining two hours at the Embassy, that her husband didn't make his appearance. And so, after staying on and on, and yet seeing no husband, she was forced at last to trudge disconsol'd home, where I was already waiting for her with a letter from my master.



There was no use now denying the fact of his arrest, and so he confest it at onst, but he made a cock-and-bull story of treachery of a friend, infamous forgery, and Heaven knows what. However, it didn't matter much, if he had told her that he had been betrayed by the man in the moon, she would have believed him.

Lady Griffin never used to appear now at any of my visits. She kep one drawing-room, and Miss dined and lived alone in another; they quarld so much that praps it was best they should live apart; only my Lord Crabs used to see both, comforting

each with that winning and insat way he had. He came in as Miss, in tears, was listening to my account of master's seizure, and hoping that the prison wasn't a horrid place, with a nasty horrid dungeon, and a dreadful jailer, and nasty horrid bread and water. Law bless us! she had borrowed her ideas from the novvles she had been reading!

"O my Lord, my Lord," says she, "have you heard this fatal story?"

"Dearest Matilda, what? For Heaven's sake, you alarm me! What—yes, no—is it—no, it can't be! Speak!" says my Lord, seizing me by the collar of my coat. "What has happened to my boy?"

"Please you, my Lord," says I, "he's at this moment in prison, no wuss—having been incarcerated about two hours ago."

"In prison! A prison in prison! It's impossible! Imprisoned, for what sum? Mention it, and I will pay to the utmost farthing in my power."

"I'm sure your Lordship is very kind," says I (recklecting the train betwixt them and me to—where he wanted to diddyl out of a thousand pounds), "and you'll be happy to hear he's only in for a trifle—five thous and pound is, I think, pretty near the mark."

"Five thou and pound!—confusion!" says my Lord, clasping his hands and looking up to Heaven, "and I have not five hundred! Dearest Matilda, how shall we help him?"

"Alas, my Lord, I have but three guineas, and you know how Lady Griffin has the"—

"Yes, my sweet child, I know what you would say, but be of good cheer—Algernon, you know, has ample funds of his own."

Thinking my Lord meant Dawkins's five thousand, of which, to be sure, a good lump was left, I held my tongue, but I cooden help wondering at Lord Crabs' ingstream compassu for his son, and Miss, with her £10,000 a year, having only 3 guineas in her pocket.

I took home (bless us, what a home!) a long and very inflammable letter from Miss in which she described her own sorrow at the disappointment, swear she lov'd him only the moar for his misfortuns; made light of them, as a pussion for a paltry sum of five thousand pound ought never to be cast down, 'specially as he had a certain independence in view; and vowed that

nothing, nothing, should ever injure her to part from him, ever after, ever after.

I told master of the conversation which had passed betwixt me and my Lord, and of his handsome offers, and his horror at hearing of his son's being taken, and likewise mentioned how strange it was that Miss should only have 3 guineas, and with such a fortune—bless us, I should have thought that she would always have carried a hundred thousand lb. in her pocket!

At this master only said Pshaw! But the rest of the story about his father seemed to disquiet him a good deal, and he made me repeat it over again.

He walked up and down the room agitated, and it seem'd as if a new life was breaking in upon him.

"Chawls," says he, "did you observe—did Mr.—did my father seem *particularly intimate* with Miss Griffin?"

"How do you mean, sir?"

"Did Lord Crabs appear very fond of Mrs. Griffin?"

"He was suitably very kind to her."

"Come, sir, speak at once—did Mrs. Griffin seem very fond of his Lordship?"

"Why, to tell the truth, sir, I must say she seem'd *very* fond of him."

"What did he call her?"

"He call'd her his dear girl."

"Did he take her hand?"

"Yes, and he"—

"And he what?"

"He kiss'd her, and told her not to be so very down-hearted about the misfortune which had hap'd to you."

"I have it now!" says he, clenching his fist, and growing gashly pale—"I have it now—the infernal old hoary scoundrel! the wicked unnatural wretch! He would take her from me! And he pour'd out a volley of oaths which are impossible to be repeat'd here.

I thought as much long ago—and when my Lord came with his visits so pretious affectshun at my Lady Grifinse's I expected some such game was in the wind. Indeed, I'd heard a something of it from the Grifinse's servants, that my Lord was mighty tender with the ladies.

One thing, however, was evident to a man of his intellectual capaxities: he must either marry the gal at once, or he stood

very small chance of having her. He must get out of limbo immediately, or his respected father might be stepping into his waylaid shoes. Oh! he saw it all now—the first attempt at arrest, the marriage first at 12 o'clock and the bailiffs first to come and interrupt the marriage!—the jewel, praps, betwixt him and De l'Orge—but no, it was the *woman* who did that—a *man* don't deal such foul blows, especially a father to his son: a woman may, poor thing!—she's no other means of revench, and is used to fight with underhand weapons all her life through.

Well, whatever the pint might be, this Duceance saw pretty clear that he'd been beat by his father at his own game—a trap set for him first, which had been debited by my presents of mind—another trap set afterwards, in which my Lord had been susceptible. Now, my Lord, roag as he was, was much too good-natured to do an unkind trickn merely for the sake of doing it. He'd got to that pitch that he didn't mind injuries—they were all fur play to him—he gave 'em, and received them, without a thought of nash. If he wanted to injer his son, it was to benefick himself. And how was this to be done? By getting the haines to himself, to be sure. The Honrable Mr. D. didn't say so, but I knew his foibles well enough—he regretted that he had not given the old gentl'mn the money he askt for.

Poor fellow! he thought he had hit it, but he was wide of the mark after all.

Well, but what was to be done? It was clear that he must marry the girl at any rate—*coûte qu'il coûte*, as the French say: that is, marry her, and hang the expence.

To do so he must first get out of prison—to get out of prison he must pay his debts—and to pay his debts, he must give every shilling he was worth. Never mind—four thousand pounds is a small stake to a regular gambler—especially when he must play it, or rot for life in prison, and when, if he plays it well, it will give him ten thousand a year.

So, seeing there was no help for it, he maird up his mind, and accordingly wrote the follying letter to Miss Griffin.—

“MY ADORED MATILDA—Your letter has indeed been a comfort to a poor fellow, who had hoped that this night would have been the most blessed in his life, and now finds himself condemned to spend it within a prison wall! You know the accursed conspiracy which has brought these disabilities upon me, and the foolish friendship which has cost me so much. But what matters! We have, as you say, enough, even though I must pay this shameful demand upon me; and five thousand

pounds are as nothing, compared to the happiness which I lose in being separated a night from thee! Courage, however! If I make a sacrifice it is for you; and I were heartless indeed if I allowed my own losses to balance for a moment against your happiness.

"Is it not so, beloved one? Is not your happiness bound up with mine, in a union with me? I am proud to think so—proud, too, to offer such a humble proof as this of the depth and purity of my affection.

"Tell me that you will still be true; tell me that you will be mine to-morrow; and to-morrow these vile chains shall be removed, and I will be free once more—or if bound, only bound to you! My adorable Matilda, my betrothed bride! write to me ere the evening closes, for I shall never be able to shut my eyes in slumber upon my prison couch, until they have been first blessed by the sight of a few words from thee! Write to me, love! write to me! I languish for the reply which is to make or mar me for ever.

"Your affectionate

"A P D."

Having posted off this epistle, master intrusted it to me to carry, and bade me at the same time to try and give it into Miss Griffin's hand alone. I ran with it to Lady Giffnesses. I found Miss, as I desired, in a solitary condition, and I presented her with master's pawned Billy.

She read it, and the number of sobs to which she gave vent, and the tears which she shed, beggar description. She wept and sighed until I thought she would bust. She even clasped my hand in hers and said, "O Charles! is he very very miserable?"

"He is, ma'am," says I, "very miserable indeed—nobody, upon my honour, could be more so."

On hearing this pathetic remark, her mind was made up at once: and sitting down to her pen, she immediately addressed master with an answer. Here it is in black and white:—

"My father and I shall pose no more, but fly home to us next in these arms! Adieu, Alcester! I will meet thee to-morrow at the same place, at the same hour. Then, then, it will be impossible for aught but death to divide us."

"M. G."

This kind of flimsy style comes, you see, of reading novels, and cultivating literary pursuits in a mild way. How much better is it to be puffed up ignorant of the art of writing, and to trust to the writing of the heart. This is my tale, I say I despise, and trust completely to nature. But *re, non a no meeting*, as our continental friends remark. To that nice white cheep, Algernon Percy Deuceace, Esquire—that venerable old ram, my Lord Crab's father, and that tender and dellygit young lamb, Miss Matilda Griffin.

She had just foalded up into its proper triangular shape the noat transcribed abuff, and I was just on the point of saying, according to my master's orders, "Miss, if you please, the Honrable Mr Deuceace would be very much ableged to you to keep the seminary which is to take place to-morrow a profound se —," when my master's father entered, and I fell back to the door. Miss, without a word, rusht into his arms, burst into tears agin, as was her regular way (it must be confess'd she was of a very moist constitution), and showing to him his son's note, cried, "Look my dear Lord, how nobly your Algernon, *our* Algernon, writes to me! Who can doubt, after this, of the purity of his matchless affection?"

My Lord took the letter, read it, scanned a good deal amoyused, and returning it to its owner, said, very much to my surprise, "My dear Miss Griffin, he certainly does seem in earnest; and if you choose to make this match without the consent of your mother in law, you know the consequences, and are of course your own mistress."

"Consequences!" for shame, my Lord! A little money, more or less, what matters it to two hearts like ours?"

"Hearts are very pretty things, my sweet young lady, but 'Three per-Cents. are better'."

"Nay, have we not an ample income of our own, without the aid of Lady Griffin?"

My Lord shrugged his shoulders. "Be it so, my love," says he. "I'm sure I can have no other reason to prevent a union which is founded upon such disinterested affection."

And here the conversation dropt. Miss retired, clasping her hands, and making play with the whites of her eyes. My Lord began trotting up and down the room with his fat hands stuck in his britches pockets, his countenance lighted up with igstream joy, and singing, to my inordinat ig-tonishment, —

"See the conquering hero comes!"
Tiddy diddy doll - tiddy doll, doll, doll."

He beg in singing this song, and teeing up and down the room like mad. I stood amazed: a new light broke in upon me. He wasn't going, then, to make love to Miss Griffin! Master might marry her! Had she not got the tor——?

I say, I was just standing stock still, my eyes fixt, my hands puppindicklat, my mouf wide open and these igstrordnary

thoughts passing in my mind, when my Lord having got to the last "dell" of his song, just as I came to the syllable "for" of my ventriloquism, or inward speech—we had each just reached the pint described, when the meditations of both were suddenly stopt, by my Lord, in the midst of his singing and trotting match, coming bolt up against poor me—sending me up against one end of the room, himself flying back to the other—and it was only after considerable agitation that we were at length restored to anything like a *liquilibrium*.

"What, *you* here, *you* infernal rascal?" says my Lord.

"Your Lordship's very kind to notice me," says I, "I am here." And I gave him a look.

He saw I knew the whole game.

And after whirling a bit, as was his habit when puzzled (I believe he'd have only whirled if he had been told he was to be hanged in five minutes), after whirling a bit, he stop'd, suddenly, and coming up to me, says—

"Hearke, Charles, this marriage must take place to-morrow."

"Must it, sir?" says I, "now, for my part I don't think—"

"Stop, my good fellow, if it does not take place, what do you gain?"

This stagger'd me. If it didn't take place I only lost a situation, for master had but just enough money to pay his debts, and it wouldn't cost my blood to save him in prison or starving.

"Well," says my Lord, "you see the force of my argument. Now, look here!"—and he hugs out a crisp, fluttering, snowy HUNDRED PUN NOTE! "If my son and Miss Griffin are married to-morrow, you shall have this, and I will, moreover, take you into my service—and give you double your present wages."

Flesh and blood couldn't bear it. "My Lord," says I, laying my hand upon my thigh, "only give me security, and I'm yours for ever."

The old nobleman grin'd, and patted me on the shoulder.

"Right, my lad," says he, "right—you're a most promising youth. Here is the best security." And he pull'd out his pocket-book, returns the hundred pun bill, and takes out one for fifty. "Here is half to-day, to-morrow you shall have the remainder."

My fingers trembled a little as I took the pretty fluttering bit of paper, about five times as big as any sum of money I had ever had in my life. I cast my eye upon the amount—it was a fifty sure enough—a bank post-bill, made payable to *Leonora Emilia*

Griffin, and indorsed by her. "The cat was out of the bag. Now, gentle reader, I spose you begin to see the game.

"Recollect, from this day you are in my service."

"My Lord, you overpoar me with your favours."

"Go to the devil, sir," says he, "do your duty and hold your tongue."

And thus I went from the service of the Honorable Algernon Deuceace to that of his exludy the Right Honorable Earl of Crabs.

On going back to prisn, I found Deuceace locked up in that rajas place to which his igstravaginsies had deservedly led him; and felt for him, I must say, a great deal of contempt. A raskle such as he—a windler, who had robbed poor Dawkins of the means of igstince—who had cheated his fellow-roag, Mr. Richard Blewitt, and who was making a musnary marridge with a disgusting creacher like Miss Griffin, didn merit any compashn on my part, and I determined quite to keep secret the suckmstansies of my privit interview with his exludy my present master.

I giv him Miss Griffin's triangular, which he read with a satashed air. Then, turning to me, says he "You gave this to Miss Griffin alone?"

"Yes, sir."

"You gave her my message?"

"Yes, sir."

"And you are quite sure Lord Crabs was not there when you gave either the message or the note?"

"Not there, upon my honour," says I.

"Hang your honour, sir! Brush my hat and coat, and go call a coach—do you hear?"

I did as I was ordered, and on coming back found master in what's called, I think, the *greffe* of the prisn. The officer in waiting had out a great register, and was talking to master in the French tongue, in coarse, a number of poor prisners were looking eagerly on.

"Let us see, my lor," says he; "the debt is 98,700 francs; there are capture expenses, interest so much, and the whole sum amounts to a hundred thousand francs, *moins* 13."

Deuceace, in a very myjestic way, takes out of his pocket-book

four thousand paper notes. "This is not French money, but I presume that you know it, Monsieur Greffier," says he.

The greffier turned round to old Solomon, a money-changer, who had one or two clients in the prison, and hapud luckily to be there. "Les billets sont bons," says he. "Je les prendrai pour cent mille deux cents francs, et j'espère, my lor, de vous revoir." "Good," says the greffier; "I know them to be good, and I will give my lor the difference, and make out his release."

Which was done. The poor debtors gave a feeble cheer, as the great dubble iron gates swung open and clang to again, and Deuceace stepped out, and me after him, to breathe the fresh air.

He had been in the place but six hours, and was now free again—free, and to be married to ten thousand a year nex day. But, for all that, he lookt very faint and pale. He *had* put down his great stake, and when he came out of Sainte Pelagie, he had but fifty pounds left in the world!

Never mind—when onst the money's down, make your mind easy; and so Deuceace did. He drove back to the Hôtel Mirabew, where he ordered apartmence infinitely more splendid than befor—and I pretty soon told Toinette, and the rest of the servants, how nobly he behaved, and how he valyoud four thousand pound no more than ditch water. And such w is the consequences of my praises, and the popularity I got for my laith, that the delighted landlady immediately charged him dubble what she would have done, if it hadn been for my storries.

He ordered splendid apartmence, then, for the nex week; a carriage and four for Fontainebleau to morrow at 12 precisely; and having settled all these things, went quietly to the "Roshy de Candale," where he dined—as well he might, for it was now eight o'clock. I didn't spare the shomping neither that night, I can tell you; for when I carried the note he gave me for Miss Griffin in the evening, informing her of his freedom, that young lady remarked my hagitated manner of walking and speaking, and said, "Honest Charles! he is flusht with the event of the day. Here, Charles, is a napoleon, take it and drink to your

I pocketid it; but, I must say, I didn't like the money—it went against my stomick to take it.

CHAPTER IX.

The Marriage.

WELL, the nex day came, at 12 the carridge-and-four was waiting at the ambasador's doar; and Miss Griffin and the faithful Kicksey were punctual to the apintment.

I don't wish to digscribe the marridge seminary—how the embassy chapling jined the hands of this loving young couple—



E/W

how one of the embassy footman was called in to witness the marridge - how Miss wep and fainted, as usual—and how Deuceace carried her, fainting, to the brisky, and drove off to Fontingblo, where they were to pass the first weak of the honey-moon. They took no servnts, because they wisht, they said, to be privit. And so, when I had shut up the steps, and bid the postilion drive on, I bid ajew to the Honrabble Algernon, and went off strait to his exlent father

"Is it all over, Chawls?" said he

"I saw them turned off at igsackly a quarter past 12, my Lord," says I.

"Did you give Miss Griffin the paper, as I told you, before her marriage?"

"I did, my Lord, in the presents of Mr. Brown, Lord Bobtail's man; who can swear to her having had it."

"I must tell you that my Lord had made me read a paper which Lady Griffin had written, and which I was comishnd to give in the manner menshd abuss. It ran to this effect. —

"According to the authority given me by the will of my late dear husband, I forbid the marriage of Miss Griffin with the Honourable Algernon Percy Deuceace. If Miss Griffin persists in the union I warn her that she must abide by the consequences of her act."

LEONORA EMILIA GRIFFIN.

"RUE DE RIVOLI, May 8, 1812."

When I gave this to Mrs. as she entered the courtyard, a minute before my master's arrival, she only read it contemptuously, and said, "I laugh at the threats of Lady Griffin," and she tore the paper in two and walked on, leaning on the arm of the faithful and obliging Miss Kickerby.

I picked up the paper for fear of accidents, and brot it to my Lord. Not that there was any necessity, for he'd kept a copy, and made me and another witness (my Lady Griffin's solissator) read them both, before he sent either away.

"Good!" says he, and he produced from his portfolio the fello of that bewchus nstipun now, which he'd given me yesterday. "I keep my promise, you see, Charles," says he. "You are now in Lady Griffin's service, in the place of Mr. Fitzclarence, who retires. Go to Frok's, and get a livery."

"But, my Lord," says I, "I was not to go into Lady Griffin's service, according to the bargain, but into" —

"It's all the same thing," says he, and he walked off. I went to Mr. Frok's, and ordered a new livery, and found, likewise, that our coachman and Munceer Mortimer had been there too. My Lady's livery was changed, and was now of the same color as my old coat at Mr. Deuceace's; and I'm blest if there wasn't a tremendous great earl's coronet on the butins instid of the Griffin rampint, which was worn before.

I asked no questions, however, but had myself measured; and slept that night at the *Plas Vendome*. I didn't go out with the carriage for a day or two, though, my Lady only taking one footmin, she said, until *her new carriage* was turned out.

I think you can guess what's in the wind *now*!

I bot myself a dressing-case, a box of Ody colong, a few duken lawn sherts and neckcloths, and other things which were necessary for a gentlmn in my rank. Silk stockings was provided by the rules of the house. And I completed the brsniss by wrjting the follyng ginteel letter to my late master. —

Charles Yellowplush, Esquire, to the Hon. A. P. Deuceace.

"SIR,—Sur kmstansies have acurd sins I last had the honner of wating on you, which render it impossibil that I should remane any longer in your suvice. I'll thank you to leave out my thins, when they come home on Sattady from the wash. Your obleagut servnt,

CHARLES YELLOWPLUSH.

"PLAS VENDOME."

The athography of the abuv noat, I confess, is atrocious; but *ke woolyvoos*? I was only eighteen, and hadn then the expearance in writing which I ve enjde sins.

Having thus done my jewty in evry way, I shall prosead, in the nex chapter, to say what hapnd in my new place.

CHAPTER X.

The Honeymoon

THE weak at Fontingblow past quickly away, and at the end of it, our son and daughter-in-law—a pair of nice young turtle-duvs—returned to their nest, at the Hôtel Mirabew. I suspek that the cock turtle-dove was preshos sick of his barging.

When they arriv'd the fust thing they found on their table was a large parsle wrapt up in silver paper, and a newspaper, and a couple of cards, tied up with a peace of white ribbing. In the parsle was a handsome piece of plum cake, with a deal of sugar. On the cards was wrote, in Goffick characters,

Earl of Crabs.

And, in very small Italian,

Countess of Crabs.

And in the paper was the following parrow-graff:—

MARRIAGE IN HIGH LIFE—Yesterday, at the British Embassy, the Right Honourable John Augustus Almainet Plantagenet, Earl of Crabs, to Leonora Emilia, widow of the late Lieutenant-General Sir George Griffin, K.C.B. An elegant *dinner* was given to the happy couple by His Excellency Lord Boltail, who gave away the bride. The *Mrs* of the foreign diplomacy, the Prince Talleyrand and Marshal the Duke of Delmatia on behalf of H M the King of France, honoured the banquet and the marriage ceremony. Lord and Lady Crabs intend passing a few weeks at Saint Cloud.

The above dockyments, along with my own triffling billy, of which I have also given a copy, greeted Mr. and Mrs. Deuceace on their arrive from Fontingblo. Not being present, I can't say what Deuceace said, but I can fancy how he *lookt*, and how poor Mrs. Deuceace lookt. They weren't much inclined to rest after the fiteeg of the junny, for, in a an hour after their arrival at Paris, the hosses were put to the carriage agen, and down they came thundering to our country house at St. Cloud (pronounst by those absurd Frenchman Sing Klood), to interrup our chaste loves and delishis murrage injymnts.

My Lord was sittin in a crimson satin dressing gown, kolling on a sofa at an open windy, smoking sugar, as ushile, her Ladyship, who, to du her justice, didn mind the smell, occupied another end of the room, and was working in wusted, a pare of slippers, or an umbrellote case, or a coal skittle, or some such nonsints. You would have thought to have sean em that they had been married a sentry at least. Well, I bust in upon this conjugal *tate*, *tator*, and said, very much alarmed, "My Lord, here's your son and daughter in law."

"Well," says my Lord, quite calm, "and what then?"

"Mr. Deuceace!" says my Lady, statting up and looking ftrined.

"Yes, my love, my son, but you need not be alarmed. Pray, Charles, say that Lady Crabs and I will be very happy to see Mr. and Mrs. Deuceace, and that they must excuse us *receiving them en famille*. Sit still, my blessing—take things coolly. Have you got the box with the papers?"

My Lady pointed to a great green box—the same from which she had taken the papers, when Deuceace first saw them,—and handed oger to my Lord a fine gold key. I went out, met Deuceace and his wife on the steps, gave my message, and bowed them palitely in.

My Lord didn't rise, but smooaked away as usual (praps a little quicker, but I can't say); my Lady sat upright, looking handsome and strong. Deuceace walked in, his left arm tied to his breast, his wife and hat on the other. He looked very pale and frightened; his wife, poor thing! had her head berried in her handkerchief, and sobd fit to break her heart.

Miss Kicksey, who was in the room (but I didn't mention her, she was less than nothink in our house), went up to Mrs. Deuceace at on-t, and held out her arms—she had a heart, that old Kicksey, and I respect her for it. The poor bunchback flung herself into Miss's arms, with a kind of whooping screech, and kep there for some time, sobbing in quite a historical manner. I saw there was going to be a sean, and so, in coors, left the door ajar.

"Welcome to Saint Cloud, Algy my boy!" says my Lord, in a loud hearty voice. "You thought you would give us the slip, eh, you rogue? But we knew it, my dear fellow—we knew the whole affair—did we not, my soul? and you see, kept our secret better than you did yours."

"I must confess, sir," says Deuceace, bowing, "that I had no idea of the happiness which awaited me in the shape of a mother-in-law."

"No, you dog, no, no," says my Lord, giggling. "old birds, you know, not to be caught with chaff, like young ones. But here we are, all spliced and happy at last. Sit down, Algernon; let us smoke a segar, and talk over the perils and adventures of the last month. My love," says my Lord, turning to his lady, "you have no malice against poor Algernon, I trust? Pray, shake *his hand*!" (A grin.)

But my Lady rose and said, "I have told Mr. Deuceace that I never wished to see him, or speak to him more. I see no reason now to change my opinion." And herewith she sailed out of the room, by the door through which Kicksey had carried poor Mrs. Deuceace.

"Well, well," says my Lord, as Lady Crabs swept by, "I was in hopes she had forgiven you, but I know the whole story, and I must confess you used her cruelly ill. Two strings to your bow—that was your game, was it, you rogue?"

"Do you mean, my Lord, that you know all that past between me and Lady Grief-Lady Crabs, before our quarrel?"

"Perfectly—you made love to her, and she was almost in love

with you; you jilted her for money, she got a man to shoot your hand off in revenge: no more dice-boxes, now, Deuceace; no more *sauter la coupe*. I can't think how the deuce you will manage to live without them."

"Your Lordship is very kind; but I have given up play altogether," says Deuceace, looking mighty black and uneasy.

"Oh, indeed! Benedick has turned a moral man, has he? This is better and better. Are you thinking of going into the church, Deuceace?"

"My Lord, may I ask you to be a little more serious?"

"Serious! *à quel bout?* I am serious—serious in my surprise that, when you might have had either of these women, you should have preferred that horrid wife of yours."

"May I ask you in turn, how you came to be so little squeamish about a wife, as to choose a woman who had just been making love to your own son?" says Deuceace, growing fierce.

"How can you ask such a question? I owe forty thousand pounds—there is an execution at St. Paul's every day I have is in the hands of my creditors, and that's why I married her. Do you think there was any love? Lady Cabs is a devilish fine woman, but she's not a fool—she married me for my colonet, and I married her for her money."

"Well, my Lord, you need not ask me, I think, why I married the daughter in law."

"Yes, but I do, my dear boy. How the deuce are you to live? Dawkins's five thou and pounds won't last for ever. And afterwards?"

"You don't mean, my Lord, you don't. I mean, you can't—D——!" says he, sitting up, and losing all patience. "you don't dare to say that Mrs. Griffin had not a fortune of ten thousand a year!"

My Lord was rolling up, and wetting his twigs with his lips, another cigar; he looked up, after he had lighted it, and said quietly—

"Certainly, Mrs. Griffin had a fortune of ten thousand a year."

"Well, sir, and has she not got it now? How she spent it in a week?"

"She has not got a shilling now. She married without her mother's consent!"

Deuceace sank down in a chair, and I never see such a dreadful picture of despair as there was on the face of that

retchid man!—he writhed, and nasht his teeth, he tore open his coat, and wriggled madly the stump of his left hand, until, fairly beat, he threw it over his livid pale face, and sinking backwards, fairly wept alowd.

Bah! it's a dreddfie thing to hear a man crying! his passion torn up from the very roots of his heart, as it must be before it can git such a vent. My Lord, meanwhile, rolled his segar, lighted it, and went on.

"My dear boy, the girl has not a shilling. I wished to have left you alone in peace, with your four thousand pounds; you might have lived decently upon it in Germany, where money is at 5 per cent, where your duns would not find you, and a couple of hundred a year would have kept you and your wife in comfort. But, you see, Lady Crabs would not listen to it. You had injured her, and, after she had tried to kill you and failed, she determined to ruin you, and succeeded. I must own to you that I directed the arresting business, and put her up to buying your protested bills. She got them for a trifle, and as you have paid them, has made a good two thousand pounds by her bargain. It was a painful thing, to be sure, for a father to get his son arrested, but *que voulez-vous?* I did not appear in the transaction—she would have you ruined, and it was absolutely necessary that you should marry before I could, so I pleaded your cause with Miss Griffin, and made you the happy man you are. You rogue, you rogue! you thought to match your old father, did you? But, never mind, lunch will be ready soon. In the meantime, have a segar, and drink a glass of Sauterne."

Deuceace, who had been listening to this speech, sprung up wildly.

"I'll not believe it," he said, "it's a lie, an infernal lie! forged by you, you honry villain, and by the murderess and strumpet you have married. I'll not believe it—show me the will. Matilda! Matilda!" shouted he, screaming hoarsely, and flinging open the door by which she had gone out.

"Keep your temper, my boy. You are vexed, and I feel for you—but don't use such bad language—it is quite needless, believe me."

"Matilda!" shouted out Deuceace again; and the poor crooked thing came trembling in, followed by Miss Kicksey.

"Is this true, woman?" says he, clutching hold of her hand.

"What, dear Algernon?" says she.

"What?" screams out Deuceace,—“what? Why, that you are a beggar, for marrying without your mother's consent—that you barely lied to me, in order to bring about this match—that you are a swindler, in conspiracy with that old fiend yonder and the she-devil his wife?”

“It is true,” sobbed the poor woman, “that I have nothing; but”——

“Nothing but what? Why don't you speak, you drivelling fool?”



“I have nothing;” but you dearest have two thousand a year. Is that not enough for us? You love me for myself, don't you, Algernon? You have told me so a thousand times. Say so again, dear husband, and do not, do not be so unkind.” And here she sank on her knees, and clung to him, and tried to catch his hand, and kiss it.

“How much did you say?” says my Lord.

“Two thousand a year, sir, he has told us so a thousand times.”

"Two thousand! Two thou—ho, ho, ho!—haw! haw! haw!" roars my Lord. "That is, I vow, the best thing I ever heard in my life. My dear creature, he has not a shilling—not a single maravedi, by all the gods and goddesses." And this exulting nobleman began laughing louder than ever: a very kind and feeling gentleman he was, as all must confess.

There was a pause, and Mrs. Deuceace didn't begin fussing and swearing at her husband as he had done at her! she only said, "O Algernon! is this true?" and got up, and went to a chair and wept in quiet.

My Lord opened the great box. "If you or your lawyers would like to examine Sir George's will, it is quite at your service, you will see here the proviso which I mentioned, that gives the entire fortune to Lady Griffin—Lady Grabs that is, and here, my dear boy, you see the danger of hasty conclusions. Her Ladyship only showed you the *first page of the will*, of course; she wanted to try you. You thought you made a great stroke in at once proposing to Miss Griffin—do not mind it, my love, he really loves you now very sincerely!—when, in fact, you would have done much better to have read the rest of the will. You were completely bitten, my boy—humbugged, bamboozled—ay, and by your old father, you dog. I told you I would, you know, when you refused to lend me a portion of your Dawkins money. I told you I would, and I did. I had you the very next day. Let this be a lesson to you, Percy my boy, don't try your luck again against such old hands. Look deuced well before you leap: *audi alteram partem*, my lad, which means, read both sides of the will. I think lunch is ready, but I see you don't smoke. Shall we go in?"

"Stop, my Lord," says Mr. Deuceace, very humble. "I shall not share your hospitality—but—but you know my condition, I am penniless—you know the manner in which my wife has been brought up—"

"The Honourable Mrs. Deuceace, sir, shall always find a home here, as if nothing had occurred to interrupt the friendship between her dear mother and herself."

"And for me, sir," says Deuceace, speaking faint, and very slow, "I hope—I trust—I think, my Lord, you will not forget me?"

"I forget you, sir, certainly not."

"And that you will make some provision"—

"Algernon Deuceace," says my Lord, getting up from the sofa, and looking at him with such a jolly malignity, as I never see. "I declare, before Heaven, that I will not give you a penny!"

Hereupon my Lord held out his hand to Mrs. Deuceace, and said, "My dear, will you join your mother and me? We shall always, as I said, have a home for you."

"My Lord," said the poor thing, dropping a curtsy, "my home is with him!"

About three months after, when the winter was beginning at Paris, and the autumn leaves were on the ground, my Lord, my Lady, me and Mortimer, were taking a stroll in the Bois de Boulogne, the carriage driving on slowly ahead, and us as happy as possible, admiring the pleasant woods and the golden sunset.

My Lord was expatiating to my Lady upon the exquisite beauty of the scene, and pouring forth a host of brilliant and virtuous sentiments suitable to the hour. It was difficult to hear him. "Ah!" said he, "black must be the heart, my love, which does not feel the influence of a scene like this, gathering as it were, from those smiling skies, a portion of that celestial gold, and gaining somewhat of heaven with each pure draught of this delicious air!"

Lady Crake did not speak, but pressed her arm and looked upwards. Mortimer and I too, felt some of the influences of the scene, and lent on our gold-sticks in silence. The carriage drew up close to us, and my Lord and my Lady alighted slowly to dismount.

Just at the place was a bench, and on the bench sat a poorly dressed woman, and by her, leaning against a tree, was a man whom I thought I'd seen before. He was dressed in a shabby blue coat, with white seams and copper buttons; a torn hat was on his head, and great quantities of matted hair and white fers druggued his countenance. He was not shaved, and as pale as stone.

My Lord and Lady didn't take the slightest notice of him, but passed on to the carriage. Me and Mortimer however took our places. As we past, the man had got a grip of the woman's shoulder, who was holding down her head sobbing bitterly.

No sooner were my Lord and Lady seated than they both, with igstream dolly and good nature, but a terror of later, peal

upon peal, whooping and screeching enough to frighten the evening silents.

DEUCEFACE turned round. I see his face now—the face of a devvie of hell ! First, he lookt towards the carriage, and pinte*d* to it with his maimed arm, then he raised the other, and *struck* the woman by his side. She fell, screaming.

Poor thing ! Poor thing !



MR. YELLOWPLUSH'S AJEW.

THE end of Mr. Deuce-ice's history is going to be the end of my correspondence. I wish the public was as sorry to part with me as I am with the public, because I fancy truly that we've become friends, and feel for my part a becoming grief at saying ajew.

It's imposhill for me to continyow, however, a-writin, as I have done—violettin the rules of authography, and trumpling upon the fust princippills of English grammar. When I began, I knew no better—when I'd carrid on these papers a little further, and grew accoustind to writin, I began to snid out somethink queer in my style. Within the last sex weeks I have been learning to spell* and when all the world was rejoicing at the festivities of our youthful Queen*—when all eyes were fixt upon her long sweet of ambassadors and princes, following the splendid carriage of Marable the Duke of Damlatar, and blinking at the pearls and dimmice of Prince Oystereasy—Yellowplush was in his lonely pantry—his eyes were fixt upon the spelling book—his heart was bent upon mastering the difficketies of the literary professin. I have been, in fact, *concocted*.

You shall here how. Once, you know, in a Wig house, and ever sins his third son has got a place in the Treasury, his second a captiny in the Guards, his fust, the secretary of embassy at Peking, with a prospect of being appointed ambassador at Loo Choo—ever sins master's sons have reserved these attentions, and master himself has had the promise of a pearitch, he has been the most reglar, consistnt, honorable Libbaral, in or out of the House of Commins.

Well, being a Whig, it's the fashin, as you know, to reserve literary pipples; and accordingly, at dinner, tother day, whose name do you think I had to hollar out on the fust landing place about a wick ago? After several dukes and markises had been

* This was written in 1833.

enounced, a very gentell fly drives up to our doar, and out steps two gentlemen. One was pail, and wor spektickles, a wig, and a white neckcloth. The other was slim, with a hook nose, a pail face, a small waist, a pare of falling shoulders, a tight coat, and a catarack of black satting stumbling out of his busm, and falling into a gilt velvet werkit. The little genlman settled his wigg, and pulled out his ribbins, the younger one fluffed the dust of his shoos, looked at his wiskers in a little pockit-glas, settled his crevatt, and they both mounted upstairs.



"What name, sir?" says I, to the old genlman

"Name!—a! now, you thief o' the wurld," says he, "do you pretind nat to know *me*? Sav it's the Cabinet Cyclopa—no, I mane the Litherary Chran—psa!—bluthanowns!—say it's DOCTOR DIOCESIAN LARNER—I think he'll know me now—ay, Nid?" But the genlman called Nid was at the botm of the stare, and pretended to be very busy with his shoo-string. So the little genlman went upstairs alone.

"DOCTOR DIOLESIUS LARNER!" says I.

"DOCTOR ATHANASIUS LARDNER!" says Greville Fitz-Roy, our second footman, on the first landing place.

"Doctor Ignatius Topola!" says the groom of the chambers, who pretends to be a scholar, and in the little gentleman went. When safely housed, the other chap came; and when I asked him his name, said, in a thick, gobbling kind of voice,—

"Sawedwad-george-arlitt-nbulwig."

"Sir what?" says I, quite agast at the name.

"Sawedwad—no, I mean *Mister* Sawedwad Lvtin Bulwig."

My ears trembled under me, my ears filled with ticks, my voice shook, as I past up the veniable name to the other footman, and saw this first of English writers go up to the drawing room!

It's needless to mention the names of the rest of the company, or to describe the circumstances of the dinner. Suffiz to say that the two littery gentlemen behaved very well and seemed to have good appynghts, especially the little Irishman in the wig, who et, drunk, and talked so much as } a durn. He told how he'd been presented at court by his friend, Mr. Bulwig, and how the Queen had received him both with a dignity undignifiable, and how her blessed Majesty asked what was the bonny fady sale of the Cabinet Cyclopaedy, and how he (Doctor Larder) told her that, on his honour, it was under ten thousand.

You may guess that the Doctor when he made this speech, was pretty far gone. The fact is, that whatever it was the coropation, or the goodness of the wine (cappule it is in our house, I can tell you), or the natural propensities of the guests assembled, which made them so especially jolly, I don't know; but they had kept up the meeting pretty late, and our poor butler was quite tired with the perpetual baskets of clarrit which he'd been called upon to bring up. So that about 12 o'clock, if I were to say they were merry, I should use a mild term; if I were to say they were intawsicated, I should use an igspresshn more near to the truth, but less respectful in one of my situashn.

The company received this announstment with mute extonishment.

"Pray, Doctor Larder," says a spiteful gentleman, willing to keep up the jittery conversation, "what is the Cabinet Cyclopaedia?"

"It's the litterry wontherr of the wurld," says he; "and

sure your Lordship must have seen it; the latter numbers ispecially—cheap as durrt, bound in gleezed calico, six shillings a vollum. The illustrious neems of Walther Scott, Thomas Moore, Docther Southey, Sir James Mackintosh, Docther Donovan, and meself, are to be found in the list of contributors. It's the Phaynix of Cyclopnjies—a litherary Bacon."

"A what?" says the genl'mn nex to him

"A Bacon, shining in the darkness of our age; fild wid the pure end lambent flame of science, burning with the gorgeous scintillations of divine litherature—a *monumintum* in fact, *are perennius*, bound in pink calico, six shillings a vollum."

"This wigmawole," said Mr Bulwig (who seemed rather disgusted that his friend should take up so much of the conversation), "this wigmawole is all vewy well, but it's curious that you don't remember, in chawactewising the litewawy mewits of the vawious magazines, cwonicles, wvewes, and encyclopædias, the existence of a cwitical wewiew and litewawy chwonicle, which, though the tewa of its appeawance is dated only at a vewy few months pwevious to the pwesent pewiod, is, nevertheless, so wemurkable for its intwinsic mewits as to be weald, not in the metwopolis alone, but in the countwy—not in Fwance merely, but in the west of Euwope—wheweuer our pure Wenglish is spoken, it stwetches its peaceful sceptre—pewused in Amewica, fwom New York to Niagawa—wepwinted in Canada, fwom Montweal to Towonto—and, as I am gwatified to hear fwom my fwend the governor of Cape Coast Castle, wegularly weceived in Afwica, and twanslated into the Mandingo language by the missionawies and the bushwangers. I need not say, gentlemen—sir—that is, Mr. Speaker—I mean, Sir John—that I allude to the Litewawy Chwonicle, of which I have the honour to be pwincipul contwibutor."

"Very true, my dear Mr. Bullwig," says my master: "you and I being Whigs, must of course stand by our own friends; and I will agree, without a moment's hesitation, that the Literary what-d'ye-call-'em is the prince of periodicals."

"The Pwince of pewiodicals?" says Bullwig, "my dear Sir John, it's the empewow of the pwess."

"Soit,—let it be the emperor of the press, as you poetically call it; but, between ourselves, confess it,—Do not the Tory writers beat your Whigs hollow? You talk about magazines. Look at"—

"Look at *that*?" shouts out Larder. "There's none, Sir Jan, compared to ours."

"Pardon me, I think that"—

"Is it 'Bentley's Miscellany' you mane?" says Ignatius, as sharp as a needle.

"Why, no; but"—

"O thin, it's Co'burn, sure, and that divvie Thayerdor—a pretty paper, sir, but light—thrashy, milk and wathery—not strong, like the Litherary Chron—good luck to it."

"Why, Doctor Larder, I was going to tell at once the name of the periodical,—it is FRASER'S MAGAZINE."

"FRASER!" says the Doctor. "O thunder and turf!"

"FWASER!" says Bullwig. "O—ah—hum—haw—yes—no—why,—that is, weally—no, weally, upon my reputation, I never before heard the name of the periodical. By the bye, Sir John, what remarkable good clawet this is, is it Lawose or Laff?"

Laff, indeed! he cawden git beyond laff, and I'm blest if I could kip it neither,—for hearing him pretend ignurants, and being behind the skreen, settin sumthink for the gentlmn, I bust into such a raw of luffing as never was igseuded.

"Hullo!" says Bullwig, turning red. "Have I said anything impwobable aw wiculous? for weally I never before we collect to have heard in society such a twemendous peal of cawination—that which the twagic bard who fought at Mawthou has called an *anæsthemon glosma*."

"Why, be the holy paper!" says Larder, "I think you are dithrawing a little on your imagination. Not read *Fraser*? Don't believe him, my Lord Duke, he read every word of it, the rogue! The boys about that magazine baste him as if he was a sack of oatmeal. My reason for crying out, Sir Jan, was because you mentioned *Fraser* at all. Bullwig has every syllable of it be heart—from the pallitix down to the 'Yellowplush Correspondence'."

"Ha, ha!" says Bullwig, affecting to laff (you may be sure my years prickt up when I heard the name of the "Yellowplush Correspondence"). "Ha, ha! why, to tell twuth, I have wead the cawespondence to which you allude—it's a gweat favowite at Court. I was talking with Spwing Wice and John Wussell about it the other day."

"Well, and what do you think of it?" says Sir John, looking mity waggish—for he knew it was he who read it.

"Why, wreally and twuly, there's considewable clewerness about the cweature, but it's low, disgustingly low: it violates pwobability, and the orthogwaphy is so carefully inaccurate, that it requires a positive study to compwehend it."

"Yes, fauth," says Larnier, "the arthagraphy is detestible; it's as bad for a man to write bad spillin as it is for 'em to speak wld a birogue. Education furst, and ganius afterwards. Your health, my Lord, and good luck to you."

"Yaw wemark," says Bullwig, "is very appwopwiate. You will wecollect, Sir John in Howzotus (as for you, Doctor, you know more about Iwish than about Gweek),—you will wecollect; without doubt, a story nawwoted by that cwedulous though fascinating chwonderer, of a certain kind of sheep which is known only in a certain district of Awabai, and of which the tail is so enormous, that it either dwaggles on the gwound, or is bound up by the shepherds of the country into a small wheelbawwow, or cart, which make the chwonderer smewingly wemark that thus 'the sheep of Awabai have their own chwaiots.' I have often thought, sir (this chwaiot is wreally nectawcon)—I have often, I say, thought that the ware of man may be compawed to these Awabai sheep: genius is our tail: education our wheelbawwow. Without art and eduction to pwop it, this genius dwops on the gwound, and is polluted by the mud, or injured by the wocks upon the way: with the wheelbawwow it is stwengthened, incweased, and supported—a pwide to the owner, a blessing to mankind."

"A very appropriate simile," says Sir John, "and I am afraid that the genius of our friend Yellowplush has need of some such support."

"*A propo*," said Bullwig, "who is Yellowplush? I was given to understand that the name was only a fictitious one, and that the papers were written by the author of the '*Diary of a Physician*,' if so, the man has wonderfully improved in style, and there is some hope of him."

"Bah!" says the Duke of Doublejowl, "everybody knows it's Barnard, the celebrated author of '*Sam Slick*.'"

"Pardon, my dear duke," says Lord Bagwig; "it's the authoress of '*High Life*,' '*Almack's*,' and other fashionable novels."

"Fiddlestick's end!" says Doctor Larnier, "don't be blushing and pretending to ask questions: don't we know you, Bullwig?"

"It's you yourself, you thief of the world, we smoked you from the very beginning."

Bullwig was about indignantly to reply, when Sir John interrupted them, and said,—"I must correct you all, gentlemen; Mr. Yellowplush is no other than Mr. Yellowplush: he gave you, my dear Bullwig, your last glass of champagne at dinner, and is now an inmate of my house and an ornament of my kitchen!"

"Gad!" says Doublegowl, "let's have him up."

"Hear, hear!" says Bagwig.

"Ah, now," says Lamer, "your Grace is not going to call up and talk to a footman, are you? Is it possible?"

"To say the least of it," says Bullwig, "the practice is irregular, and indecorous, and I weally don't see how the interview can be in any way profitable."

But the views of the company went against the two literary men, and everybody except them was for having up poor Mr. The bell was rung, butler came—"Send up Charles," says master, and Charles, who was standing behind the skreend, was persovly obliged to come in.

"Charles," says master, "I have been telling these gentlemen who is the author of the 'Yellowplush Correspondence' in *Fraser's Magazine*."

"It's the best magazine in Europe," says the Duke.

"And no mistake," says my Lord.

"H'what!" says Lamer, "and where's the Father-in-Chair?"

"I said myself nothing, but made a blunder and blusht like pickle-catch."

"Mr. 'Yellowplush,'" says my Grace, "will you, in the first place, drink a glass of wine?"

I boughed again.

"And what wine do you prefer, sir, - humble port or imperial Burgundy?"

"Why, your Grace," says I, "I know my place, and ain't above kitchen wines. I will take a glass of port, and drink it to the health of this honorable company."

"When I'd swigged off the bumper, which my Grace himself did me the honour to pour out for me, there was a lull for a minute; when my master said -

"Charles Yellowplush, I have perused your memoirs in *Fraser's Magazine* with so much curiosity and have so high an opinion

of your talents as a writer, that I really cannot keep you as a footman any longer, or allow you to discharge duties for which you are now quite unfit. With all my admiration for your talents, Mr. Yellowplush, I still am confident that many of your friends in the servants' hall will clean my boots a great deal better than a gentleman of your genius can ever be expected to do—it is for this purpose I employ footmen, and not that they may be writing articles in magazines. But—you need not look so red, my good fellow, and had better take another glass of port— I don't wish to throw you upon the wide world without the means of a livelihood, and have made interest for a little place which you will have under Government, and which will give you an income of eighty pounds per annum, which you can double, I presume, by your literary labours."

"Sir," says I, clasping my hands, and busting into tears, "do not—for Heaven's sake do not!—think of any such thing, or drive me from your service, because I have been fool enough to write in magazines. Glance but one moment at your honour's plate—every spoon is as bright as a mirror, condense to examine your shoes—your honour may see reflected in them the faces of every one in the company. I blacked them shoes, I cleaned that there plate. If occasionally I've forgot the footman in the literary man, and committed to paper my reminiscences of fashionable life—it was from a sincere desire to do good, and promote nollitch—and I appeal to your honour,—I lay my hand on my busin—and in the face of this noble company beg you to say, When you rung your bell, who came to you first? When you stopt out at Brooks's till morning, who sat up for you? When you was ill, who forgot the natral dignities of his station, and answered the two-pair bell? Oh, sir," says I, "I know what's what, don't send me away. I know them literary chaps, and, believe me, I'd rather be a footman. The work's not so hard—the pay is better—the vittels incomparably superior. I have but to clean my things, and run my errands, and you put clothes on my back, and meat in my mouth. Sir! Mr. Bullwig! ain't I right? shall I quit my station and sink—that is to say, rise—to yours?"

Bullwig was violently affected, a tear stood in his glistening eye. "Yellowplush" says he, seizing my hand, "you *are* right. Quit not your present occupation, black boots, clean knives, wear plush, all your life, but don't turn literary man. Look at

me. I am the first novelist in Europe. I have ranged with eagle wing over the wide regions of literature, and perched on every eminence in its turn. I have gazed with eagle eyes on the sun of philosophy, and fathomed the mysterious depths of the human mind. All languages are familiar to me, all thoughts are known to me, all men understood by me. I have gathered wisdom from the honeyed lips of Plato as we wandered in the gardens of Academies--wisdom, too, from the mouth of Job Johnson, as we smoked our backs in Seven Oaks. Such must be the studies, and such is the mission, in this world, of the Post-Philosopher. But the knowledge is only emptiness, the initiation is but misery, the initiated, a man shunned and banished by his fellows. Oh," said Bullwig claspng his hands, and throwing his fine 't's up to the chandelier, "the curse of Prometheus descends upon his wace. Wath and punishment pursue them from generation to generation! Wo to genius, the heaven-sealer, the fire stealer! Wo and thine bitter desolation! Earth is the wock on which Zeus, wemoraless, stretches his withing victim--men, the vultures that feed and fatten on him. Al, Al! It is agony eternal--gawoning and contrary deport! And you, Yellowplush, woul' I pen twate these mysticisms--you woul' wuse the awful veil, and stand in the twemendous Pwesenence. Beware; as you value your peace, beware! Withdrew, wath Neophyte! For Heaven's sake. O for Heaven's sake!"--here he looked round with apeny--"give me a glass of brandy and-water, for this glawet is beginning to d'--pwece with me."

Bullwig having consumed that quatch, very much to his own gattasacklin, looked round to the company for aplaws, and then swigged off the glass of brandy and water, giving a solemn sigh as he took the last gulph, and then Doctor Ignatius, who longed for a chains, and, in order to show his independence, began flatly contradicting his friend, addressed me, and the rest of the gentlemen present, in the following manner:

"Hark ye," says he, "my gossoon, don't be led astray by the nonsense of that devil of a Bullwig. He's jillout of ye, my bhoy: that's the rule undoubted thruth, and it's only to keep you out of literary life that he's palavering you in this way. I'll tell you what--Plush ye blackguard--my honourable friend the mimber there has told me a hunder times by the smallest computation, of his intense admiration of your talents, and the wonderful sthir they were making in the world. He can't bear

a rival. He's mad with envy, hatred, oncharatableness. Look at him, Plush, and look at me. My father was not a duke exactly, nor even a markis, and see, nevertheless, to what a pitch I am come. I spare no expence, I'm the iditor of a couple of periodicals; I dthrive about in me carridge, I dine with the lords of the land, and why—in the name of the piper that plect before Mosus, hwy? Because I'm a litherry man. Because I know how to play me cards. Because I'm Docther Larnier, in fact, and member of every society in and out of Europe. I might have remained all my life in Thrinity Colledge, and never made such an incom as that offered you by Sir Jan, but I came to London—to London, my boy, and now see! Look again at me friend Bullwig. He is a gentleman, to be sure, and had luck to 'im, say I, and what has been the reult of his litherry labour? I'll tell you what, and I'll tell this gintale society, by the shade of Saint Patneek, they're going to make him a BARINET!"

"A BARINET, Doctor!" says I, "you don't mean to say they're going to make him a barinet!"

"As sure as I've made meself a docthor," says Larnier.

"What, a baronet like Sir John?"

"The divle a bit else."

"And pray what for?"

"What faw?" says Bullwig. "Ask the histowry of litwatuwe what faw? Ask Colburn, ask Bentley, ask Saunders and Ogley, ask the gweat Bwitsish nation, what faw? The blood in my veins comes puwified thwough ten thousand years of chivalwous ancestwy, but that is neither here nor there—my political pwnciples—the equal wights which I have advocated—the gweat cause of fwedom that I have celebated, are known to all. But this, I confess, has nothing to do with the question. No, the question is this—on the thwone of litwature I stand unrwivalled, pw-eminent, and the Bwitsish government, honowing genius in me, compliments the Bwitsish nation by lifting into the bosom of the heweditaww nobility, the most gifted member of the democwacy." (The honrable gentlmn here sunk down amidst repeated cheers.)

"Sir John," says I, "and my Lord Duke, the words of my rivrint frend Ignatius, and the remarks of the honrable gentlmn who has just sate down, have made me change the detumination which I had the honor of igspressing just now."

"I igsept the eighty pound a year, knowing that I shall have plenty of time for pursuing my littery career, and hoping some day to set on that same bentsh of barramites, which is deekarated by the presnts of my honrable friend.

"Why shooden I? It's trew I ain't done anythink as yet to deserve such an honour; and it's very probable that I never shall. But what then?—*quero dong*, as our friends say? I'd much rayther have a coat of arms than a coat of livery. I'd much rayther have my blud red hand spralink in the middle of a shield, than underneath a tea-ti-y. A barrant I wul be, and, in consequence, must cease to be a footman.

"As to my politickle princepills, those, I confe, ain't settled; they are, I know, necessary, but they ain't necessary *until askt for*; besides, I reglar read the *Saturday* newspaper, and so ignorance on this pint would be misgusable.

"But if one man can git to be a doctor, and another a barrant, and another a captain in the navy, and another a countess, and another the wife of a governor of the Cape of Good Hope, I begin to perceive that the littery trade ain't such a very bad un, igspecially if you're up to enough, and know what's o'clock. I'll learn to make myself usef. In the fust place, then I'll larn to spell, and, I trust, by reading the novvles of the honorable member, and the scientabick treatises of the reverend doctor, I may find the secret of success, and git a littel for my own share. I've sevral friends in the press, having put for many of those chap's drink, and given them other treat, and so I think I've got all the emments of success; therefore I am detummined, as I said, to igsept your kind offer, and I beg to withdraw the wuds which I made yonc ef when I refyoused your hospitable offer. I must, however"—

"I wish you'd withdraw yourself," said Sir John, bursting into a most igstronary rage, "and not interrupt the company with your infernal talk! Go down and get up coffee! and, heark ye! hold your impertinent tongue, or I'll break every bone in your body. You shall have the place, as I said, and while you're in my service, you shall be my servant, but you don't stay in my service after to-morrow. Go downstairs, or, and don't stand staring here!"

In this abrupt way, my evening ended, it with a melancholy regret that I think what came of it. I don't wear

plush any more. I am an altered, a wiser, and, I trust, a better man.

I'm about a novvle (having made great progriss in spelling), in the style of my friend Bullwig ; and preparing for publication, in the Doctor's Cyclopedear, "The Lives of Eminent British and Foring Washerwomen."



SKIMMINGS FROM "THE DAIRY OF GEORGE IV."

CHARLES YELLOWPLUSH, ESQ., TO OLIVER YORKE, ESQ.*

DEAR WHY, - Taken advantage of the Christmas holidays, Sir John and me (who is a member of parlyment) had gone down to our place in Yorkshire for six weeks, to shoot grouse and woodcock and enjoy old English hospitality. This ugly Canady business unluckily put an end to our sports in the country, and brot us up to Buckly Square as fast as four post chaises could gallip. When there, I found your parcel, containing the two volumes of a new book - which, as I have been away from the literary world, and employed solely in athletic exercises, have been laying neglected in my pantry among my knife cloaths, and dekanter, and blacking bottles, and bedroom candles, and things.

This will, I'm sure, account for my delay in notussing the work. I see several of the papers and magazines have been befoorhand with me, and have given them opinions concerning it; specially the *Quarterly Review*, which has most unassidely cut to peaces the author of this *Dairy of the Times of George IV*†.

That it's a woman who wrote it is evident from the style of the writing, as well as from certain proofs in the book itself. Most suitly a female wrote this *Dairy*, but who this *Dairy maid* may be, I, in course, can't conjecture - and indeed, common gallantry forbids me to ask. I can only judge of the book itself; which, it appears to me, is clearly trenching upon my

* These Memoirs were originally published in *Fraser's Magazine* and it may be stated for the benefit of the unlearned in such matters that "Oliver Yorke" is the assumed name of the editor of that periodical.

† *Diary illustrative of the Times of George the Fourth, interspersed with Original Letters from the late Queen Caroline, and from various other distinguished Persons.*

"Till" is tard, tout se wait. MAINTENON.

In 2 vols. London, 1838 Henry Colburn.

ground and favorite subjects; viz. *fashionable life*, as exhibited in the houses of the nobility, gentry, and idle family.

But I have no malice—infamation is infamation, and it doesn't matter where the infamy comes from, and whether the *Daisy* be from that distinguished pen to which it is ornarily attributed—whether, I say, it comes from a lady of honour to the late Queen, or a scullion to that dissipated majesty, no matter: all we ask is nollidge, never mind how we have it. Nollidge, as our cook says, is like tripest pass tst—it's always good, though you was to drink it out of an old shoe.

Well, then, although the *Daisy* is likely scarcely to injure my personal interests by forgetting a deal of what I had to say in my private memoirs—though nearly thirty guineas is taken from my pocket by cutting short the tail of my narrative—though much that I had to say in my superior language, greased with all the elegance of my vocabulary, the backbone of my cloister reading, the charms of my ancestral library thus being as brot before the world by an inferior pen, as I am, not knowing nor writing Englishst, yet I say that notwithstanding I must say what I am patently prepared to say, I begin to wish no more to say a word, yet I say, that I say I could let the publication wait on me. Far from viewing it with envy, I greet it with applause, because it increases that most extent species of nollidge, I mean FASHIONABLE NOLLIDGE: "compulsory to watch, all other nollidge is nonsense—a bag of gold to a pair of scuffers."

Could Lord Bloomington then truly question, say no more? or say what he had to say, better? We are matters, both of us, to principle, and everybody who knows either knows that we would produce anything rather than that. Fashion is the goddess I adore. This delightful work is an offering on her shrine, and as such all her worshippers are bound to hail it. Here is not a question of trumpety lords and honourables, generals and baronets, but the crown itself and the king and queen's actions, which may be considered as the crown jewels. Here's princes, and grand dukes and dukes, and Heaven knows what, all with blood royal in their veins and their names mentioned in the very first page of the pedigree. In this book you become so intimate with the Prince of Wales, that you may follow him, if you please, to his marriage bed, or, if you prefer the Princess Charlotte, you may have with her an hour's tator-tator.*

* Our estimable correspondent means, we presume, *the-d-d-d*.—O. Y.

Now, though most of the remarkable extras from this book have been given already (the cream of the *Dairy*, as I wittily say), I shall trouble you, nevertheless, with a few; partly because they can't be repeated too often, and because the train of observation with which they have been generally received by the press, is not ignominiously such as I think they merit. How, indeed, can these common magazeen and newspaper people know anything of fashionable life, let alone royal?

Conceiving, then, that the publication of the *Dairy* has done real good on this score, and may profitably do a deal more, I shall look through it, for the purpose of selecting the most elegant passages, and which I think may be peculiarly adapted to the reader's benefit.

For you see, my dear Mr. Yorke, in the first place, that this is no common catchpenny book, like that of most authors and authoresses who write for the base looker of gain. He even tells you that the Dairy maid is above anything ordinary. She is a woman of rank, and no mistake—and is as much above doing a common or vulgar action as I am superior to taking beer after dinner with my cheese. She proves that in a studied manner, as we see in the following passage:

"Her Royal Highness came to me, and to my surprise, after phrases on different subjects, produced all the papers she wrote to have published: her whole correspondence with the Prince relative to Lady J——'s dismissal, his subsequent neglect of the Princess, and finally, the acquittal of her supposed guilt, signed by the Duke of Portland, &c. &c. at the time of the secret reports, when if proofs had been brought against her, it certainly would have been done; and which acquittal to the disgrace of all parties concerned, will be to the justice of the cause in general, was not made public at the time. A certain criminal is publicly condemned & executed. Her Royal Highness commanded me to have these letters published forthwith, saying, 'You may sell them for a great sum.' At first (for she has spoken to me before concerning this business), I thought of availing myself of the opportunity; but, upon second thoughts, I turned from this idea with detestation; for if I do wrong by obeying her wishes and endeavouring to serve her, I will be so at least from good and disinterested motives, and from any candid view. The Princess commands me, and I will obey her, whatever may be the issue; but not for fare or fee. I own I tremble, not so much for myself, as for the idea that she is not taking the best and most dignified way of having these papers published. Why make a secret of it at all? If wrong, it should not be done; if right, it should be done openly, and in the face of her enemies. In Her Royal Highness's case, as in that of wronged princes in general, why do they shrink from straightforward dealings, and rather have recourse to crooked ways? I wish, in this particular instance, I could make Her Royal Highness feel thus; but she is naturally indignant at being falsely accused, and is not contented to an evasive explanation."

Can anythink be more just and honourable than this? The Dairy lady is quite fair and aboveboard. A clear stage, says she, and no favour! "I won't do behind my back what I am ashamed of before my face: not I!" No more she does; for you see that, though she was offered this manyscrip by the Princess for *nothink*, though she knew that she could actually get for it a large sum of money, she was above it, like an honest, noble, grateful, fashionable woman, as she was. She abhors secrecy, and never will have recort to disguise or crookid policy. Thus ought to be an ansure to them *Ridicle sneerers*, who pretend that they are the equals of fashionable peopple, whereas it's a well-known fact, that the vulgar tongues have no notion of honour.

And after this proud declaration, which reflects honor on her Ladyship (long live to her! I've often waited behind her chair!)—after this proud declaration, that, even for the purpos of *defending* her interest, she was so minded as to refuse anythink like a pecuniary consideration, it is actually asserted in the public prints by a bookseller, that he has given her a *thousand pound* for the *Papers*. A thousand pound! nonsense!—it's a phlegment of a base libel! This woman takes a thousand pound, in a matter where her dear mistress, friend, and benefactress was concerned! Never! A thousand baggonits would be more preferable to a woman of her exquisite feelings and fashion.

But to proceed.—It's been objected to me, when I wrote some of my exparances in fashionable life, that my language was occasionally vulgar, and not such as is generally used in those exquisit families which I frequent. Now, I'll lay a wager that there is in this book, wrote as all the world knows by a reliable lady, and speaking of kings and queens as if they were as common as sand boys, there is in this book more vulgarity than ever I displayed, more mistrass than ever I would dare to *think on*, and more bad grammar than ever I wrote since I was a boy at school. As for autography, every gentlman has his own: never mind spelling, I say, so long as the sense is right.

Let me here request a letter from a correspondent of this charming lady of honour, and a very nice correspondent he is, too, without any mistake.—

"Lady O——, poor Lady O——! knows the rules of prudence, I fear me, as imperfectly as she doth those of the Greek and Latin Grammars; or she hath let her brother, who is a sad swine, become master of her

secrets, and then contrived to quarrel with him. You would see the outline of the *scandal* in the newspapers; but not the report that Mr. S—— is about to publish a pamphlet, as an addition to the *Harleian Tracts*, setting forth the amatory adventures of his sister. We shall break our necks in haste to buy it, of course crying 'Shameful' all the while; and it is said that Lady O—— is to be cut, which I cannot entirely believe. Let her tell two or three old women about town that they are young and handsome, and give some well timed parties, and she may still keep the society which she hath been used to. The times are not so hard as they once were, when a woman could not construe Magna Charta with anything like impunity. People were full as gallant many years ago. But the day is gone by when a my bad protector of the commonwealth of England was wont to go a live making to Mrs. Fleetwood, with the Bible under his arm.

"And so Miss Jacky Gordon is really clothed with a husband at last, and Miss Laura Manners left without a mate! She and Lord Star should marry and have children, in mere revenge. As to Miss Gordon, she's a Venus well suited for such a Vulkan, whose nothing but money and a title could have rendered tolerable, even to a kitchen wench. It is said that the matrimonial correspondence between this couple is to be published, full of sad scandalous relations, of which you may be sure scarcely a word is true. In former times the Duchess of St. As—— made use of the elegant epistles in order to insinuate Lady Johnstone, but that wise would not avail, so in spite they are to be printed. What a cargo of amiable creatures! Yet will some people scarcely believe in the existence of *Pandemonium*!"

"*Tuesday morning*. You are perfectly right in judging the hot rooms here, which we all try out against, and all find very comfortable, much more so than the cold winds and bleak north-wind out of the sea, which looks vastly well in case of Vandyke's picture, entering into crimson drapery, but hideous and shocking in reality. He, and his 'telle' (talking of parties) were last night at Chiswick, there, but seem not to ripen in the flower. He is certainly good natured, and I believe, good-hearted, so deserves a good wife, but his sister seems a genuine London miss, made up of many affectations. Will she form a comfortable help mate? You see, I like not her company, and see many strange things to run on, and so miss a place, and the Harleian end."

"*Thursday*. I could believe that I had never to the end of this small sheet of paper written in here, I interrupt, to have I had; and now I have been to Vandyke, and caught the headache. I was of Lady E. B—— and H——'s party, very cold, the Lady giving us all a supper after our promenade."

"Much was there, and well,
He was ill, but he would not."

He ate a great deal of us, although he did not seem to require it, and she *'sauter les yeux doux'* so much as only to have mated all the us which he swallowed, but his own hand he put into the bottom. The thing will not do. In the mean time Mrs. Long hath been promoted to Wellesley Pole, and divides her favour equally between Miss Kitten and Kildare, two as simple Irishmen as ever gave birth to about. I wish to Hymen that she were fairly married, for do the picture give one a disgusting picture of human nature."

A disgusting picture of human nature indeed, and isn't he who moralises about it, and she to whom he moralises, a couple of

pretty heads in the same piece? Which, Mr. Yorke, is the worst, the scandle or the scandle-mongers? See what it is to be a moral man of fashn. Fust, he scrapes together all the bad stoaries about all the people of his acquaintance—he goes to a ball, and laifs or snears at everybody there—he is asked to a dinner, and brings away, along with meat and wine to his heart's content, a sour stomick filled with nasty stoaries of all the people present there. He has such a squeamish appytite, that all the world seems to *disagree* with him. And what has he got to say to his delicate female friend? Why that—

Fust, Mr. S. is going to publish indecent stoaries about Lady O——, his sister, which everybody's goin to by.

Next, That Miss Gordon is going to be cloathed with an usband, and that all their matrimonial correspondins is to be published too.

3. That Lord H. is going to be married, but there's something rong in his wife's blood.

4. Miss Long has cut Mr. Wellesley, and is gone after two Irish Lords.

Wooden von phancy, now, that the author of such a letter, instead of writin about puple of tip-top quality, was describin Vinegar Yard? Would you believe that the lady he was a-ritin to was a chaste, modest lady of honour, and mother of a family? *O trumpery! O murry!* as Homer says—this is a higeous pictur of manners, such as I weap to think of, as evry moral man must weap.

The above is one pritty pictur of nearly fashnable life: what follows is about families even higher situated than the most fashnable. Here we have the Princess regent, her daughter the Princess Sharlot, her grandmamma the old Ucan, and Her Madjesty's daughters the two prince ses. If this is not high life, I don't know where it is to be found, and it's pleasing to see what affeckshn and harinny rains in such an exolted spear.

"*Sunday 24th*—Yesterday the Princess went to meet the Princess Charlotte at Kensington. Lady —— told me that, when the latter arrived, she rushed up to her mother, and said, 'For God's sake, be civil to her,' meaning the Duchess of Leeds, who followed her. Lady —— said she felt sorry for the latter—but when the Princess of Wales talked to her, she soon became so free and easy that one could not have any *feeling* about her *feelings*. Princess Charlotte, I was told, was looking handsome, very pale, but her head more becomingly dressed—that is to say, less dressed than usual. Her figure is of that full round shape which is now in its prime; but she disfigures herself by wearing her

bodies so short, that she literally has no waist. Her feet are very pretty; and so are her hands and arms, and her ears, and the shape of her head. Her countenance is expressive, when she shows her passions to play upon it; and I never saw any face, with so little shade, express so many powerful and varied emotions. Lady — told me that the Princess Charlotte talked to her about her situation, and said, in a very quiet, but determined way, she *would not bear it*, and that as soon as Parliament met, she intended to come to Warwick House, and remain there; that she was also determined not to consider the Duchess of Leeds as her *governess*, but only as her *first lady*. She made many observations on other persons and subjects, and appears to be very quick, very penetrating, but imperious and wilful. There is a touch of romance, too, in her character, which will only serve to mislead her.

She told her mother that there had been a great battle at Windsor between the Queen and the Prince, the former refusing to give up Miss Knight from her own person to attend on Princess Charlotte as sub-governess. But the Prince Regent had gone to Windsor himself, and insisted on her doing so, and the 'old Begum' was forced to submit, but has been ill ever since. And Sir Henry Hallord declared it was a complete breaking-up of her constitution—to the great delight of the two princesses, who were talking about this affair. Miss Knight was the very person they wished to have, they think they can do as they like with her. It has been ordered that the Princess Charlotte should not see her mother alone for a single moment, but the latter went into her room, stuffed a pair of large shoes full of papers, and having given them to her daughter, she went home. Lady — told me everything was written down and sent to Mr. Brougham *next day*.

See what discord will creep even into the best regulated families! Here are six of em — the Queen and her two daughters, her son, and his wife and daughter, and the manner in which they hate one another is a complete puzzle.

The Prince hates	his mother
	his wife
	his daughter
Princess Charlotte hates her father	
Princess of Wales hates her husband	

The old Queen, by these squabbles, is on the point of death, and her two jewelful daughters are delighted at the news. What a happy, fashionable, Christian family! O Mr. Yorke, Mr. Yorke, if this is the way in the drawn rooms, I'm quite content to live below, in peace and charity with all men, within, as I am now, in my pantry, or els havin a quite game at cards in the servants-hall. With us there's no better wicked quarling of this sort. We don't hate our children, or bully our mothers, or wish 'em dead when they're sick, as this Dairy woman says kings and queens do. When we're writing to our friends or sweethearts, we don't fill our letters with nasty stories, taken away the carrier of our fellow-servants, as this maid of honour's accusin'

moral friend does. But, in coarse, it's not for us to judge of our betters;—these great people are a superior race, and we can't comprehend their ways.

Do you recollect—it's twenty years ago now—how a beautiful princess died in givin' birth to a poor baby, and how the whole nation of Hengland wept, as though it was one man, over that sweet woman and child, in which were sentered the hopes of every one of us, and of which each was as proud as of his own wife or infant? Do you recollect how poor fellows spent their last shillin' to buy a black crape for their hats, and clergymen cried in the pulpit, and the whole country through was no better than a great dismal funeral? Do you recollect, Mr. Yorke, who was the person that we all took on so about? We called her the Princess Sharlot of Wales, and we valyoud a single drop of her blood more than the whole heartless body of her father. We looked up to her as a kind of saunt or angel, and bless God (such foolish loyal English pipples as we were in those days) who had sent this sweet lady to rule over us. But Heaven bless you! it was only souperstitious. She was no better than she should be, as it turns out. Or at least the Durny man I says so. No better?—if my daughter or yours was half so bad, we'd as leaf be dead ourselves, and they hang'd. But listen to this pritty charitable story, and a true to reflections --

"*Sunday, January 3, 1814*—Yesterday, according to appointment, I went to Princess Charlotte. Found at Warwick House the harp-player, Durny, was asked to remain and listen to his performance, but was talked to during the whole time, which completely prevented all possibility of listening to the music. The Duchess of Leeds and her daughter were in the room, but left it soon. Next arrive'd Miss Knight, who remained all the time I was there. Princess Charlotte was very gracious—showed me all her *bonny dyes* as B. would have called them—pictures, and cases, and jewels, &c. She talk'd in a very desultory way, and it would be difficult to say of what. She observed her mother was in very low spirits. I asked her how she supposed she could be otherwise? This questioning answer saves a great deal of trouble, and serves two purposes—*i.e.* avoids committing oneself or giving offence by silence. There was hung in the apartment one portrait amongst others, that very much resembled the Duke of D. — I asked Miss Knight whom it represented. She said that was not known; it had been supposed a likeness of the Pretender, when young. The answer suited my thoughts so comically I could have laughed, if one ever did at Courts anything but the contrary of what one was inclined to do.

"Princess Charlotte has a very great variety of expression in her countenance—a play of features, and a force of muscle, rarely seen in connection with such soft and shadeless colouring. Her hands and arms are beautiful, but I think her figure is already gone, and will soon be precisely like her mother's. In short, it is the very picture of her, and not

"I could not help analysing my own sensations during the short time with her, and thought more of them than I did of her. Why was I so all flattered, at all more amused, at all more sympathetic to her who is only the same sort of person set in the studio of adolescence and of years? It is that youth, and the approach of power, and the latent views of self-interest, sway the heart and darken the understanding. If this is so with a heart not, I trust, corrupt, and a head not particularly formed for interested calculations, what effect must the same causes produce on the generality of mankind?"

In the course of the conversation, the Princess Charlotte contrived to edge in a good deal of *tum-de-dy*, and would, if I had entered into the thing, have gone on with it, while looking at a little picture of herself, which had about thirty or forty different dresses to put over it, some an *einglass*, and which allowed the general colouring of the picture to be seen through its transparency. It was, I thought, a pretty enough conceit, though rather like dressing up a doll. "Ah!" said the Knight, "I am not content though, madame—for I yet should have liked one more dress—that of the favourite Sultana."

"No, no!" said the princess, "I never was a favourite, and never can be one—looking at a picture which she said was her father's, but which I do not believe was done for the regent any more than for me, but represented a young man in a hussar's dress—probably a former favourite."

The Princess Charlotte seemed much hurt at the little notice that was taken of her birthday. After keeping me for two hours and a half she dismissed me, and I am sure I could not say what she said, except that it was an *elo de diorrus* and heterogeneous things, partaking of the characteristics of her mother grafted on a younger scion. I dined *à-la-tête* with my dear old aunt, here is always a sweet and soothing society to me."

There's a pleasing, lady like, moral extract for you! An innocent young thing of fifteen has pictures of *two* lovers in her room, and expects a good number more. This delicate young creature *edges* in a good deal of *tumdeddy* (I can't find it in Johnson's Dictionary), and would have *gone on with the thing* (ellygence of languidge), if the dairy-lady would have let her.

Now, to tell you the truth, Mr. Yorke, I don't beleave a single syllible of this story. This lady of honner says, in the first place, that the Princess would have talked a good deal of *tumdeddy*: which means, I suppose, indensnsy, if she, the lady of honner, *would have let her*. This is a good one! Why, she lets everybody else talk *tumdeddy* to their hearts' content; she lets her friends *write* *tumdeddy*, and after keeping it for a quarter of a sentry, she *prints* it. Why then be so squeamish about *hearing* a little? And, then, there's the story of the two portraits. This woman has the honner to be received in the friendliest manner by a British princess; and what does the grateful loyal creature do? a picturs of the Princess's relations

are hanging in her room, and the Dairy-woman swears away the poor young Princess's character, by swearing they are pictures of her *lovers*. For shame, oh, for shame! you slanderous backbitin dairy-woman you! If you told all them things to your "dear old aunt," on going to dine with her, you *would* have had very "sweet and soothing society" indeed.

I had marked out many more extrax which I intended to write about, but I think I have said enough about this Dairy!



in fact, the Luther and the gal in the servants hall, are not well pleased that I should go on reading this naughty book; so we'll have no more of it, only one passidge about Pollytics, witch is sertynly quite new —

"No one was so likely to be able to defeat Bonaparte as the Crown Prince, from the intimate knowledge he possessed of his character. Bernadotte was also instigated against Bonaparte by one who not only owed him a personal hatred, but who possessed a mind equal to his, and who gave the Crown Prince both information and advice how to act. This was no less a person than Madame de Stael. It was not, as some

have asserted, that one was in love with *Hernandez*; but, at the time of *his* captivity, *Madame de Stael* was in love with *Roon*. But she used her influence (which was not small) with the Crown Prince to make him fight against Bonaparte, and to her wisdom may be attributed much of the success which accompanied his attack upon him. *Hernandez* has raised the flame of liberty, which seems fortunately to blaze all around. May it liberate Europe; and from the ashes of the laurel may olive branches spring up, and overshadow the earth!

There's a discovery! that the overthrow of Bonaparte is owing to *Madame de Stael*! What nonsense for Colonel Southey or Doctor Napier to write histories of the war with that Capitalist, hypocrite and murderer, when here we have the whole affair explained by the lady of honour!

Sunday, April 10, 1814 — The incidents which take place every hour are miraculous. Bonaparte is deposed but alive, subdued, but allowed to choose his place of residence. The island of Elba is the spot he has selected for his ignominious retreat. France is holding forth repentant arms to her banished sovereign. The Prussians who dragged Louis XVI. to the scaffold are presenting flowers to the Emperor of Russia, the restorer of their legitimate king! What a stupendous field for philosophy to expatiate in! What an endless material for thought! What humiliation to the pride of mere human greatness! How are the mighty fallen! Of all that was great in Napoleon, what remains? Despoiled of his usurped power, he sinks to insignificance. There was no moral greatness in the man. The meteor dazzled, scorched, it put out—utterly, and for ever. But the power which rests in those who have delivered the nations from bondage is a power that is delegated to them from Heaven; and the manner in which they have used it is a guarantee for its continuance. The Duke of Wellington has gained laurels unstained by any useless flow of blood. He has done more than conquer others—he has conquered himself—and in the midst of the blaze and flush of victory, surrounded by the homage of nations, he has not been betrayed into the commission of any act of cruelty or wanton offence. He was as cool and self-possessed under the blaze and dazzle of fame as a common man would be under the shade of his garden tree, or by the hearth of his home. But the tyrant who kept Europe in awe is now a pitiable object for scorn to point the finger of derision at—and humanity shudders as it remembers the scourge with which this man's ambition was permitted to devastate every home tie, and every heartfelt joy.

And now, after this sublime passage, as full of awful reflections and pious sentiments as those of Mrs. Cole in the play, I shall only quot one little ekstrak more.—

"All goes gloomily with the poor Princess. Lady Charlotte Campbell told me she regrets not seeing all these curious personages; but she says, the more the Princess is forsaken, the more happy she is at having offered to attend her at this time. This is very amiable in her, and cannot fail to be gratifying to the Princess."

So it is—very amiable, very kind and considerate in her.

indeed. Poor Princess! how lucky you was to find a friend who loved you for your own sake, and when all the rest of the world turned its back ktep steady to you. As for believing that Lady Sharlot had any hand in this book,* Heaven forbid! she is all gratitude, pure gratitude, depend upon it. *She* would not go for to blacken her old frend and patron's carrickter, after having been so outrageously faithful to her *she* wouldn't do it, at any price, depend upon it. How sorry she must be that others are quite so squeamish and show up in this indecent way the follies of her kind genus foolish benneyfactrix!

* The anonymous letter inserted in the *John Bull* newspaper, sets this question at rest. It is recorded that her Ladyship is not the writer of the *Diary*. ()



EPISTLES TO THE LITERATI.

CHAS Y-LL-WPL-SH ESQ, TO SIR EDWARD LYTON
BUTLER BT

JOHN THOMAS SMITH, ESQ TO C S Y — H ESQ

NOTUS.

THE suckstansies of the following hartick are as follos —
Me and my friend the wellbrated Mr Smith reckonise
each other in the Haymarket Theatre during the performins o
the new play I was settn in the gallery and sung out to him
(he was in the pit) to jine us after the play over a glass of bea
and a cold boyster in my pantry the family being out

Smith came is appuntet We descorsed on the subjuik of the
comady, and after sefrol glases we each of us agreed to writ
a letter to the other giving our notums of the puse Paper
was brought the momint and Smith writing his hartick across
the knife-bord I dasht off mine on the dresser

Our agreement was that I (being remarkible for my style
of riting) should cretsize the language while he should take
up with the plot of the play and the credtful reader will parding
me for having holtered the original address of my letter, and
directed it to Sir Edward himself and for having incorporated
Smiths remarks in the midst of my own

MAYFAIR V- 30 1830 *Middlet*

HONRABLE BARNES — Retired from the literary world a year
or more, I didnt think anythink would injuce me to come
forwards aguin for I was content with my share of reputation,
and proposd to add nothink to those immortal wax which
have rendered this Magasheen so sallybrated

Shall I tell you the reazn of my reappearins? I desire for
the benefick of my fellow-creatures? I dds tick? A mighty
truth with which my husm laboured and which I must bring
forth or die? Nonsince—stuff money is the secret my dear
Barnes,—money—fargong, gell, spicuous Here's quarter-day

coming, and I'm blest if I can pay my landlord, unless I stir and hartificially to my inkum;

This is, however, betwixt you and me. There's no need to blackard the streets with it, or to tell the British public that Fitzroy Y-II wplsh is short of money, or that the sallybated hauthor of the Y — Papers is in peskewniary difficulties, or is fiteagued by his superhum in litty labors, or by his fancy suckinstan ies, or by any other p i n il matter — my maxim, deat



B is on these pints to be as quiet as po life. What the juice does the public care for you or me? Why must we always, in prefizes and what not, be a talking about ourselves and our igstrodnav merrats woes and injuries? It is on this subjlok that I porpies my dear Barnet to speak to you in a frendly way, and praps you'll find my advise tolrably hoiesum.

Well then — if you care about the apinions, fur good or evil, of us poor suvrvants I tell you, in the most candled way, I like you Barnet. I've had my fling at you in my day (for, *entry now*,

that last evening I roat about you and Lardner was as big a
 toment as ever was)—I've had my fling at you; but I like you.
 One may object to an immense deal of your writings, which,
 between you and me, contain more sham sentiment, sham
 morality, sham poetry, than you'd like to own; but, in spite of
 this, there's the *stuff* in you: you've a kind and loyal heart in
 you, Barnet—a trifle deboshed, perhaps, a kean i. (especially
 for what's comic (as for your tragedy, it's mighty flatulent),
 and a ready plesnt pen. The man who says you are an As is an
 As himself. Don't believe him, Barnet! not that I suppose you
 will,—for, if I've formed a corrack apinion of you from your
 wacks, you think your small-beer as good as most men's!—
 every man does,—and why not? We brew, and we love our
 own sap—amen; but the pint betwixt us, is this stewpid, absurd
 way of crying out, because the public don't like it too. Why
 shood they, my dear Barnet? You may vow that they are fools;
 or that the critix are your enemies; or that the wuld should
 judge your poems by your critticle rules, and not their own: you
 may beat your breast, and vow you are a martyr, and you won't
 mend the matter. Take heart, man! you're not so miserable
 after all. your spirits need not be so very cast down; you are
 not so very badly paid. I'd lay a wager that you make, with
 one thing or another—plays, novvels, pamphlicks, and little odd
 jobbs here and there—your three thousand a year. There's many
 a man, dear Bullwig, that works for less, and lives content.
 Why shouldn't you? Three thousand a year is no such bad
 thing,—let alone the burnetcy—it must be a great comfort to
 have that bloody hand in your sketching.

But don't you see, that in a wuld naturally envious, wickid, and
 fond of a joak, this very burnetcy, these very complaints,—this
 ceaseless groning, and moaning, and wining of yours, is (specially
 the thing which makes people laff and amuse more? If you were
 ever at a great school, you must reflect who was the boy most
 bullid, and buffid, and purshewd—he who munded it most.
 He who could take a lasting got but few, he who rored and wep
 because the knotty boys called him nicknames, was nicknamed
 wuss and wuss. I reckon there was at our school, in Smith-
 field, a chap of this milkop spoony sort, who appeared among
 the romping, ragged fellows in a fine flanning dressing-gownd,
 that his mantle had given him. That pore boy was beaten in a
 way that his dear ma and aunts didn't know him; his fine

flaming dressing-gown was torn all to ribbons, and he got no peace in the school ever after, but was obliged to be taken to some other saminary, where, I make no doubt, he was punished exactly in the same way.

Do you take the halfigory my dear Barnet? *Mutatis mutandis* --you know what I mean. You are the boy, and your barnetey is the dressing gown. You dress yourself out finer than other chaps and they all begin to sault and hustle you, it's human nature, Barnet. You show weakness think of your dear and mayhap, and begin to cry. It's all over with you, the whole school is at you upper boys and under big and little; the dirtiest little fig in the place will pipe out blaggerd names at you, and take his pewny tug at your tail.

The only way to avoid such consperrars is to put a pair of stowt shoulders forwards and bust through the crowd of raggy muffins. A good bold fellow dubls his fett and cries, "Wha dars meddle wi me?" When Scott got his barnetey, for instans did any one fustiv out? No by the laas he was our master and would be the chap that say neigh to him! But there barnets and barnets. Do you reckett that fine chapter in Squintin Durward about the too fellos and cups at the siege of the bishops castle? One of them was a brave warrier and kep his cup they strangled the other chap--strangled him and luffed at him too.

With respect then to the barnetey pint this is my advice: brazen it out. Little rymen I take to be like a pack of school-boys--childish greedy envy holding by our friends and always ready to fight. What must be a man's conduct among such? He must either take no notice and pass on my jastick or else turn round and pummel soundly one two right and left ding dong over the face and eyes above all never acknowledge that he is hurt. Years ago for instans (we've no ill blood but only mention this by way of example) you began a sparring with this Magascern. I aw bless you such a ridiculous gym I never see; a man so belaybord befustered bewoloped, was never known. It was the laff of the whole town. Your intlackshal natur, respected Barnet is not fitzably adapted so to speak, for encounters of this sort. You must not indulge in combats with us course bullies of the press. You have not the *stammy* for a regular set-to. What, then, is your plan? In the midst of the mob to pass as quiet as you can. you won't be undisturbed. Who is?

Success may fail, and buffet will fall to you—no mortal man is subject to such; but if you begin to win and cry out, and set up for a laureate, we beside you!

These remarks, painful as I confess them to be, are yet, I assure you, written in perfect good nature and have been inspired by your play of the "Sea Captivity" and prefix to it, which latter is on matters entirely painful and will therefore, I trust excuse this kind of *ad hominem* (as they say) discussion. I propose, honorable Barnet, to consider calmly this play and prolixia, and to speak of both with that honesty which in the pantry or study, I've been always plimous for. Let us in the first place, listen to the opening of the Preface to the Fourth Edition —

"No one can be more sensible than I am of the many faults and deficiencies to be found in this play; but, perhaps when it is considered how very rarely it has happened in the history of our dramatic literature that good acting plays have been produced except by those who have either been actors themselves, or formed their habits of literature almost of life, behind the scenes. I might have looked for a criticism more generous, and less exacting, and rigorous than that by which the attempts of an author accustomed to another class of composition have been received by a large proportion of the periodical press.

"It is scarcely possible to read that this play should not contain faults of two kinds: first the faults of one who is necessarily much taken up in the mechanism of his art; and, secondly of one who having written largely in the narrative style of fiction may not unfrequently mistake the effects of a novel for the effects of a drama. I may add to these, perhaps, the deficiencies that arise from uncertain health and broken spirits, which render the author more unsteady than he might have been some years hence that spirit of exaggeration and facility which has been his mind (even to excess) at the present time, and which to the periodical press, for the reason that every criticism will be made to avail itself of the opportunity to find fault if possible, to run down, will probably have increased the number of compositions, to check the inspiration and discipline and so on.

"Having confessed thus much frankly and fairly and with a hope that I may ultimately be better able to continue to write for the stage (which nothing but an assurance that with all my defects, I may yet bring some little aid to the drama at a time when any aid, however humble, ought to be welcome to the lovers of the art could induce me to do), may I be permitted to say a few words as to some of the objections which have been made against this play?"

Now, my dear sir look what a pretty number of phrase you put forwards here, why your play shouldn't be good.

First. Good plays are almost always written by actors

Second. You are a novice to the style of composition

Third. You may be mistaken in your effect. bring a novelist by trade, and not a play writer

Fourthly. Your in such bad health and spirits.

Fifthly. Your so afraid of the critics, that they damp your ardour.

For shame, for shame, man! What confessions is these,—*what* painful pewling and piping! Your not a baby. I take you to be some seven or eight and thutty years old—"in the morning of youth," as the flosopher says. Don't let any such nonsense take your reazn prisoner. What! you, an old hand amongst us,—an old soljer of our sovring quean the press,—you, who have had the best pay, have held the topmost rank (av, and *deserved* them too!—I gif you lef to quot me in sarraty, and say, "*I am a man of genius*" Y'll wpl sh says so),—you to lose heart, and cry pickavy, and begin to howl because little boys sling stones at you! Fie, man! take courage, and, bearing the terrors of your blood red hand, as the poet says punish us, if we've ofended you: punish us like a man, or bear your own punishment like a man. Don't try to come off with such musnabile lodgie as that above.

What do you? You give four satisfackary reazns that the play is bad (the second is naught,—for your no such chicking at play-writing, this bein'g the forth). You show that the play *must* be bad, and *then* begin to deal with the critics for finding fault!

Was there ever wuss generalship? The play *is* bad,—your right,—a wuss I never see or read. But why kneed *you* say so? If it was so *very* bad, why publish it? *Beacuse you wish to serve the drama!* O fie! don't lay that fluttering function to your sole, as Milton observes. Do you believe that this "Sea-Capting" can serve the drama? Did you never intend that it should serve anything, or anybudy *else*? Of cers you did! You wrote it for money,—money from the manager, money from the book-seller,—for the same reason that I write this. Sir, Shakspeare wrote for the very same reasons, and I never heard that he bragged about serving the drama. Away with this canting about great motifs! Let us not be too proud, my dear Barnet, and lunsy ourselves marters of the truth, marters or apostels. We are but tradesmen, working for bread, and not for righteousness' sake. Let's try and work honestly, but don't let us be praying pompously about our "sacred calling." The taylor who makes your coats (and very well they are made too, with the best of velvet collars)—I say Stulze, or Nugree, might cry out that *their* motifs were but to assert the eternal truth of tayloring, with just as much reazn, and who would believe them? "

Well; after this acknollitchment that the play is bad, come a refusal

pages of attack on the critic, and the folk those gentry have found with it. With these I shan't meddle for the present. You defend all the characters x by x, and conclude your remarks as follows:—

"I must be pardoned for this disquisition on my own designs. When every means is employed to misrepresent it becomes, perhaps, allowable to explain. And if I do not think that my faults as a dramatic author are to be found in the study and delineation of character, it is precisely because that is the point on which all my previous pursuits in literature and actual life would be most likely to procure me from the errors I own elsewhere, whether of misjudgment or misapprehension."

"I have now only to add my thanks to the actors for the zeal and talent with which they have embodied the characters entrusted to them. The sweetness and grace with which Miss Fawcett embellished the part of Violet—whilst though only a sketch is most necessary to the colouring and harmony of the play—were perhaps the more pleasing to the audience from the generality, rare with actors who hesitate to take a part so far inferior to her powers. The applause which attends the performance of Mrs. Warner and Mr. Strickland attests their success in characters of unusual difficulty—while the singular beauty and nobleness, whether of conception or execution, with which the greatest of living actors has elevated the part of Norman (so totally different from his ordinary range of character) is a new proof of his versatility and acromphism in all that belongs to his art. It would be scarcely gracious to conclude these remarks without expressing my acknowledgments of that generous and indulgent sense of justice which forgetting all political differences in a literary arena has enabled me to appeal to approving audiences from hostile critics. And it is this which alone encourages me to hope that sooner or later I may add to the dramatic literature of my country something that may find its way to a numerous friends in the next age as it has been the fate of the earlier tragedians in this."

See, now what a grand comfutable vanity is! People have quarrelled with the dramatic characters of your plays. "No," says you, "if I am remarkable for anything it is for my study and delineation of character—that is precisely the point to which my literary pursuits have led me. Have you read 'Jil Blaw,' my dear sir? Have you prouided that extent tragedy the 'Critic'? There's something so like this in Sir Iretful Plaguy, and the Archbishop of Gramaders that I'm blest if I can't laugh till my sides ache. Think of the critic fixing on the very point for which you are famous!—the roags! And ypose they had said the plot was absurd, or the langwutch alsudder still! don't you think you would have had a word in defense of them too? you who hope to find friends for your dramatic wux in the next age? Pshaw! I tell thee, Farnet, that the next age will be wiser and nobler than this; and do you think that it will imply itself a reading of your tragedies? This is misantrophy, Farnet—right Byronism; and you of to have a better judgment of human nature."

Your opinion about the actors I shan't here mention. They all acted excellently as far as my humble judgement goes, and you write in giving them all possible praise. But let's consider the last sentence of the prefix, my dear Barnet, and what a pretty set of opinions you lay down

1. The critics are your enemies in this age.
2. In the next, however you hope to find numerous friends.
3. And it's a satisfaction to think that, in spite of political differences, you have found friendly audiences here.

Now, my dear Barnet, for a man who begins so humbly with what my friend Father Prout calls an *argumentum ad misericordiam*, who acknowledges that his play is bad, that his poor dear health is bad, and those censorious critics have played the juke with him—I say, for a man who begins in such a humble tone, it's rather *rick* to see how you end.

My dear Barnet do you suppose that political differences prejudice people against *you*? What *are* your politics? Wig, I presume, so are mine, *entry no*. And what if they *are* Wig, or Radcliffe, or Cum gratias? Does any mortal man in England care a plug for your politics? Do you think yourself such a mighty man in parliament that critics are to be angry with you, and audiences to be considered magnanimous because they treat you fairly? There, now, was Sherridin—he who roasts the "Rifles" and "School for Scandal" (I saw the Rifles after your play, and, O Barnet, if you *knew* what a relief it was!)—there, I say, was Sherridin—he *is* a political character if you please—he *could* make a speech or two—do you suppose that Pitt, Purseyvall, Castlerag, old George the Third himself, would go to see the "Rifles" and clap hands too, and hiff and ror, for all Sherry's Wiggery? Do you suppose the critics wouldn't applaud too? For shame, Barnet! what ninny, what heartless raskles, you must believe them to be—in the first place to fancy that you are a political genius—in the second to let your politics interfere with their notions about literary merits!

"Put that nonsense out of your head," as Fox said to Bonapart. Wasn't it that great genius, Dennis, that wrote in Swift and Poop's time, who fancied that the French king would make peace unless Dennis was delivered up to him? Upon my word, I don't think he carried his delusion much further than a scolding honourable barnet of my acquaintance.

And then for the next age. Respected sir, this is another

distinction: a gross mistake on your part, or my name is not
 immortal. These plays immortal? Ah, *parryson*, as the
 French say, this is too strong—the small-beer of the "Sea
 Captive," or of any successor of the "Sea Captive," to keep
 sweet for sentries and sentries! Barnet, Barnet! do you know
 the nature of beer? Six weeks is not past, and here your last
 draught is sour—the publick won't even now drink it, and I lay
 a wager that, betwixt this day (the thirtieth November) and
 the end of the year, the barrel will be off the stox altogether, never
 power to return.

I've noted down a few frazes here and there, which you will
 do well to igstrain —

NORMAN

"The eternal Flora
 Wooes to her odorour haunts the western wind,
 While circling round and upwards from the boughs,
 Gotten with fruits that lure the joyous birds
 Melody, like a happy soul release!
 Hangs in the air and from invisible plumes
 Shakes sweetness down!"

NORMAN

"And these the lips
 Where till this hour the sad and holy kiss
 Of parting, linger'd as the fragrances left
 By angels when they touch the earth and vanish."

NORMAN

"Hark! He has blessed her son! I feel ye witness
 Ye listening heavens! thou innumerable air
 The sun's light and the moon's with the murmur
 Rush'd o'er happy leaves! All Nature breathes
 A loud aloft to the Great Parent's ear
 The blessing of the mother on her child."

NORMAN

"I dream of life enduring faith, a heart
 Mingled with mine, a leafless heritage,
 Which I can take unsullied to the stars,
 When the Great Father calls his children home."

NORMAN

"The blue air breathless in the starry peace,
 After long silence hushed as heaven, but filled
 With happy thoughts as heaven with angels."

NORMAN

"Till our calm night, when over earth and wave
 Heaven looked its love from out its numberless stars."

NORMAN.

"Those eyes, the guiding *stars* by which I steered

NORMAN.

"That great mother
(The only parent I have known), whose face
Is bright with gazing ever on the *stars*—
The mother sea."

NORMAN.

"My lark shall be our home;
The *stars* that light the *angel* palaces
Of air, our lamps

NORMAN

'A name that glitters, like a *star*, amidst
The galaxy of England's best-born.'

LADY ARNDEL

"And so him princelet of the boy tribe,
Whose sword and ornaments gleam around the throne,
The guardian *stars* of the imperial isle

The first spivvin has been going the round of all the papers, as real regular poetry. These wickel critics! they must have been lifting in their hats when they quoted it. Malody, suckling round and upwards from the bows like a happy soul released, hangs in the air and from invisible plumes shakes sweetness down. Mighty fine, truly! but let mortal man tell the meannink of the passidge. Is it *muttable* sweetness that Malody shakes down from its plumes—its wings that is or tul—or some pekwiliar scent that proceeds from happy souls released, and which they shake down from the trees when they are suckling round and upwards? Is this poetry, Barnet? Lay your hand on your bism, and speak out boldly. Is it poetry, or sheer windy humbugg, that sounds a little melojous, and won't bear the commonest test of common sense?

In passidge number 2 the same business is going on, though in a more comprehensible way. The air, the leaves, the ocean, are filled with emotion at Capturing Norman's happiness. Poor Nature is dragged in to part-sapate in his joys, just as she has been before. Once in a poem this universe simifity is very well; but once is enuff my dear Barnet, and that once should be in some great suckmstans, surely—such as the meeting of Adam and Eve, in "Paradise Lost," or Jewpeter and Jewio, in Hooper, where there seems, as it were, a reason for it. But sea-captings should not be eternly spowting and invoking gods.

stars, angels, and other allodial influences. 'We can all do it. Bosh! nothing in life is easier. I can compare my liver to the stars, or the clouds of my backpipe to the dark columns that issue from Mount Heceta; or I can say that angels are looking down from them, and the tobacco stifi, like a happy soul released, is circling round and upwards and shaking sweetness down. All this is as easy as drink but it's not poetry, Barnes, nor natural. People, when their mothers reckonise them, don't howl about the suckumbient air and paws to think of the happy leaves a rustling—at least one mistrusts them if they do. Take another in ains out of your own play. (Captling Norman (with his eternal *slack jaw*) meets the girl of his art —

"Look up, look up, my Violet—weeping," he
And trembling, too—yet leaning on my breast
In truth, thou art too soft for such rude shelter
Look up! I come to woo thee to the seas
My sailor-bride! Hast thou no voice but "Lullies?"
Nay—I am those roses let me, like the bee,
Drag forth the secret sweetness!

VIOLET

"Oh what it ought has
Were lost for aye—when we once more I could meet,
Now bottled fast in the *pages*, and all that
Is—*then*—it with me!"

Very right Mrs Violet the sentiment—natural affectation, pleasing, simple (it might have been a more grammatical language and to him—no) but it is around the feeling is pretty, and I can fancy my dear Barnes a pretty, weeping lass looking up, in a man's face and saying it. But the captling!—oh this captling! this windy peating captain, with his prettinesses, and consecrated epilogues for the hardness of his bum, and his old stale, vapid similes and his wishes to be a bee! Pish! men don't make love in this finniking way. It is the part of a sentymetle poeticle taylor not a gallant gentleman, in command of one of Her Majesty's vessels of war.

Look at the remaining extrac—honored Barnes and his knollidge that Captling Norman is eternly repeating himself with his endless jabber about stars and angels. Look at the great grammaticle twist of Lady Arundel's speech too—who in the course of three lines, has made her son a prince a lion with a sword and coronet, and a star. Why jumble and shuck up metaphors in

this way? Barnet, one simily is quite enuff in the best of sentences (and I preshume I kuedn't tell you that it's as well to have it *like*, when you are about it). Take my advise, honorable sir—listen to a humble footmin: it's generally best to poatry to understand puffickly what you mean yourself, and to igspress your meaning clearly afterwoods—in the simpler words the better, praps. You may, for instans, call a coronet a coronal (an "ancestral coronal," p. 74) if you like, as you might call a hat a "swart sombrero," "a glossy four and nine," "a silken helm, to storm impermeable, and lightsome as the breezy gossamer," but, in the long run, it's as well to call it a hat. It is a hat, and that name is quite as portticle as another. I think it's Playto, or els Harry stotk, who observes that what we call a rose by any other name would smell as sweet. Confess, now, dear Barnet, don't you long to call it a Polyanthus?

I never see a play more carelessly written. In such a hurry you seem to have bean, that you have actually in some sentences forgot to put in the sence. What is this, for instance?—

"This thrice precious one
Smiled to my eyes—dew being from my breast—
Slept in my arms, the very tears I shed
Above my treasures were to men and angels
Alike such holy sweetness."

In the name of all the angels that ever you invoked—Raphael, Gabriel, Uriel, Zadkiel, Azrael, - what does this "holy sweetness" mean? We're not sphinxes to read such dark conandrums. If you knew my state sins I came upon this possidg—I've neither sleep nor eton, I've neglected my pantry, I've been wandring from house to house with this riddl in my hand, and nobody can understand it. All Mr. Frazier's men are wild, looking gloomy at one another, and asking what this may be. All the cumtributors have been spok to. The Doctor, who knows every languitch, has tried and giv'n up, we've sent to Doctor Pettigruel, who reads horyglitics a deal ezier than my way of spellin—no anser. Quick! quick with a fifth edition, honored Barnet, and set us at rest! While your about it, please, too, to igsplain the two last lines.---

"His merry bark with England's flag to crown her."

See what dellexy of igspresshn, "a flag to crown her!"

"His merry bark with England's flag to crown her,
Fame for my hopes, and woman in my cares."

Likewise the following :—

"Gilt, beware,
THE LOVE THAT TRIFLES ROUND THE CHARMS IT GILDS
OFT RUINS WHILE IT SHINES."

Expound this; men and angels! I've tried every way; back-
wards, forwards, and in all sorts of transpositions, as thus :—

- The love that ruins round the charms it shines,
Gilds while it trifles oft ;
- Or,
The charm that gilds around the love it ruins,
Oft trifles while it shines ;
- Or,
The ruins that love gilds and shines around,
Oft trifles where it charms ;
- Or,
Love, while it charms shines round, and ruins oft,
The trifles that it gilds ;
- Or,
The love that trifles, gilds and ruins oft,
While round the charms it shines.

All which are as sensible as the sun t' parridge.

And with this I'll show my friend Smith, who has been silent all this time, to say a few words. He has not written near so much as me (being an inferior genius betwixt ourselves) but he says he never had such mortal difficulty with anything as with the diction of the plot of your poem. Here his letter—

To Charles Fitzroy Esq. at Ytton, 14th Dec. 1839.

14th Dec. 1839.

"MY DEAR AND HONOURED SIR, I have the pleasure of laying before you the following description of the plot, and a few remarks upon the style of the piece called "The Sea Captain."

Five-and-twenty years back a certain Lord Arundel had a daughter, heiress of his estates and property—a poor cousin, Sir Maurice Brevor (being next in succession), and a page Arthur Le Mowbray by name.

The daughter took a fancy for the page, and the young person, were married unknown to his Lordship.

Three days before her confinement (thinking, no doubt, that period favourable for travelling), the young couple had agreed to run away together, and had reached a chapel near on the sea coast, from which they were to embark, when Lord Arundel abruptly put a stop to their proceedings by causing one Crausmen, a quack to n under the page.

His daughter was carried back to Arundel House—and, in three days, gave birth to a son. Whether his Lordship knew of this birth I cannot

say; the infant, however, was never acknowledged, but carried by Sir Maurice Beever to a priest, Onslow by name, who educated the lad and kept him for twelve years in profound ignorance of his birth. The boy went by the name of Norman.

Lady Arundel meanwhile married again, again became a widow, but had a second son, who was the acknowledged heir, and called Lord Ashdale. Old Lord Arundel died, and her Ladyship became countess in her own right.

When Norman was about twelve years of age, his mother, who wished to "waft" young Arthur to a distant land, had him sent on board ship. Who should the captain of the ship be but Gausen, who received a smart bribe from Sir Maurice Beever to kill the lad. Accordingly, Gausen tied him to a plank, and pitched him overboard.

About thirteen years after these circumstances, Violet, an orphan niece of Lady Arundel's second husband, came to pass a few weeks with her Ladyship. She had just come from a sea voyage, and had been saved from a wicked Algerine by an English sea captain. This sea captain was no other than Norman, who had been picked up off his plank, and fallen in love with, and was saved by, Miss Violet.

A short time after Violet's arrival at her aunt's the captain came to pay her a visit by his anchoring off the coast, near Lady Arundel's residence. By a singular coincidence, that rogue Gausen's ship anchored in the harbour too. Gausen at once knew his man, for he had "tracked" him (after drowning him), and he informed Sir Maurice Beever that young Norman was alive.

Sir Maurice Beever informed her Ladyship. How should she get rid of him? In this wise. He was in love with Violet, let him marry her and be off, for Lord Ashdale was in love with his cousin too; and, of course, could not marry a young woman in her station of life. "You have a chaplain or boud," says her Ladyship to Captain Norman; "let him attend to-night in the ruined chapel, marry Violet, and away with you to sea." By this means she hoped to be quit of him for ever.

But unfortunately the conversation had been overheard by Beever, and reported to Ashdale. Ashdale determined to be at the chapel and carry off Violet. As for Beever, he sent Gausen to the chapel to kill both Ashdale and Norman; thus there would only be Lady Arundel between him and the title.

Norman, in the mean while, who had been walking near the chapel, had just seen his worthy old friend, the priest, most barbarously murdered there. Sir Maurice Beever had set Gausen upon him; his reverence was coming with the papers concerning Norman's birth, which Beever wanted in order to extort money from the Countess. Gausen was, however, obliged to run before he got the papers; and the clergyman had time, before he died, to tell Norman the story, and give him the

documents, with which Norman sped off to the castle to have an interview with his mother.

He lays his white cloak and hat on the table, and begs to be left alone with her Ladyship. Lord Ashdale, who is in the room, surlily tells him; but, going out, cunningly puts on Norman's cloak. "It will be dark," says he, "down at the chapel, Violet won't know me, and, egad! I'll run off with her."

Norman has his interview. Her Ladyship acknowledges him, for she cannot help it; but will not embrace him, love him, or have anything to do with him.

Away he goes to the chapel. His chaplain was there waiting to marry him to Violet, his boat was there to carry him on board his ship, and Violet was there, too.

"Norman," says she, in the dark, "dear Norman, I knew you by your white cloak, here I am." And she and the man in a cloak go off to the inner chapel to be married.

There waits Master Gausson, he has seized the chaplain and the boat's crew, and is just about to murder the man in the cloak, when—

Norman rushes in and cuts him down, much to the surprise of Miss, for she never suspected it was his Ashdale who had come, as we have seen, disguised, and very nearly paid for his masquerading.

Ashdale is very grateful, but, when Norman persists in marrying Violet, he says—no, he shan't. He shall fight, he is a coward if he doesn't fight. Norman flings down his sword, and says he won't fight; and—

Lady Arundel who has been at prayers all the time rushing in, says, "Hold! this is your brother, Percy your elder brother! Here is some restiveness on Ashdale's part, but he finishes by embracing his brother."

Norman burns all the papers, says he will never peach; reconciles himself with his mother—says he will go lower, but, having ordered his ship to 'veer round' to the chapel, orders it to veer back again, for he will pass the honeymoon at Arundel Castle.

As you have been pleased to ask my opinion it strikes me that there are one or two very good reasons in this plot. But the author does not fall, as he would modestly have us believe, from ignorance of stage business, he seems to know too much, rather than too little, about the stage; to be too anxious to cram in effects, incidents, perplexities. There is the perplexity concerning Ashdale's murder and Norman's murder, and the priest's murder, and the page's murder, and Gausson's murder. There is the perplexity about the papers and that about the hat and cloak (a silly foolish obstacle), which only tantalize the spectator, and retard the march of the drama's action—it is as if the author had said, "I must have a new incident in every act I must keep tickling the spectator perpetually, and never let him off until the fall of the curtain."

The same disagreeable bustle and petty, triumphal of intrigue you

may remark in the author's drama of "Richelieu." "The Lady of Lyons" was a much simpler and better wrought plot; the incidents following each other not too swiftly or startlingly. In "Richelieu," it always seemed to me as if one heard doors perpetually clapping and banging; one was puzzled to follow the train of conversation, in the midst of the perpetual small noises that distracted one right and left.

Nor is the list of characters of "The Sea Captain" to be despised. The outlines of all of them are good. A mother, for whom one feels a proper tragic mixture of hatred and pity, a gallant single-hearted son, whom she disdain, and who conquers her at last by his noble conduct; a dashing haughty Tybalt of a brother, a wicked poor cousin, a pretty maid, and a fierce buccanier. These people might pass three hours very well on the stage, and interest the audience hugely, but the author fails in filling up the outlines. His language is absurdly stilted, frequently careless, the reader or spectator hears a number of loud speeches, but scarce a dozen lines that seem to be *living* of nature to the speakers.

Nothing can be more fulsome or leathsome to my mind than the continual sham religious clap-traps which the author has put into the mouth of his hero, nothing more unimprovable than his rambling pambly starlit descriptions, which my rigorous colleague has, I see, alluded to. "Thy faith my anchor, and thine eyes my haven," cries the gallant captain to his lady. See how exactly the sentence is constructed, like a thousand others in the book. The captain is to cast anchor with the girl's faith in her own eye. Either image might pass by itself, but together, like the quadrants of Kilkenny, they devour each other. The Captain tells his lieutenant to *bed his bare rear round to a point in the harbour*. What ever such language? My Lady gives Sir Maurice a thousand pounds to *rescue* him (her son) to some distant shore. Nonsense, sheer nonsense, and, what is worse, affected nonsense!

Look at the comedy of the poor cousin. "There is a great deal of game on the estate, partridges, hares, wild geese, snipes, and plovers (*smacking his lips*)—besides a magnificent preserve of sparrows, which I can sell to the little black boys in the streets at a penny a hundred. But I am very poor—a very poor old knight."

Is this wit or nature? It is a kind of sham wit—it reads as if it were wit, but it is not. What poor poor stuff, about the little blackguard boys! what flimsy ecstasies and silly "smacking of lips" about the plovers! Is this the man who writes for the next age? Oho! Here is another joke—

SIR MAURICE.

"Mice! sounds, how can I keep mice? I can't afford it! They were starved To death an age ago. The last was found 'Come Christmas three years, stretched beside a bone In that same larder, so consumed and worn By pious fast, 'twas awful to behold it!"

"I encountered his corpse in spirits of wine,
And met it in the porch—a solemn warning
To thieves and beggars!"

Is not this rare wit? "Zounds! how can I keep mice?" is well enough for a miser; not too new or brilliant either, but this miserable dilution of a thin joke, this wretched hunting down of the poor mouse! It is humiliating to think of a man of *esprit* harping so long on such a mean playful string. A man who aspires to immortality, and I doubt whether it is to be gained thus, whether our author's words are not too loosely built to make "starry pointing pyramids" of. Horace clipped and squared his blocks more carefully before he laid the monument which *indur adax*, or *aquila impetens*, or *fuga temporum* might assail in vain. Even old Ovid, when he raised his stately shining heathen temple, had placed some columns in it well hewn out a statue or two which deserved the immortality that he prophesied (somewhat arrogantly) for himself. But let not all be looking forward to a future and fancying that, "*incerti spatium dum finiat ars*" our books are to be immortal. Alas! the way to immortality is not so easy, nor will our "Sea Captain" be permitted such an unconscious ruse. If all the immortals were really to have their wish, what a work would our lesser talents have to study them all!

Not yet, in my humble opinion, has the honourable baronet achieved this deathless consummation. There will come a day (may it be long distant!) when the very best of his novels will be forgotten, and it is reasonable to suppose that his dramas will pass out of existence, some time or other, in the lapse of the *secula seculorum*. In the meantime, my dear Plush if you ask me what the great obstacle is towards the dramatic fame and merit of our friend, I would say that it does not lie so much in hostile critics or feeble laurels as in a careless habit of writing, and a peevish vanity which causes him to shut his eyes to his faults. The question of original capacity I will not touch, one may think very highly of the honourable baronet's talent, without rating it quite so high as he seems disposed to do.

And to conclude—as he has chosen to combat the critics in person, the critics are sorely justified in being allowed to address him directly.

With best compliments to Mrs. Yellapluh, I have the honour to be, dear Sir,

Your most faithful and obliged humble servant

JOSH THOMAS SMITH

And now, Smith having finished his letter I think I can't do better than clothes mine likewise, for though I should never be tired of talking, praps the public may of being tired and therefore it's best to shut up shop.

What I've said, respected Barnum I hope you won't take

unkind. A play, you see, is public property for every one to say his say on ; and I think, if you read your preface over again, you'll see that it ax as a direct incouridgment to us critics to come forrard and notice you. But don't fancy, I beseech you, that we are actuated by hostility . Just write a good play, and you'll see we'll pray it fast enuff. Waiting which, *Adieu*.
Munseer le Chevalier, l'assurance de ma hot consideration.

Adieu distant,
 Y.

END OF THE MEMOIRS OF MR C. J. YELLOWPLUSH.

CATHERINE: A STORY

BY

IRLY SOLOMONS, ESQ., JUNIOR

ADVERTISEMENT.

This story of "Catherine," which appeared in *Fraser's Magazine* in 1839-40, was written by Mr. Thackeray, under the name of Bay Solomons, Jun., to counteract the injurious influence of some popular fictions of that day, which made heroes of highwaymen and burglars, and created a false sympathy for the vicious and criminal.

With this purpose, the author chose for the subject of his story a woman named Catherine Hayes, who was hanged at Tyburn, in 1726, for the deliberate murder of her husband, under very revolting circumstances. Mr. Thackeray's aim obviously was to describe the career of this wretched woman and her associates, with such fidelity to truth as to exhibit the danger and folly of investing such persons with heroic and romantic qualities.

CATHERINE:

A STORY.

CHAPTER I.

Introducing to the Reader the Chief Personages of this Narrative.

AT that famous period of history, when the seventeenth century (after a deal of quarrelling, king-killing, reforming, republicanising, restoring, re-restoring, play writing, sermon-writing, Oliver-Cromwellising, Stuartising, and Orangising, to be sure) had sunk into its grave, giving place to the lusty eighteenth; when Mr. Isaac Newton was a tutor of Trinity, and Mr. Joseph Addison Commissioner of Appeals, when the presiding genius that watched over the destinies of the French nation had played out all the best cards in his hand, and his adversaries began to pour in their trumps; when there were two kings in Spain employed perpetually in running away from one another, when there was a queen in England, with such rogues for Ministers as have never been seen, no, not in our own day, and a General, of whom it may be severely argued, whether he was the meanest miser or the greatest hero in the world, when Mrs. Masham had not yet put Madam Marlborough's nose out of joint; when people had their ears cut off for writing very meek political pamphlets; and very large full-bottomed wigs were just beginning to be worn with powder; and the face of Louis the Great, as his was handed in to him behind the bed-curtains, was, when passing thence, observed to look longer, older, and more dismal daily.

About the year One thousand seven hundred and five, that is, in the glorious reign of Queen Anne, there existed certain characters, and befell a series of adventures, which, since they are related in accordance with the present fashionable style and

taste; since they have been already partly described in the "Newgate Calendar;" since they are (as shall be soon seen) agreeably low, delightfully disgusting, and at the same time eminently pleasing and pathetic, may properly be set down here.

And though it may be said, with some considerable show of reason, that agreeably low and delightfully disgusting characters have already been treated both copiously and ably, by some eminent writers of the present (and indeed, of future) age; though to tread in the footsteps of the immortal *FACIN* requires a genius of inordinate stride and to go a robbing after the late though deathless *TURPIN* the renowned *JACK SHEPPARD*, or the embryo *DUVAL* may be impossible and not an infringement, but a wasteful indication of ill will towards the eighth commandment though it may on the one hand be asserted that only vain coxcombs would dare to write on subjects already described by men really and deservedly eminent on the other hand, that these subjects have been described so fully that nothing more can be said about them on the third hand (allowing, for the sake of argument three hands to one figure of speech), that the public has heard so much of them as to be quite tired of rogues, thieves, cut throats and Newgate altogether — though all these objections may be urged and such is excellent yet we intend to take a few more pages from the "Old Bailey Calendar," to bless the public with one more draught from the Stone Jug.* — yet awhile to listen hurdle mounted and riding down the Oxford Road to the loud conversation of Jack Ketch and to hang with him round the neck of his patient at the end of our and his history. We give the reader fair notice that we shall tickle him with a few such scenes of villainy, throat cutting, and bodily suffering in general as are not to be found no not in —; never mind comparisons for such are odious.

In the year 1705 then whether it was that the Queen of England did feel seriously alarmed at the notion that a French prince should occupy the Spanish throne, or whether she was tenderly attached to the Emperor of Germany, or whether she was obliged to fight out the quarrel of William of Orange, who made us pay and fight for his Dutch provinces, or whether poor old Louis Quatorze did really frighten her, or whether Sarah

* This as your Ladyship is aware, is the polite name for Her Majesty's prison of Newgate.

Joanna and her husband wanted to make a fight, knowing how much they should gain by it ;—whatever the reason was, it was certain that the war was to continue, and there was almost as much recruiting and recruiting, parading, pike and gun exercising, flag-flying, drum-beating, powder-blazing, and military enthusiasm, as we can all remember in the year 1805, what time the Corsican upstart menaced our shores. A recruiting party and captain of Cutts's regiment (which had been so mangled at Blenheim the year before) were now in Warwickshire ; and having their depot at Warwick, the captain and his attendant, the corporal, were used to travel through the country, seeking for heroes to fill up the gaps in Cutts's corps, — and for adventures to pass away the weary time of a country life.

Our Captain Plume and Sergeant Kite (it was at this time, by the way, that those famous recruiting-officers were playing their pranks in Shrewsbury) were occupied very much in the same manner with Farquhar's heroes. They roamed from Warwick to Stratford, and from Stratford to Birmingham, persuading the swains of Warwickshire to leave the plough for the pike, and despatching, from time to time, small detachments of recruits to extend Marlborough's lines, and to act as food for the hungry cannon at Ramillies and Malplaquet.

Of those two gentlemen who we about to act a very important part in our history, one only was probably a native of Britain, — we say probably, because the individual in question was himself quite uncertain and it must be added, entirely indifferent about his birthplace, but speaking the English language and having been during the course of his life pretty generally engaged in the British service, he had a tolerably fair claim to the majestic title of Briton. His name was Peter Brock, otherwise Corporal Brock, of Lord Cutts's regiment of dragoons. He was of age about fifty-seven (even that point has never been ascertained), in height about five feet six inches, in weight nearly thirteen stone, with a chest that the celebrated Leitch himself might envy, an arm that was like an opera dancer's leg, a stomach so elastic that it would accommodate itself to any given or stolen quantity of food ; a great aptitude for strong liquors, a considerable skill in singing *chansons de table* of not the most delicate kind ; he was a lover of jokes, of which he made many and passably bad ; when pleased, simply coarse, boisterous and jovial ; when angry, a perfect demon : bullying, cursing, storming, fighting.

as is sometimes the wont with gentlemen of his class and education.

Mr. Brock was strictly, what the Marquis of Redfi styled himself in a proclamation to his soldiers after running away, a *enfant de la guerre*—a child of war. Not seven cities, but one or two regiments might contend for the honour of giving him birth; for his mother, whose name he took, had acted as camp-follower to a Royalist regiment, had then obeyed the Parliamentarians, died in Scotland when Monk was commanding in that country, and the first appearance of Mr. Brock in a public capacity displayed him as a fifer in the General's own regiment of Coldstreamers, when they marched from Scotland to London, and from a republic at once into a monarchy. Since that period, Brock had been always with the army, he had had, too, some promotion, for he spake of having a command at the battle of the Boyne, though probably (as he never mentioned the fact) upon the losing side. The very year before this narrative commences he had been one of Mordaunt's forlorn hope at Schellenberg for which service he was promised a pair of colours; he lost them however and was almost shot (but fate did not ordain that his career should close in that way) for drunkenness and insubordination immediately after the battle but having in some measure reinstated himself by a display of much gallantry at Blenheim it was found advisable to send him to England for the purpose of recruiting and remove him altogether from the regiment where his gallantry only rendered the example of his riot more dangerous.

Mr. Brock's commander was a slim young gentleman of twenty-six, about whom there was likewise a history if one would take the trouble to inquire. He was a Bavarian by birth (his mother being an English lady), and enjoyed along with a dozen other brothers the title of count—eleven of these of course, were penniless, one or two were priests, one a monk, six or seven in various military services and the elder at home at Schloss Galgenstein breeding horses hunting wild boars, swindling tenants, living in a great house with small means, obliged to be sordid at home all the year to be splendid for a month at the capital, as is the way with many other noblemen. Our young count, Count Gustavus Adolphus Maximilian von Galgenstein, had been in the service of the French as page to a nobleman; then of His Majesty's *gardes du corps*, then a lieutenant and captain in

the Russian service; and when, after the battle of Blenheim, two regiments of Germans came over to the winning side, Gustavus Adolphus Maximilian found himself among them; and at the moment when this story commences, had enjoyed English pay for a year or more. It is unnecessary to say how he exchanged into his present regiment; how it appeared that, before her marriage, handsome John Churchill had known the young gentleman's mother, when they were both penniless hangers on at Charles the Second's court—it is, we say, quite useless to repeat all the scandal of which we are perfectly masters and to trace step by step the events of his history. Here however, was Gustavus Adolphus, in a small inn in a small village of Warwickshire, on an autumn evening in the year 1705, and at the very moment when this history begins, he and Mr Brock, his corporal and friend, were seated at a round table before the kitchen fire while a small groom of the establishment was leading up and down on the village green, before the inn door, two black glossy, long-tailed, barrel-bellied, thick flanked arch necked, Roman nosed Flanders horses, which were the property of the two gentlemen now taking their ease at the "Buple Inn." The two gentlemen were seated at their ease at the inn table, drinking mountain-wine; and if the reader fancies from the sketch which we have given of their lives, or from his own blindness and belief in the perfectibility of human nature, that the sun of that autumn evening shone upon any two men in county or city, at desk or bar, at court or at Newgate drunk or sober, who were greater rascals than Count Gustavus Adolphus and Corporal Peter Brock, he is egregiously mistaken, and his knowledge of human nature is not worth a fig. If they had not been two prominent scoundrels, what earthly business should we have in detailing their histories? What would the public care for them? Who would meddle with dull virtue, humdrum sentiment, or stupid innocence, when vice, agreeable vice is the only thing which the readers of romances care to hear?

The little horse-boy, who was leading the two black Flanders horses up and down the green, might have put them in the stable for any good that the horses got by the gentle exercise which they were now taking in the cool evening air: as their owners had not ridden very far or very hard, and there was not a hair turned of their sleek shining coats, but the lad had been especially ordered so to walk the horses about until he received further

commands from the gentlemen reposing in the "Bugle" kitchen; and the idlers of the village seemed so pleased with the trophies and their smart saddles and shining bridles, that it would have been a pity to deprive them of the pleasure of contemplating such an innocent spectacle. Over the Count's horse was thrown a fine red cloth richly embroidered in yellow worsted, a very large count's coronet and a cypher at the four corners of the covering, and under this might be seen a pair of gorgeous silver stirrups, and above it a couple of silver mounted pistols reposing in bearskin holsters, the bit was silver too, and the horse's head was decorated with many smart ribbons. Of the Corporal's steed, suffice it to say that the ornaments were in brass, as bright, though not perhaps so valuable as those which decorated the Captain's animal. The boys who had been at play on the green, first paused and entered into conversation with the horse-boy; then the village matrons followed, and afterwards, sauntering by ones and twos, came the village maidens who love soldiers as flies love treacle. Presently the mules began to arrive, and lo! the parson of the parish taking his evening walk with Mrs. Dobbs and the four children has opportunity at length joined himself to his flock.

To this audience the hotel-ostler explained that the animals belonged to two gentlemen now reposing at the "Bugle." one young with gold hair the other old with grizzled locks, both in red coats both in juck boots putting the house into a bustle, and calling for the best. He then discoursed to some of his own companions regarding the merits of the horses; and the parson a learned man explained to the villagers, that one of the travellers must be a count or at least had a count's horse-cloth, pronounced that the stirrups were of real silver, and checked the impetuosity of his son William Nassau Dobbs, who was for mounting the animals and who expressed a longing to fire off one of the pistols in the holsters.

As this family discussion was taking place the gentlemen whose appearance had created so much attention came to the door of the inn and the elder and stouter was seen to smile at his companion, after which he strolled leisurely over the green, and seemed to examine with much benevolent satisfaction the assemblage of villagers who were staring at him and the quadrupeds.

Mr Brock, when he saw the parson's band and cassock, took

off his hat reverently, and saluted the divine: "I hope your reverence won't balk the little fellow," said he; "I think I should like calling just for a ride, and whether he should like my horse, or his Lordship's horse, I am sure it is all one. Don't be afraid, sir! the horses are not tired; we have only come seventy mile to-day, and Prince Eugene once rode a matter of fifty-two leagues (a hundred and fifty miles), sir, upon that horse, between sunrise and sunset."

"Gracious powers! on which horse?" said Dr. Dobbs, very solemnly.

"On *that*, sir,—on mine, Corporal Brock of Cutts's black gelding, 'William of Nassau.' The Prince, sir, gave it me after Blenheim fight, for I had my own legs carried away by a cannon-ball, just as I cut down two of Sauerkrauter's regiment, who had made the Prince prisoner."

"Your own legs, sir!" said the Doctor. "Gracious goodness! this is more and more astonishing!"

"No, no, not my own legs, my horse & I mean, sir, and the Prince gave me 'William of Nassau' that very day."

To this no direct reply was made—but the Doctor looked at Mrs. Dobbs, and Mrs. Dobbs and the rest of the children at her eldest son, who grinned and said, "Isn't it wonderful?" The Corporal to this answered nothing, but resuming his account, pointed to the other horse and said, "*That* horse, sir—good as mine is—that horse, with the silver stirrups, is his Excellency's horse, Captain Count Maximilian Gustavus Adolphus von Galtgenstein, captain of horse and of the Holy Roman Empire" (he lifted here his hat with much gravity, and all the crowd, even to the parson, did likewise). "We call him 'George of Denmark,' sir, in compliment to Her Majesty's husband; he is Blenheim too, sir, Marshal Tallard rode him on that day, and you know how *he* was taken prisoner by the Count."

"George of Denmark, Marshal Tallard, William of Nassau! This is strange indeed, most wonderful! Why, sir, little are you aware that there are before you, *at this moment*, two other living beings who bear these venerated names! My boys! stand forward! Look here, sir—these children have been respectively named after our late sovereign and the husband of our present Queen."

"And very good names too, sir—ay, and very noble little fellows too; and I propose that with you, reverence and your

ladyship's leave, William Nassau here shall ride on George of Denmark, and George of Denmark shall ride on William of Nassau."

When this speech of the Corporal's was made, the whole crowd set up a loyal hurrah; and, with much gravity, the two little boys were lifted up into the saddles, and the Corporal leading one, intrusted the other to the horse boy, and so together marched stately up and down the green.

The popularity which Mr. Brock gained by this manœuvre was very great, but with regard to the names of the horses and children, which coincided so extraordinarily, it is but fair to state, that the christening of the quadrupeds had only taken place about two minutes before the dragoon's appearance on the green. For if the fact must be confessed, he, while seated near the inn window, had kept a pretty watchful eye upon all going on without, and the horses murching thus to and fro for the wonderment of the village, were only placards or advertisements for the riders.

There was, besides the boy now occupied with the horses, and the landlord and landlady of the "Bugle Inn," another person connected with that establishment—a very smart, handsome, vain, giggling servant girl, about the age of sixteen, who went by the familiar name of Cat, and attended upon the gentlemen in the parlour, while the landlady was employed in cooking their supper in the kitchen. This young person had been educated in the village poor house, and having been pronounced, by Doctor Dobbs and the schoolmaster the idlest, dirtiest, and most passionate little minx with whom either had ever had to do, she was, after receiving a very small portion of literary instruction (indeed, must be stated that the young lady did not know her letters), bound apprentice at the age of nine years to Mrs. Score, her relative, and landlady of the "Bugle Inn."

If Miss Cat, or Catherine Hall, was a slattern and a minx, Mrs. Score was a far superior shrew, and for the seven years of her apprenticeship the girl was completely at her mistress's mercy. Yet though wondrously stingy, jealous, and violent, while her maid was idle and extravagant, and her husband seemed to abet the girl, Mrs. Score put up with the wench's airs, idleness and caprices, without ever wishing to dismiss her from the "Bugle." The fact is, that Miss Catherine was a great beauty, and for about two years, since her fame had begun to

spread; the custom of the inn had also increased vastly. When there was a debate whether the farmers, on their way from market, would take t'other pot, Catherine, by appearing with it, would straightway cause the liquor to be swallowed and paid for; and when the traveller who proposed riding that night and sleeping at Coventry or Birmingham, was asked by Miss Catherine whether he would like a fire in his bedroom, he generally was induced to occupy it, although he might before have vowed to Mrs. Score that he would not for a thousand guineas be absent from home that night. The girl had, too, half a dozen lovers in the village, and these were bound in honour to spend their pence at the alehouse she inhabited. O woman! lovely woman! what strong resolves canst thou twist round thy little finger! what gunpowder passions canst thou kindle with a single sparkle of thine eye! what lies and fribble nonsense canst thou make us listen to, as they were gospel truth or splendid wit! above all, what bad liquor canst thou make us swallow when thou puttest a kiss within the cup- and we are content to call the poison wine!

The mountain wine at the 'Bugle' was, in fact, execrable, but Mrs. Cat, who served it to the two soldiers, made it so agreeable to them that they found it a possible even a pleasant task, to swallow the contents of a second bottle. The miracle had been wrought instantaneously on her appearance for whereas at that very moment the Count was employed in cursing the wine, the landlady, the wine grower, and the English nation generally when the young woman entered and (choosing so to interpret the oaths) said, "Coming, your honour, I think your honour called!" Gustavus Adolphus whistled, stared at her very hard, and seeming quite dumb-stricken by her appearance, contented himself by swallowing a whole glass of mountain by way of reply.

Mr. Brock was, however, by no means so confounded as his captain: he was thirty years older than the latter, and in the course of fifty years of military life had learned to look on the most dangerous enemy, or the most beautiful woman, with the like daring, devil-may-care determination to conquer.

"My dear Mary," then said that gentleman, "be, your honour is a lord; as good as a lord, that is, for all we fellows such humble fellows as I am to drink with him."

Catherine dropped a low curtsy, and said, "Well, I don't

know if you are joking a poor country girl, as all you soldier gentlemen do, but his honour *looks* like a lord : though I never see one, to be sure "

"Then," said the Captain, gathering courage, "how do you know I look like one, pretty Mary?"

"Pretty Catherine" I mean Catherine, if you please, sir."

Here Mr. Brock burst into a roar of laughter, and shouting with many oaths that she was right at last, invited her to give him what he called a buss.

Pretty Catherine turned away from him at this request, and muttered something about "Keep your distance, low fellow ! buss indeed, poor country girl," &c. &c., placing herself, as if for protection, on the side of the Captain. That gentleman looked also very angry. But whether at the sight of innocence so outraged, or the insolence of the Corporal for daring to help himself first, we cannot say. "Hark ye, Mr. Brock," he cried very fiercely, "I will suffer no such liberties in my presence : remember it is only my consciousness which permits you to share my bottle in this way ; take care I don't give you instead a taste of my cane." So saying he, in a protecting manner, placed one hand round Mr. Catherine's waist, holding the other clenched very near to the Corporal's nose.

Miss Catherine, for *her* share of this action of the Count's, dropped another curtsy and said "Thank you, my Lord." But Galgenstein's threat did not appear to make any impression on Mr. Brock, as indeed there was no reason that it should ; for the Corporal, at a combat of fist-cuffs, could have pounded his commandant into a jelly in ten minutes, so he contented himself by saying, "Well, noble Captain, there's no harm done ; it is an honour for poor old Peter Brock to be it taken with you, and I am sorry, sure enough."

"In truth, Peter, I believe thou art, thou hast good reason, eh, Peter? But never fear, man, had I struck thee, I never would have hurt thee."

"I *know* you would not," replied Brock, laying his hand on his heart with much gravity, and so peace was made, and healths were drunk. Miss Catherine condescended to put her lips to the Captain's glass, who swore that the wine was thus converted into nectar, and although the girl had not previously heard of that liquor, she received the compliment as a compliment, and smiled and sipped in return.

The poor thing had never before seen anybody so handsome, or so finely dressed as the Count, and, in the simplicity of her coquetry, allowed her satisfaction to be quite visible. Nothing could be more clumsy than the gentleman's mode of complimenting her; but for this, perhaps, his speeches were more effective than others more delicate would have been, and though she said to each, "Oh, now, my Lord!" and "I, a Captain, how can you flatter me so?" and "Your honour's laughing at me," and made such polite speeches as are met on these occasions, it was manifest from the flutter and blush, and the gleam of satisfaction which lighted up the buxom features of the little country beauty, that the Count's first operations had been highly successful. When, following up his attack, he produced from his pocket a small locket (which had been given him by a Dutch lady at the Brill), and begged Miss Catherine to wear it for his sake, and chucked her under the chin and called her his little rosebud, it was pretty clear how things would go. Anybody who could see the expression of Mr. Brock's countenance at this event might judge of the progress of the irresistible High-Dutch conqueror.

Being of a very vain communicative turn, our fair barmaid gave her two companions not only a pretty long account of herself, but of many other persons in the village whom she could perceive from the window opposite to which she stood. "Yes, your honour," said she, "my Lord I mean, sixteen last March, though there's not any girl in the village tied at my age is quite this. There's Poul-Rand's now, that red-haired girl along with Thomas Cuthbert's, sixteen if she's a day, though he is the very best sailor that she has had. Well, as I am saying, I was bred up here in the village, father and mother died very young, and I was left a poor orphan. Well, bless us! if Thomas haven't kissed her to the ears of Mrs. Seccre, my aunt, who has been a mother to me ever since mother, you know, — and I've been to Stratford fair and to Warwick many a time, and there's two people who have offered to marry me, and ever so many who want to, and I won't have none — only a gentleman, as I've always said, not a poor clogseller, like Tom there with the red waistcoat (he was one that asked me), nor a drunken fellow like Sam Black with yonder, him whose wife has got the black eye, but a real gentleman, like" —

"Like whom, my dear?" said the Captain, encouraged.

"La sir how can you? Why, like our squire, Sir John, who rides in such a mortal fine gold coach, or, at least, like the parson Doctor Dobbs—that's he, in the black gown, walking with Madam Dobbs in red."

"And are those his children?"

"Yes, two girls and two boys; and only think, he calls one William Nassau and one George Denmark—isn't it odd?" And from the parson Mrs. Catherine went on to speak of several humble personages of the village community who, as they are not necessary to our story, need not be described at full length. It was when from the window Corporal Brock saw the altercation between the worthy divine and his son respecting the latter's ride that he judged it a fitting time to step out on the green and to deliver in two horse-shoe famous historical names which he joyfully added to them.

Mr. Brock's delivery was, as we have stated quite successful for when the purrers had ridden and retired along with their retainers and their young gentlemen of humbler rank in the lurch, were picked up George of Denmark and William of Nassau, the Corporal joking and laughing with the gentlemen proper. The women, in spite of Mr. Brock's fastidious and uncertain squint of his eye, vowed that Corporal Brock was a man, and among the men his popularity was greatly great.

"How much do the great Thomas Clockpole?" said Mr. Brock to a countryman (he was the man whom Mrs. Catherine had described as his sister) who had laughed loudest at some of his jokes. "how much do the get for a week's work now?"

Mr. Clockpole, whose name was really Black, stated that his wages amounted to three shillings a lapud in.

"Three shillings in a puddle!" mentioned — and for this you told him a good tale as I have seen them in Turkey and America — a rent men and in the country of Prester John! You shiver out of bed on a winter morning to break the ice for Ball and Dapple to drink.

"Yes indeed," said the person addressed who seemed astounded at the extent of the Corporal's information.

"Or you clean justy and take dung down to meadow; or you set watchdog and tend sheep, or you sweep a scythe over a great field of grass, and when the sun has scorched the eyes out of your head and sweated the flesh off your bones, and

well-nigh fried the soul out of your body, you go home, to what? —three shillings a week and a pudd! Do you get pudding every day?"

"No; only Sundays."

"Do you get money enough?"

"No, sure."

"Do you get beer enough?"

"Oh no, NEVER!" said Mr. Bullock quite resolutely.

"Worthy Clodpole, give us thy hand—it shall have beer enough this day, or my name's not Corporal Brock. Here's the money, boy! there are twenty pence in this purse, and how do you think I got 'em? and how do you think I shall get others when these are gone? by serving Her Sacred Majesty, to be sure: long life to her, and down with the French King!"

Bullock, a few of the men, and two or three of the boys, piped out an hurrah, in compliment to this speech of the Corporal's: but it was remarked that the greater part of the crowd drew back—the woman whispering ominously to them and looking at the Corporal.

"I see, lad, what it is," said he. "You are frightened, and think I am a crump come to steal your sweethearts away. What! call Peter Brock a double dealer? I tell you what, boys, Jack Churchill himself has shaken the lead and drunk a pot with me—do you think he'd like hand with a rogue? Here's Tummas Clodpole—he never had beer enough, and here am I will stand treat to him and any other gentleman—am I good enough company for him? I have money, look you, and like to spend it—what should I be doing dirty actions for—hey, Tummas?"

A satisfactory reply to the query was not, of course, expected by the Corporal nor uttered by Mr. Bullock, and the end of the dispute was, that he and three or four of the rustic bystanders were quite convinced of the good intentions of their new friend, and accompanied him back to the 'Bagle,' to regale upon the promised beer. Among the Corporal's guests was one young fellow whose dress would show that he was somewhat better to do in the world than Clodpole and the rest of the sunburnt ragged troop, who were marching towards the almshouse. This man was the only one of his brethren who perhaps was sceptical as to the truth of his stories, but as soon as Bullock accepted the invitation to drink, John Hayes, the counter-fetor (for such was

his name and profession), said, "Well, Thomas, if thou goest, I will go too."

"I know thee wilt," said Thomas. "thou'lt goo anywhere Catty Hall is, provided thou canst goo for nothing."

"Nay, I have a penny to spend as good as the Corporal here."

"A penny to *leep*, you mean for all your love for the lass at the 'Bugle,' did thee ever spend a shilling in the house? Thee wouldn't go now, but that I am going too, and the Captain here stands tri at."

"Come, come gentlemen, no quarrelling," said Mr. Brock. "If this pretty fellow will join us, men say I there's lots of liquor, and plenty of money to pay the score. Comrade Pummus, give us thy arm. Mr. Hayes, you're a hearty cock, I make no doubt, and all such are welcome. Come along, my gentleman farmers. Mr. Brock shall have the honour to pay for you all." And with this Corporal Brock accompanied by Messrs. Hayes, Bullock, Blacknath, Baker, boy, Butcher, and one or two others, adjourned to the inn, the horse being at the same time, conducted to the stable.

Although we have, in this quiet way, and without any flourishing of trumpets, or beginning of chapters, introduced Mr. Hayes to the public, and although, at first sight, a sneaking carpenter's boy may seem hardly worthy of the notice of an intelligent reader, who looks for a good cut-throat or highwayman for a hero, or a pickpocket at the very least, this gentleman's words and actions should be carefully studied by the public, as he is destined to appear before them under very polite and curious circumstances during the course of this history. The speech of the rustic Juvenal, Mr. Chodpole, had seemed to infer that Hayes was at once careful of his money and a warm admirer of Mrs. Catherine of the 'Bugle'—and both the charges were perfectly true. Hayes's father was reported to be a man of some substance; and young John, who was performing his apprenticeship in the village, did not fail to talk very big of his pretensions to fortune—of his entering, at the close of his indentures, into partnership with his father, and of the comfortable farm and house over which Mrs. John Hayes, whoever she might be, would one day preside. Thus, next to the baker and butcher, and above even his own master, Mr. Hayes took rank in the village; and it must not be concealed that his representation of wealth had, made

some impression upon Mrs. Hall, towards whom the young gentleman had cast the eyes of affection. If he had been tolerably well-looking, and not pale, rickety, and feeble as he was; if even he had been ugly, but withal a man of spirit, it is probable the girl's kindness for him would have been much more decided. But he was a poor weak creature, not to compare with honest Thomas Bullock, by at least nine inches; and so notoriously timid, selfish, and stingy, that there was a kind of shame in receiving his addresses openly, and what encouragement Mrs. Catherine gave him could only be in secret.

But no mortal is wise at all times: and the fact was, that Hayes, who cared for himself intensely, had set his heart upon winning Catherine, and loved her with a desperate greedy eagerness and desire of possession, which makes passions for women often so fierce and unreasonable among very cold and selfish men. His parents (whose frugality he had inherited) had tried in vain to wean him from this passion, and had made many fruitless attempts to engage him with women who possessed money and desired husbands. But Hayes was, for a wonder, quite proof against their attractions: and though quite ready to acknowledge the ability of his late, for a penniless ale-house servant girl, nevertheless persisted in it doggedly. "I know I'm a fool," said he, "but I don't care; the girl does not care for me; but marry her I must, or I think I shall not die: and marry her I will." For very much to the credit of Miss Catherine's modesty, she had declared that marriage was with her a *fine qua non*, and had demurred, with the loudest scorn and indignation, all propositions of a less proper nature.

Poor Thomas Bullock was another of her admirers, and had offered to marry her for but three shillings a week and a pudding was not to the girl's taste: and Thomas had been scornfully rejected. Hayes had also made her a direct proposal: Catherine did not say no: she was too prudent: but she was young and could wait, she did not care for Mr. Hayes *per se* enough to marry him:—(it did not seem, indeed, in the young woman's nature to care for anybody) and she gave her adorer flatterings, to understand that, if nobody better appeared in the course of a few years, she might be induced to become Mrs. Hayes. It was a dismal prospect for the poor fellow to live upon the hope of being one day Mrs. Catherine's *pis aller*.

In the meantime she considered herself free as the wind, and

permitted herself all the innocent gaieties which that "chartered libertine," a coquette, can take. She flirted with all the bachelors, widowers, and married men, in a manner which did extraordinary credit to her years: and let not the reader fancy such pastimes unnatural at her early age. The ladies—Heaven bless them!—are, as a general rule, coquettes from babyhood upwards. Little *she's* of three years old play little airs and graces upon small heroes of five, smothering nurses of nine make attacks upon young gentlemen of twelve, and at sixteen, a well grown girl, under encouraging circumstances,—say she is pretty, in a family of ugly elder sisters, or an only child and heiress, or a humble wench at a country inn, like our fair Catherine—is at the very pink and prime of her coquetry: they will jilt you at that age with an ease and arch infantine simplicity that never can be surpassed in maturer years.

Miss Catherine, then, was a *franche coquette*, and Mr. John Hayes was miserable. His life was passed in a storm of mean passions and bitter jealousy—and desperate attacks upon the indifference rock of Mrs. Catherine's heart which not all his tempest of love could beat down. O cruel cruel pangs of love unrequited! Mean rogues feel them as well as great heroes. Laves there the man in Europe who has not felt them many times?—who has not knelt and fawned, and supplicated, and wept, and cursed, and raved, all in vain, and passed long wakeful nights with ghosts of dead hopes for company, shadows of buried remembrances that glide out of their graves of nights, and whisper, "We are dead now, but we *were* once; and we made you happy, and we come now to mock you—despair, O lover, despair, and die!" O cruel pangs!—dismal nights!—Now a sly demon creeps under your nightcap, and drops into your ear those soft hope-breathing sweet words, uttered on the well-remembered evening—there, in the drawer of your dressing-table (along with the razor, and Macassar oil), lies the dead flower that Lady Ancha Wilhelmina wore in her bosom on the night of a certain ball—the corpse of a glorious hope that seemed once as if it would live for ever, so strong was it, so full of joy and sunshine—there, in your writing-desk, among a crowd of unpaid bills, is the dirty scrap of paper, thimble-sealed, which came in company with a pair of muffeteers of her knitting (she was a butcher's daughter, and did all she could, poor thing!), begging "you would ware them at collidge, and

think of her who"—married a public-house three weeks afterwards, and cares for you no more now than she does for the pot-boy. But why multiply instances, or seek to depict the agony of poor mean-spirited John Hayes? No mistake can be greater than that of fancying such great emotions of love are only felt by virtuous or exalted men—depend upon it, Love, like Death, plays havoc among the *pauperum tabernas*, and sports with rich and poor, wicked and virtuous, alike. I have often fancied, for instance, on seeing the haggard pale young old-clothesman, who wakes the echoes of our street with his nasal cry of "Clo!"—I have often, I said, fancied that, besides the loud of exuvial coats and breeches under which he staggers, there is another weight on him—an *atrior visus* at his tail—and while his unshorn lips and nose together are performing that mocking, boisterous, Jack-indifferent cry of "Clo! clo!" who knows what woful utterances are crying from the heart within? There he is, chaffing with the footman at No. 7 about an old dressing-gown—you think his whole soul is bent only on the contest about the garment—Pshaw! there is, perhaps, some faithless girl in Holywell Street who fills up his heart, and that desultory Jew-boy is a peripatetic bell. Take another instance,—take the man in the beet-hip in Saint Martin's Court. There he is, to all appearance quite calm—before the same round of beet from morning till sundown for hundreds of years very busy. Perhaps when the shutters are closed, and all the world tired and silent there is no silent but untired—cutting, cutting, cutting. You enter, you get your meat to your liking, you depart, and quite unmoved, on on he goes, reaping ceaselessly the Great Harvest of Beef. You would fancy that if Passor ever failed to conquer, it had in vain assailed the calm bosom of THAT MAN. I doubt it and would give much to know his history. Who knows what furious Etna flames are raging underneath the surface of that calm flesh mountain—who can tell me that that calmness itself is not DEATH?

The reader, if he does not now understand why it was that Mr. Hayes agreed to drink the Corporal's proffered beer, had better just read the foregoing remarks over again, and if he does not understand *then*, why, small praise to his brains. Hayes could not help that Mr. Bullock should have a chance of seeing, and perhaps making love to Miss Bullock in my absence, and

though the young woman never diminished her coquetties, but, on the contrary, rather increased them in his presence, it was still a kind of dismal satisfaction to be miserable in her company.

On this occasion, the disconsolate lover could be wretched to his heart's content, for Catherine had not a word or a look for him, but bestowed all her smiles upon the handsome stranger who owned the black horse. As for poor Tummas Bullock, his passion was never violent, and he was content in the present instance to sigh and drink beer. He sighed and drank, sighed and drank, and drank again, until he had swallowed so much of the Corporal's liquor, as to be induced to accept a guinea from his purse also, and found himself, on returning to reason and sobriety, a soldier of Queen Anne's.

But oh ! fancy the agonies of Mr. Hayes when, seated with the Corporal's friends at one end of the kitchen, he saw the Captain at the place of honour and the smiles which the fair maid bestowed upon him, when, as she lightly whisked past him with the Captain's supper, she pointing to the locket that once reposed on the breast of the Dutch Lady at the Brill, looked archly on Hayes and said, "See, John, what his Lordship has given me," and when John's face became green and purple with rage and jealousy, Mrs. Catherine laughed ten times louder, and cried, "Coming my Lord," in a voice of shrill triumph, that bored through the soul of Mr. John Hayes and left him gasping for breath.

On Catherine's other lover, Mr. Thomas, this coquetry had no effect, he, and two comrades of his, had by this time quite fallen under the spell of the Corporal, and hope, glory, strong beer, Prince Eugene, pair of colours, more strong beer, her blessed Majesty, plenty more strong beer, and such subjects, martial and bacchic, whirled through their dizzy brains at a railroad pace.

And now, if there had been a couple of experienced reporters present at the "Bugle Inn" they might have taken down a conversation on love and war - the two themes discussed by the two parties occupying the kitchen - which, as the parts were sung together, duet wise, formed together some very curious harmonies. Thus, while the Captain was whispering the softest nothings, the Corporal was shouting the fiercest combats of the war; and, like the gentleman at Penelope's table, on it *crisps pinxit praelia tota bero*. For example :-

Captain. What do you say to a silver trimming, pretty Catherine? Don't you think a scarlet riding-cloak, handsomely lined, would become you wonderfully well?—and a grey hat with a blue feather—and a pretty nag to ride on—and all the soldiers to present arms as you pass, and say "There goes the Captain's lady"? What do you think of a side box at Lincoln's Inn playhouse, or of standing up to a minuet with my Lord Marquis at—

Corporal. The ball, sir, ran right up his elbow—and was found the next day by Surgeon Splinter of ours—where do you think, sir?—Upon my honour as a gentleman it came out of the nape of his—

Captain. Necklace—and a sweet pair of diamond ear-rings, mayhap—and a little shower of patches, which ornament a lady's face wondrously—and a beetle rouge—though aged! such peach-cheeks as yours don't want it,—he! Mrs. Catherine, I should think the birds must come and peck at them as if they were fruit—

Corporal. Over the wall, and three and twenty of our fellows jumped after me—By the Pope of Rome, I found Luncheon, that was a day! Had you seen how the Mounseer looked when four and twenty rampaging he-devils—wood and pistol, cut and thrust, pell-mell came tumbling into the school! Why, sir, we left in three minutes as many artillerians' heads as there were cannon balls—It was, "Ah, si c'est!" "D—yea, take that!" "O mon Dieu!" "Run him through!" "Ventre Dieu!" and it was ventred with him, I warrant you—*for the* in the French language, means—tough, and *entre*—why, you see, *entre* means—

Captain. Warts, which are worn now ever so long,—and for the hoops if you *would* but see them, strap my waist, my dear, but there was a lady at Warwick's Assembly (he came in one of my Lord's coaches) who had a hoop as big as a tent—you might have dined under it comfortably,—but had you my faith now—

Corporal. And there we found the Duke of Marlborough seated along with Marshal Tallard—who was endeavouring to drown his sorrow over a cup of Johannisberger wine, and a good drink too, my lads, only not to compare to Warwick beer. "Who was the man who has done this?" said our noble Regiment. I stepped up—"How many?"—"was it," says he,

"that you cut off?" "Nineteen," says I, "besides wounding several." When he heard it (Mr. Hayes, you don't drink) I'm blest if he didn't burst into tears! "Noble noble fellow," says he. "Marshal, you must excuse me if I am pleased to hear of the destruction of your countrymen. Noble noble fellow!—here's a hundred guineas for you." Which sum he placed in my hand. "Nay," says the Marshal, "the man has done his duty" and, pulling out a magnificent gold diamond-bitted snuff box, he gave me—

Mr. Bullock What, a goold snuff box? Wauns, but thee wast in luck Corporal—

Corporal No, not the snuff-box, but—a *pinch of snuff*,—ha! ha!—run me through the body if he didn't. Could you but have seen the smile on Jack Churchill's grave face at this piece of generosity! So, beckoning Colonel Cadogan up to him, he pinched his ear and whispered—

Captain. "May I have the honour to dance a minuet with your Ladyship?" The whole room was in titters at Jack's blunder—for, as you know very well, poor Lady Susan *has a wooden leg*. Ha! ha! fancy a minuet and a wooden leg, hey, my dear—

Mrs. Catherine Guggle—guggle—guggle—he! he! he! Oh, Captain, you rogue, you—

Second table Haw! haw! haw! Well, you *be* a foony mon, Sergeant, zure enoff

This little specimen of the conversation must be sufficient. It will show pretty clearly that each of the two military commanders was conducting his operations with perfect success. Three of the detachment of five attacked by the Corporal surrendered to him. Mr. Bullock, namely, who gave in at a very early stage of the evening, and ignominiously laid down his arms under the table, after standing not more than a dozen volleys of beer; Mr. Blacksmith's boy, and a labourer whose name we have not been able to learn. Mr. Butler himself was on the point of yielding, when he was rescued by the furious charge of a detachment that marched to his relief—his wife namely, who, with two squalling children rushed into the "Bugle," boxed Butcher's ears, and kept up such a tremendous fire of oaths and screams upon the Corporal that he was obliged to retreat. Fixing then her claws into Mr. Butcher's hair, she proceeded to drag him

out of the premises; and thus Mr. Brock was overcome. His attack upon John Hayes was a still greater failure; for that young man seemed to be invincible by drink, if not by love; and at the end of the drinking-bout was a great deal more cool than the Corporal himself; to whom he wished a very polite good-evening, as calmly he took his hat to depart. He turned to look at Catherine, to be sure, and then he was not quite so calm; but Catherine did not give any reply to his good night. She was seated at the Captain's table playing at cribbage with him; and though Count Gustavus Maximilian lost every game, he won more than he lost,—-sly fellow!—and Mrs. Catherine was no match for him.

It is to be presumed that Hayes gave some information to Mrs. Score, the landlady. for, on leaving the kitchen, he was seen to linger for a moment in the bar, and very soon after Mrs. Catherine was called away from her attendance on the Count, who, when he asked for a sack and toast, was furnished with those articles by the landlady herself. and, during the half-hour in which he was employed in consuming this drink, Monsieur de Galgenstem looked very much disturbed and out of humour, and cast his eyes to the door perpetually, but no Catherine came. At last, very calmly, he declared to be shown to bed, and walked as well as he could (for to say truth, the noble Count was by this time somewhat unsteady on his legs) to his chamber. It was Mrs. Score who showed him to it, and closed the curtains, and pointed triumphantly to the whiteness of the sheets.

• "It's a very comfortable room" said she, "though not the best in the house, which belongs of right to your Lordship's worship; but our best room has two beds, and Mr. Corporal is in that, locked and double-locked, with his three tipsy recruits. But your honour will find this here bed comfortable and well aired; I've slept in it myself this eighteen years."

"What, my good woman, you are going to sit up, eh? 'Tis cruel hard on you, madam."

"Sit up, my Lord? bless you, no! I shall have half of our Cat's bed; as I always do when there's company. And with this Mrs. Score curtsied and retired.

Very early the next morning the active landlady and her bustling attendant had prepared the bed and linen for the

Corporal and his three converts, and had set a nice white cloth for the Captain's breakfast. The young blacksmith did not eat with much satisfaction, but Mr Bullock and his friend betrayed no sign of discontent, except such as may be consequent upon an evening's carouse. They walked very contentedly to be registered before Doctor Dobbs, who was also justice of the peace, and went in search of their slender bundles, and took leave of their few acquaintances without much regret; for the gentlemen had been bred in the workhouse, and had not, therefore, a large circle of friends.

It wanted only an hour of noon, and the noble Count had not descended. The men were waiting for him, and spent much of the Queen's money (earned by the sale of their bodies overnight) while thus expecting him. Perhaps Mrs. Catherine expected him too for she had offered many times to run up—with my Lord's boots—with the hot water—to show Mr. Brock the way—who sometimes condescended to officiate as barber. But on all these occasions Mr. Score had prevented her; not scolding but with such gentleness and smiling. At last, more gentle and smiling than ever, she came downstairs and said, 'Catherine darling his honour the Count is mighty hungry this morning, and vows he could pick the wing of a fowl. Run down, child, to Farmer Bragg's and get one—pluck it before you bring it, you know, and we will make his Lordship a pretty breakfast.'

Catherine took up her basket, and away she went by the back-yard, through the stables. There she heard the little horse-boy whinnying and hissing after the manner of horse-boys, and there she learned that Mr. Score had been inventing an ingenious story to have her out of the way. The ostler said he was just going to lead the two horses round to the door. The Corporal had been, and they were about to start on the instant for Stratford.

The fact was that Count Gustavus Adolphus, far from wishing to pick the wing of a fowl, had risen with a horror and loathing for everything in the shape of food, and for any liquor stronger than small beer. Of this he had drunk a cup, and said he should ride immediately to Stratford, and when, on ordering his horses, he had asked politely of the landlady "why the d— the always came up, and why she did not send the girl," Mrs. Score informed the Count that her Catherine was gone out for a walk along with the young man to whom she was to

be married, and would not be visible that day. On hearing this, the Captain ordered his horses that moment, and abused the wine, the bed, the house, the landlady, and everything connected with the "Bugle Inn."

As the horses came, the little boys of the village gathered round; the recruits, with bunches of ribands in their leavers, appeared presently; Corporal Brock came swaggering out, and, slapping the pleased blacksmith on the back, bade him mount his horse; while the boys hurrah'd. Then the Captain came out, gloomy and majestic, to him Mr Brock made a military salute, which clumsily, and with much grunting, the recruits imitated. "I shall walk on with these brave fellows, your honour, and meet you at Stratford," said the Corporal. "Good," said the Captain, as he mounted. The landlady curtsied, the children hurrah'd more, the little horse-boy, who held the bridle with one hand and the stirrup with the other, and expected a crown piece from such a noble gentleman got only a kick and a curse, as Count von Galgenstein shouted, "D -- you all, get out of the way!" and galloped off, and John Hayes, who had been sneaking about the inn all the morning, felt a weight off his heart when he saw the Captain ride off alone.

O foolish Mrs. Score! O dolt of a John Hayes! If the landlady had allowed the Captain and the maid to have their way, and if but for a minute before recruits, sergeant and all, it is probable that no harm would have been done, and that this history would never have been written.

When Count von Galgenstein had ridden half-a-mile on the Stratford road, looking as black and dismal as Napoleon galloping from the romantic village of Waterloo, he espied, a few score yards onwards, at the turn of the road, a certain object which caused him to check his horse suddenly, brought a flaming red into his cheeks, and made his heart to go thump — thump! against his side. A young lady was sauntering slowly along the footpath, with a basket swinging from one hand, and a bunch of hedge flowers in the other. She stopped once or twice to add a fresh one to her nosegay, and might have seen him, the Captain thought, but no, she never looked directly towards him, and still walked on. Sweet innocent! she was

singing as if none were near ; her voice went soaring up to the clear sky, and the Captain put his horse on the grass, that the sound of the hoofs might not disturb the music.

"When the kine had given a pailful,
And the sheep came bleating home,
Polly, who knew it would be healthful,
Went a walking out with Tom
Hand in hand, sir, on the land, sir,
As they walked to and fro,
Tom made jolly love to Polly,
But was answered no, no, no."

The Captain had put his horse on the grass, that the sound of his hoofs might not disturb the music, and now he pushed its head on to the bank, where straightway "George of Denmark" began chewing of such a salad as grew there. And now the Captain slid off stealthily, and smiling comically, and hitching up his great jack boots, and moving forward with a jerking tip-toe step, he, just as she was trilling the last *o-o-o* of the last *no* in the above poem of Tom D Urfey, came up to her, and touching her lightly on the waist, said—

"My dear your very humble servant."

Mrs. Catherine (you know you have found her out long ago!) gave a scream and a start, and would have turned pale if she could. As it was, she only shook all over, and said—

"Oh, sir, how you *did* frighten me!"

"Frighten you my rosebud! why, run me through, I'd die rather than frighten you. Gad, child, tell me now, am I so *very* frightful?"

"Oh no, your honour, I didn't mean that, only I wasn't thinking to meet you here, or that you would ride so early at all—for if you please, sir, I was going to fetch a chicken for your Lordship's breakfast, as my mistress said you would like one, and I thought instead of going to Farmer Brigg's, down Birmingham way, as she told me, I'd go to Farmer Bird's, where the chickens is better, sir,—my Lord, I mean."

"Said I'd like a chicken for breakfast, the old cat! why, I told her I would not eat a morsel to save me—I was so *dru*—I mean I ate such a good supper last night—and I bade her to send me a pot of small beer, and to tell you to bring it; and the wretch said you were gone out with your sweetheart!"

"What! John Hayes, the creature? Oh, what a naughty story-telling woman!"

"—You had walked out with your sweetheart, and I was not to see you any more; and I was mad with rage, and ready to kill myself; I was, my dear."

"Oh, sir! pray, *pray* don't."

"For your sake, my sweet angel?"

"Yes, for my sake, if such a poor girl as me can persuade noble gentlemen."

"Well, then, for *your* sake, I won't, no, I'll live, but why live? Hell and fury, if I do live I'm miserable without you; I am,—you know I am,—you adorable, beautiful, cruel, wicked Catherine!"

Catherine's reply to this was, "La, bless me! I do believe your horse is running away." And so he was! for having finished his meal in the hedge, he first looked towards his master and paused, as it were, irresolutely; then, by a sudden impulse, flinging up his tail and his hind legs, he scampered down the road.

Mrs. Hall ran lightly after the horse and the Captain after Mrs. Hall, and the horse ran quicker and quicker every moment, and might have led them a long chase—when lo! debouching from a twist in the road, came the detachment of cavalry and infantry under Mr. Brock. The moment he was out of sight of the village, that gentleman laid down the blacksmith to dismount, and had himself jumped into the saddle, maintaining the subordination of his army by drawing a pistol and swearing that he would blow out the brains of any person who attempted to run. When the Captain's horse came near the detachment he paused, and suffered himself to be caught by Thomas Bullock, who held him until the owner and Mrs. Catherine came up.

Mr. Bullock looked comically grave when he saw the pair; but the Corporal graciously saluted Mrs. Catherine, and said it was a fine day for walking.

"La, sir, and so it is," said she, panting in a very pretty and distressing way, "but not for *running*! I do protest hal and now that I really can scarcely stand! I'm so tired of running after that naughty naughty horse!"

"How do, Cattern?" said Thomas. "Zee, I be going a soldiering because they wouldn't have no—And here Mr. Bullock grinned. Mrs. Catherine made no sort of reply, but protested once more she should die of running. If the truth were told, she was somewhat vexed at the arrival of the Corporal's

detachment, and had had very serious thoughts of finding herself quite tired just as he came in sight.

A sudden thought brought a smile of bright satisfaction in the Captain's eyes. He mounted the horse which Turnham still held. "*Tired*, Mrs. Catherine," said he, "and for my sake? By heavens! you shan't walk a step further. No, you shall ride back with a guard of honour! Back to the village, gentlemen!—rightabout face! Show those fellows, Corporal, how to right-



about face. Now, my dear, mount behind me on Snowball; he's easy as a sedan. Put your dear little foot on the toe of my boot. There now,—up!—jump! hurrah!"

"*That's* not the way, Captain," shouted out Thomas, still holding on to the rein as the horse began to move. "Thee woan't goo with him, will thee, Catty?"

But Mrs. Catherine, though she turned away her head, never let go her hold round the Captain's waist! and he, swearing a dreadful oath at Thomas, struck him across the face and hands.

with his riding-whip. The poor fellow, who at the first cut still held on to the rein, dropped it at the second, and as the pair galloped off, sat down on the roadside and fairly began to weep. "Damn, you dog!" shouted out the Corporal a minute after. And so he did: and when next he saw Mrs. Catherine she ~~was~~ the Captain's lady sure enough, and wore a grey hat with a blue feather, and red riding coat trimmed with silver lace. But Thomas was then on a bare-backed horse which Corporal Brock was flanking round a ring, and he was so occupied looking between his horse's ears that he had no time to cry then, and at length got the better of his attachment.

Thus being a good opportunity for closing Chapter I., we ought, perhaps, to make some apologies to the public for introducing them to characters that are so utterly worthless, as we confess all our heroes, with the exception of Mr. Bullock, to be. In this we have consulted nature and history, rather than the prevailing taste and the general manner of authors. The amusing novel of "Finest Maltreated" for instance, opens with a seduction; but then it is performed by people of the strictest virtue on both sides; and there is so much religion and philosophy in the heart of the seducer, so much tender innocence in the soul of the seduced, that - I dearest the little dears! - their very proca-dicoes make one interested in them, and their naughtiness becomes quite sacred, so delicately is it described. Now, if we are to be interested by novel actions, let us have them with plain facts, and let them be performed, not by virtuous philosophers, but by rascals. Another clever class of novelists adopt the contrary system, and create interest by making their rascals perform virtuous actions. Against these popular plans we here solemnly appeal. We say, let your rogues in novels act like rogues, and your honest men like honest men; don't let us have any juggling and thimblerrigging with virtue and vice, so that, at the end of three volumes, the bewildered reader shall not know which is which; don't let us find ourselves kindling at the generous qualities of thieves, and sympathizing with the casualties of noble hearts. For our own part, we know what the public likes, and have chosen rogues for our characters, and have taken a story from the "Newgate Calendar," which we hope to follow

out to edification. Among the rogues, at least, we will have nothing that shall be mistaken for virtues. And if the British public (after calling for three or four editions) shall give up, not only our rascals, but the rascals of all other authors, we shall be content:—we shall apply to Government for a pension, and think that our duty is done.

CHAPTER II.

In which are Depicted the Pleasures of a Sentimental Attachment.

It will not be necessary, for the purpose of this history, to follow out very closely all the adventures which occurred to Mrs. Catherine from the period when she quitted the "Bugle" and became the Captain's lady, for although it would be just as easy to show as not that the young woman, by following the man of her heart, had only yielded to an innocent impulse, and by remaining with him for a certain period, had proved the depth and strength of her affection for him, —although we might make very tender and eloquent apologies for the error of both parties, the reader might possibly be disgusted at such descriptions and such arguments which, besides, are already done to his hand in the novel of "Ernest Maltravers" before mentioned.

From the gentleman's manner towards Mrs. Catherine, and from his brilliant and immediate success, the reader will doubtless have concluded, in the first place, that Gustavus Adolphus had not a very violent affection for Mrs. Cat., in the second place, that he was a professional lady killer, and therefore likely at some period to resume his profession, thirdly and to conclude, that a connection so begun, must, in the nature of things, be likely to end speedily.

And so, to do the Court justice, it would, if he had been allowed to follow his own inclination entirely, for (as many young gentlemen will, and yet no prude to them) in about a week he began to be indifferent, in a month to be weary, in two months to be angry, in three to proceed to blows and curses; and, in short, to repent most bitterly the hour when he had ever been induced to present Mrs. Catherine the toe of his boot, for the purpose of lifting her on to his horse.

"Egad!" said he to the Corporal one day, wh

his grief to Mr. Brock, "I wish my toe had been cut off before
ever it served as a ladder to this little wren."

"Or perhaps your honour would wish to kick her downstairs
with it?" delicately suggested Mr. Brock.

"Kick her! why, the wench would hold so fast by the
hankers that I *could* not kick her down, Mr. Brock. To tell
you a bit of a secret, I *have* tried as much—not to kick her—no,
no, not kick her certainly—that's ungentlemanly—but to *induce*
her to go back to that cursed pot-house where we fell in with
her. I have given her many hints"——

"Oh yes, I saw your honour give her one yesterday—with a
mug of beer. By the laws, as the ale run all down her face,
and she clucked a knife to run at you, I don't think I ever saw
such a she-devil! That woman will do for your honour some
day, if you provoke her."

"Do for *me*? No, hang it, Mr. Brock, never! She loves
every hair of my head, 'tis she worships me, Corporal. Egad,
yea! she worships me; and would much sooner apply a knife
to her own wenaand than scratch my little finger!"

"I think she does," said Mr. Brock.

"I'm sure of it," said the Captain. "Women, look you, are
like dogs, they like to be ill-treated—they like it, sir, I know
they do. I never had anything to do with a woman in my life
but I ill-treated her, and she liked me the better."

"Mrs. Hall ought to be very fond of you then, sure enough!"
said Mr. Corporal.

"Very fond, - ha, ha! Corporal, you wag you—and so she
is very fond. Yesterday, after the knife-and-dreer scene—no
wonder I threw the liquor in her face, it was so devilish flat
that no gentleman could drink it—and I told her never to draw
it till dinner time"——

"Oh, it was enough to put an angel in a fury!" said Brock.

"—Well, yesterday, after the knife business, when you had
got the carver out of her hand, off she flings to her bedroom,
will not eat a bit of dinner forsooth, and remains locked up for
a couple of hours. At two o'clock afternoon (I was over a
taskard), out comes the little she devil, her face pale, her eyes
bloodred, and the tip of her nose as red as fire with sniffing and
weeping. Making for my hand, 'Max,' says she, 'will you for-
give me?' 'What!' says I. 'Forgive a murderess?' says I.
'No, curse me, never!' 'Your cruelty will kill me,' sobbed she.

'Cruelty be hanged!' says I; 'didn't you draw that beer an hour before dinner?' She could say nothing to *this*, you know, and I swore that every time she did so, I would fling it into her face again. Whereupon back she dounced to her chamber, where she wept and stormed until night-time."

"When you forgave her?"

"I *did* forgive her, that's positive. You see I had supped at the 'Rose' along with Tom Trippet and half-a-dozen pretty fellows, and I had eased a great fat-headed Warwickshire land-junker—what d'ye call him?—squire, of forty pieces; and I'm devilish good humoured when I've won, and so Cat and I made it up—but I've taught her never to bring me stale beer again—ha, ha!"

This conversation will explain, a great deal better than any description of ours, however eloquent, the state of things as between Count Maximilian and Mrs. Catherine, and the feelings which they entertained for each other. The woman loved him, that was the fact. And as we have shown in the previous chapter how John Hayes, a mean-spirited fellow as ever breathed, in respect of all other passions a pigmy, was in the passion of love a giant, and followed Mrs. Catherine with a furious longing which might seem at the first to be foreign to his nature, in the like manner, and playing at cross purposes, Mrs. Hall had become smitten of the Captain, and, as he said truly, only liked him the better for the brutality which she received at his hands. For it is my opinion, madam, that love is a bodily infirmity, from which humankind can no more escape than from small pox, and which attacks every one of us, from the first duke in the Peerage down to Jack Ketch inclusive: which has no respect for rank, virtue, or roguery in man, but sets each in his turn in a fever, which breaks out the deuce knows how or why, and, raging its appointed time, fills each individual of the one sex with a blind fury and longing for some one of the other (who may be pure, gentle, blue-eyed, beautiful, and good; or vile, shrewish, squinting, hunchbacked, and hideous, according to circumstances and luck); which dies away, perhaps, in the natural course, if left to have its way, but which contradiction causes to rage more furiously than error. Is not history, from the Trojan war upwards and downwards, full of instances of such strange inexplicable passions? Was not Helen, by the most moderate calculation, ninety years of

age when she went off with His Royal Highness Prince Paris of Troy? Was not Madame La Vallière ill-made, blue-eyed, tallow-complexioned, scraggy, and with hair like tow? Was not Wilkes the ugliest, charmingest, most successful man in the world? Such instances might be carried out so as to fill a volume; but *what done?* Love is fate, and not will, its origin not to be explained, its progress irresistible—and the best proof of this may be had at Bow Street any day when, if you ask any officer of the establishment how they take most lovers, he will tell you at the houses of the women. They must love the dear creatures though they hang for it—they will love though they have their necks in the halter. And with regard to the other position, that ill-usage on the part of the man does not destroy the affection of the woman, have we not numberless police reports, showing how, when a bystander would beat a husband for beating his wife, man and wife fall together on the interloper and punish him for his meddling?

These points, then, being settled to the satisfaction of all parties, the reader will not be disposed to object to the assertion that Mrs. Hall had a real affection for the gallant Count, and grew, as Mr. Brock was pleased to say, like a beet root, more tender as she was thumped. "Poor thing, poor thing!" his flashy airs and smart looks had overcome her in a single hour, and no more is wanted in plugging into his scorching head and ears, no more is wanted to make a list box with—and a woman's first love lasts *for ever* (a man's, twenty-fourth or twenty-fifth is perhaps the limit): you can't kill it, do what you will, it takes root, and lives and even grows, unless made what the Count may be in which it is planted, or the better weather it need be in, often as one has seen a wild flower grow out of a stone.

In the last week of their union, the Count had at least been liberal to her—he had a horse and fine clothes, and received abroad some of those flattering attentions which she held at such high price. He had, however, come all back at phy, or had been forced to pay some bills, or had some other satisfactory reason for being poor, and his establishment was very speedily diminished. He argued that, as Mrs. Catherine had been accustomed to wait on others all her life, she might now wait upon herself and him, and when the incident of the beer arose, she had been for some time employed as the Count's house-keeper, with unlimited superintendence over his comfort, his

cellar, his linen, and such matters as bachelors are delighted to make over to active female hands. To do the poor wretch justice, she actually kept the man's *ménage* in the best order; nor was there any point of extravagance with which she could be charged, except a little extravagance of dress displayed on the very few occasions when he condescended to walk abroad with her, and extravagance of language and passion in the frequent quarrels they had together. Perhaps in such a connection as subsisted between this precious couple, these faults are inevitable on the part of the woman. She must be silly and vain, and will prove such herself to be fond of dress; and she must, disguise it as she will, be perpetually miserable and brooding over her fall, which will cause her to be violent and quarrelsome.

Such it must, we think, have been, and very early did the poor vain misguided wretch begin to see up what she had sown.

For a man to have more to lose in circumstances is perhaps uncommon. No woman offers on *him* for betraying a woman; no bitter pangs of mortified vanity, no insulting looks of superiority from his neighbours, and no sentence of contemptuous banishment from his nearest kin, the whole fall on the tempted, and not on the tempter, who is permitted to go free. The chief thing that a man learns after having successfully practised on a woman, is to despise the poor wretch whom he has won. The game, in fact, and the glory, such as it is, is all his, and the punishment alone falls upon her. Consider this, ladies, when charming young gentlemen come to woo you with soft speeches. You have nothing to win, except witchedness, and scorn, and desertion. Consider this, and be thankful to your Solomons for telling it.

It came to pass then, that the Count had come to have a perfect contempt and indifference for Mrs. Hall, - how should he not for a young person who had given herself up to him so easily? - and would have been quite glad of any opportunity of parting with her. But there was a certain lingering shame about the man, which prevented him from doing at once and abruptly, "Go!" and the poor thing did not choose to take such hints as fell out in the course of their conversation and quarrels. And so they kept on together, he treating her with simple insult, and she hanging on desperately by whatever feeble twig she could find, to the rock beyond which all was naught, or death, to her.

Well, after the night with Tom Trippet and the pretty fellows at the "Rose," to which we have heard the Count allude in the conversation just recorded, Fortune smiled on him a good deal; for the Warwickshire squire, who had lost forty pieces on that occasion, insisted on having his revenge the night after, where strange to say, a hundred and fifty more found their way into the pouch of his Excellency the Count. Such a sum as this quite set the young nobleman afloat again, and brought back a pleasing equanimity to his mind, which had been a good deal disturbed in the former difficult circumstances, and in this, for a little and to a certain extent poor Cat had the happiness to share. He did not alter the style of his establishment, which consisted, as before, of her self and mulberry on who acted as scourer, kitchen wench, and scullion. Mrs. Cat came always putting her hand to the principal pieces of the dinner, but he treated his mistress with tolerable good humour—or to speak more correctly, with such bearable brutality as might be expected from a man like him to a woman in her condition. Besides, a certain event was about to take place, which it is usually occurs in circumstances of the nature, and Mr. Catherine was expecting soon to be in.

The Count, observing naturally the strength of his own paternal feelings, had kindly offered and proposed a parent for the coming infant, and to this end had opened a negotiation with our friend Mr. Thomas Bullock and found that Mrs. Cat should have a fortune of twenty pounds and naming Thomas of his eldest time for her. Mr. A. Thomas, when this proposition was made to him, declared with many oaths, and vowed that he was perfectly satisfied with his present bachelor condition. In this dilemma Mr. Black stepped forward, who declared him self very ready to accept Mrs. Catherine and her fortune—and might possibly have become the father of both, had not Mrs. Cat, the moment she heard of the proposed arrangement, with fire in her eye, and rage in her heart—bitter!—in her heart presented the sheets of the marriage by proceeding incontinently to the first justice of the peace, and there swearing before his worship who was the father of the coming child.

This proceeding, which she had expected would cause not a little indignation on the part of her lord in future, was received by him, strangely enough, with considerable good humour. He

swore that the wench had served him a good trick, and was rather amused at the anger, the outbreak of fierce rage and contumely, and the wretched wretched tears of heartick desperation, which followed her announcement of this step to him. For Mr Brock, she repelled his offer with scorn and loathing, and treated the notion of a union with Mr. Bullock with yet fiercer contempt. Marry him indeed! a workhouse pauper carrying a brown-bess! she would have died sooner, she said, robbed on the highway. And so, to do her justice, she would; for the little minx was one of the vainest creatures in existence, and vanity (as I presume everybody knows) becomes the principle in certain women's hearts—their moral spectacles, their conscience, their meat and drink, their only rule of right and wrong.

As for Mr Tummas, he as we have seen, was quite as unfriendly to the proposition as she could be, and the Corporal, with a good deal of comical gravity, vowed that, as he could not be satisfied in his dearest wishes, he would take to drinking for a consolation—which he straightway did.

"Come Tummas!" said he to Mr Bullock, "since we can't have the girl of our hearts, why, hang it, Tummas, let's drink her health!" To which Bullock had no objection. And so strongly did the disappointment weigh upon honest Corporal Brock, that even when, after unheard of quantities of beer, he could scarcely utter a word, he was seen absolutely to weep, and, in accents almost unintelligible, to curse his confounded ill-luck at being deprived, not of a wife, but of a child; he wanted one so, he said, to comfort him in his old age.

The time of Mrs Catherine's *couche* drew near, arrived, and was gone through safely. She presented to the world a chopping box, who might use, if he liked, the Galgenstein arms with a lar sinister, and in her new cares and duties had not so many opportunities as usual of quarrelling with the Count who perhaps, respected her situation, or, at least, was so properly aware of the necessity of quiet to her, that he absented himself from home morning, noon, and night.

The Captain had, it must be confessed, turned these continued absences to a considerable worldly profit, for he played incessantly, and, since his first victory over the Warwickshire squire, Fortune had been so favourable to him, that he had at various intervals amassed a sum of nearly a thousand pounds.

which he used to bring home as he won, and which he deposited in a strong iron chest, cunningly screwed down by himself under his own bed. This Mrs. Catherine regularly made, and the treasure underneath it could be no secret to her. However, the noble Count kept the key and bound her by many solemn oaths (that he discharged at her himself) not to reveal to any other person the existence of the chest and its contents.

But it is not in a woman's nature to keep such secrets, and the Captain, who left her for days and days did not reflect that she would seek for confidants elsewhere. For want of a female companion, she was compelled to bestow her sympathies upon Mr. Brock, who, as the Count's corporal, was much in his lodgings, and who did manage to survive the disappointment which he had experienced by Mrs. Catherine's refusal of him.

About two months after the infant's birth the Captain who was annoyed by its squalling, put it abroad to nurse and dismissed its attendant. Mrs. Catherine now resumed her household duties, and was, as before, at once mistress and servant of the establishment. At such she had the keys of the beer, and was pretty sure of the attentions of the Corporal, who became, as we have said, in the Count's absence, his lady's chief friend and companion. After the manner of ladies she very speedily confided to him all her domestic secrets: the cause of her former discontent, the Count's ill treatment of her, the wicked names he called her, the prices that all her gowns had cost her, how he beat her, how much money he won and lost at play, how she had once pawned a coat for him, how he had four new ones, lined, and paid for, what was the best way of dining and keeping gold-lace, of making cherry brandy, pickling salmon, &c. &c. Her confidences upon all these subjects used to follow each other in rapid succession, and Mr. Brock became, ere long, quite as well acquainted with the Captain's history for the last year as the Count himself, for he was careless and forgetful things; women never do. They chronicle all the lover's small actions, his words, his headache, the dress he has worn, the things he has liked for dinner on certain days; all which circumstances commonly are expunged from the male brain immediately after they have occurred, but remain fixed with the female.

To Brock, then, and to Brock only (for she knew no other soul), Mrs. Cat breathed, in strictest confidence, the history of the Count's winnings, and his way of disposing of them; how he kept his money screwed down in an iron chest in their room; and a very lucky fellow did Brock consider his officer for having such a large sum. He and Cat looked at the chest: it was small, but mighty strong, sure enough, and would defy pickpockets and thieves. Well, if any man deserved money, the Captain did ("though he might buy me a few yards of that lace I love so," interrupted Cat), - if any man deserved money, he did, for he spent it like a prince, and his hand was always in his pocket.

It must now be stated that Monsieur de Galgenstein had, during Cat's seclusion, cast his eyes upon a young lady of good fortune, who frequented the Assembly at Birmingham, and who was not a little smitten by his title and person. The "four new coats faced, and paid for," as Cat said had been purchased, most probably, by his Excellency for the purpose of dazzling the heiress, and he and the coats had succeeded so far as to win from the young woman an actual profession of love, and a promise of marriage provided *pi* would consent. This was obtained, - for *pi* was a tradesman, and I suppose every one of my readers has remarked how great an effect a title has on the lower classes. Yes, thank Heaven! there is about a freeborn Briton a cringing baseness, and lickspittle awe of rank, which does not exist under any tyranny in Europe, and is only to be found here and in America.

All these negotiations had been going on quite unknown to Cat, and as the Captain had determined, before two months were out, to fling that young woman on the *paré* he was kind to her in the meanwhile - people always are when they are swindling you, or meditating an injury against you.

The poor girl had much too high an opinion of her own charms to suspect that the Count could be unfaithful to them, and had no notion of the plot that was formed against her. But Mr. Brock had - for he had seen many times a gilt coach with a pair of fat white horses ambling in the neighbourhood of the town, and the Captain on his black steed caracolliug majestically by its side, and he had remarked a fat, pudgy, pale-haired woman treading heavily down the stairs of the Assembly, leaning on the Captain's arm - all these Mr. Brock had seen, not without reflection. Indeed, the Count one day, in great good-humour,

had slapped him on the shoulder and told him that he was about speedily to purchase a regiment; when, by his great gods, Mr. Brock should have a pair of colours. Perhaps this promise occasioned his silence to Mrs. Catherine hitherto; perhaps he never would have peached at all; and perhaps, therefore, this history would never have been written, but for a small circumstance which occurred at this period.

"What can you want with that drunken old Corporal always about your quarters?" said Mr. Trippet to the Count one day, as they sat over their wine, in the midst of a merry company, at the Captain's rooms.

"What!" said he. "Old Brock? He old thief has been more useful to me than many a better man. He is as brave in a row as a lion, as cunning in intrigue as a fox, he can nose a dun at an inconceivable distance, and scout out a pretty woman he she behind ever so many stone wall. If a gentleman wants a good rascal now, I can recommend him. I am going to reform, you know, and must turn him out of my service."

"And pretty Mr. Cat?"

"Oh, curse pretty Mrs. Cat! she may go too."

"And the brat?"

"Why, you have said yes, and what not, here in England. Egad! if a gentleman were called upon to keep up his children, there would be no living; no—tap my vitals! I can say couldn't stand it."

"No, indeed," said Mr. Trippet. "you are right, and when a gentleman marries, he is bound in honour to give up such low connections as are useful when he is a bachelor."

"Of course, and give them up I will, when the sweet Mrs. Dripping is mine. As for the girl, you can have her, Tom Trippet, if you take a fancy to her, and as for the Corporal, he may be handed over to my successor in Cutty's—for I will have a regiment to myself, that's poor; and to take with me such a swindling, pimping, thieving brandy-faced rascal as this Brock will never do. Egad! he's a disgrace to the service. As it is, I've often a mind to have the superannuated sagabond drummed out of the corps."

Although this *résumé* of Mr. Brock's character and accomplishments was very just, it came perhaps with an ill grace from Count Gustavus Adolphus Maximilian, who had profited by all his qualities, and who certainly would never have given this

opinion of them had he known that the door of his dining-parlour was open, and that the gallant Corporal, who was in the passage, could hear every syllable that fell from the lips of his commanding officer. We shall not say, after the fashion of the story-books, that Mr. Brock listened with a flashing eye and a dilated nostril, that his chest heaved tumultuously, and that his hand fell down mechanically to his side, where it played with the brass handle of his sword. Mr. Kean would have gone through most



of these bodily exercises had he been acting the part of a villain enraged and disappointed like Corporal Brock, but that gentleman walked away without any gestures of any kind, and as gently as possible. "He'll turn me out of the regiment, will he?" says he, quite *piano*, and then added (*con molta espressione*), "I'll do for him."

And it is to be remarked how generally, in cases of this nature, gentlemen stick to their word.

CHAPTER III.

*In which a Narcotic is administered, and a great deal of
General Society depicted.*

When the Corporal, who had retreated to the street door immediately on hearing the above conversation, returned to the Captain's lodgings and paid his respect to Mrs. Catherine, he found that lady in high good humour. The Count had been with her, she said, along with a friend of his. Mr. Trippet, had promised her twelve yards of the lace she coveted so much, had vowed that the child should have as much more for a cloak, and had not left her until he had sat with her for an hour, or more, over a bowl of punch which he made on purpose for her. Mr. Trippet stayed too. A mighty phlegmatic man, said she, "only not very wise and seemingly a good deal in liquor."

"A good deal indeed!" said the Corporal. "He was so tipsy just now that he could hardly stand. He and his honour were talking to Nan Funtail in the market place, and she pulled Trippet's wig off for wanting to kiss her."

"The nasty fellow!" said Mrs. Cat, to demean himself with such low people as Nan Funtail indeed! "Wipe upon my conscience now, Corporal, it was but an hour ago that Mr. Trippet swore he never saw such a pair of eyes as mine and would like to cut the Captain's throat for the love of me. Nan Funtail, indeed!"

"Nan's an honest girl, Madam Catherine, and I was a great favourite of the Captain's before some one else came in his way. No one can say a word against her, not a word."

"And pray, Corporal, who would it?" said Mrs. Cat rather offended. "A nasty, ugly slut! I wonder what the men can see in her!"

"She has got a smart way with her, sure enough, it whips the men, and —"

"And what? You don't mean to say that my Mr. Cat is fond of her now?" said Mrs. Catherine, looking very hot.

"Oh, no, not at all, not of her — that is —"

"Not of her?" screamed she. "Of who, then?"

"Oh, pshaw! nonsense! Of you, my dear! To be sure, who else should be care for? And, besides, what business is it of mine?" And herewith the Corporal began whistling, as if he

would have no more of the conversation. But Mrs. Cat was not to be satisfied,—not she,—and carried on her cross-questions.

"Why, look you," said the Corporal, after parrying many of these,—“Why, look you, I'm an old fool, Catherine, and I *must* blab. That man has been the best friend I ever had, and so I was quiet, but I can't keep it in any longer,—no, hang me if I can! It's my belief he's acting like a rascal by you; he deceives you, Catherine, he's a scoundrel, Mrs. Hall, that's the truth on't.”

Catherine prayed him to tell all he knew; and he resumed.

“He wants you off his hands, he's sick of you, and so brought here that fool Tom Trippet, who has taken a fancy to you. He has not the courage to turn you out of doors like a man, though indoors he can treat you like a beast. But I'll tell you what he'll do. In a month he will go to Coventry, or pretend to go th're, on recruiting business. No such thing, Mrs. Hall; he's going on *marriage* business; and he'll leave you without a farthing, to starve or to rot, for him. It's all arranged, I tell you—in a month, you are to be starved into becoming Tom Trippet's mistress, and his honour is to marry rich Miss Dripping the twenty-thousand pounds from London; and to purchase a regiment,—and to get old Brock drummed out of Cutts's too,” said the Corporal, under his breath. But he might have spoken out, if he chose, for the poor young woman had sunk on the ground in a real honest fit.

“I thought I should give it her,” said Mr. Brock, as he procured a glass of water, and, lifting her on to a sofa, sprinkled the same over her. “Hang it! how pretty she is.”

When Mrs. Catherine came to herself again, Brock's tone with her was kind, and almost feeling. Nor did the poor wench herself indulge in any subsequent shiverings and hysterics, such as usually follow the fainting fits of persons of higher degree. She pressed him for further explanations, which he gave, and to which she listened with a great deal of calmness; nor did many tears, sobs, sighs, or exclamations of sorrow or anger escape from her—only when the Corporal was taking his leave, and said to her point-blank, —“Well, Mrs. Catherine, and what do you intend to do?” she did not reply a word; but gave a look which made him exclaim, on leaving the room,—

“By heavens! the woman means murder! I would not be

the Holsterner to be by the side of such a Judith as that—not I !” And he went his way, immersed in deep thought. When the captain returned at night, she did not speak to him; and when he swore at her for being sulky, she only said she had a headache, and was dreadfully ill; with which excuse Gustavus Adolphus seemed satisfied, and left her to herself.

He saw her the next morning for a moment—he was going shooting.



Catherine had no friend, as is usual in tragedies and romances,—no mysterious sorceress of her acquaintance to whom she could apply for poison,—so she went simply to the apothecaries, pretending at each that she had a dreadful tooth-ache, and procuring from them as much laudanum as she thought would suit her purpose.

When she went home again she seemed almost gay. Mr. Brock complimented her upon the alteration in her appearance,

and she was enabled to receive the Captain at his return from shooting in such a manner as made him remark that she had got rid of her sulks of the morning, and might sup with them, if she chose to keep her good-humour. The supper was got ready, and the gentlemen had the punch-bowl when the cloth was cleared,—Mrs. Catherine, with her delicate hands, preparing the liquor

It is useless to describe the conversation that took place, or to reckon the number of bowls that were emptied; or to tell how Mr. Trippet, who was one of the guests, and declined to play at cards when some of the others began, chose to remain by Mrs. Catherine's side, and make violent love to her. All this might be told, and the account, however faithful, would not be very pleasing. No, indeed! And here, though we are only in the third chapter of this history, we feel almost sick of the characters that appear in it, and the adventures which they are called upon to go through. But how can we help ourselves? The public will bear of nothing but rogues, and the only way in which poor authors, who must live, can act honestly by the public and themselves, is to paint such thieves as they are: not dandy, poetical, rose-water thieves, but real downright scoundrels, leading scoundrelly lives, drunken, profligate, dissolute, low, as scoundrels will be. They don't quote Plato, like Eugene Aram, or live like gentlemen, and sing the pleasantest ballads in the world, like jolly Dick Turpin, or prate eternally about τὸ καλόν, like that precious canting Maltravers, whom we all of us have read about and pitied, or die whitewashed saints, like poor "Bess Dadey" in "Oliver Twist." No, my dear madam, you and your daughters have no right to admire and sympathise with any such persons, fictitious or real: you ought to be made cordially to detest, scorn, loathe, abhor, and abominate all people of this kidney. Men of genius like those whose works we have above alluded to, have no business to make these characters interesting or agreeable, to be feeding your morbid fancies, or indulging their own, with such monstrous food. For our parts, young ladies, we beg you to bottle up your tears, and not waste a single drop of them on any one of the heroes or heroines in this history: they are all rascals, every soul of them, and believe "as such." Keep your sympathy for those who deserve it: don't carry it, for preference, to the Old Bailey, and grow maudlin over the company assembled there.

Just, then, have the kindness to fancy that the conversation which took place over the bowls of punch which Mrs. Catherine prepared, was such as might be expected to take place where the host was a dissolute, dare-devil, libertine captain of dragons, the guests for the most part of the same class, and the hostess a young woman originally from a country alehouse, and for the present mistress to the entertainer of the society. They talked, and they drank, and they grew tipsy; and very little worth hearing occurred during the course of the whole evening. Mr. Black officiated, half as the servant, half as the companion of the society. Mr. Thomas Trippet made violent love to Mrs. Catherine, while her lord and master was playing at dice with the other gentlemen; and on this night, strange to say, the Captain's fortune seemed to desert him. The Warwickshire squire, from whom he had won so much, had an amazing run of good luck. The Captain called perpetually for more drink, and higher stakes, and lost almost every throw. Three hundred, four hundred, six hundred—all his winnings of the previous months were swallowed up in the course of a few hours. The Corporal looked on, and, to do him justice, seemed very grave as, sum by sum, the Squire scored down the Count's losses on the paper before him.

Most of the company had taken their hats and staggered off. The Squire and Mr. Trippet were the only two that remained, the latter still lingering by Mrs. Catherine's sofa and table; and as she, as we have stated, had been employed all the evening in mixing the liquor for the gamblers, he was at the headquarters of love and drink, and had swallowed so much of each as hardly to be able to speak.

The dice went rattling on, the candles were burning dim, with great long wicks. Mr. Trippet could hardly see the Captain, and thought, as far as his muzzy reason would let him, that the Captain could not see him. So he rose from his chair as well as he could, and fell down on Mrs. Catherine's sofa. His eyes were fixed, his face was pale, his jaw hung down; and he flung out his arms and said in a maudlin voice, "Oh, you by-coo-coo-tittle Catharine, I must have a kick-kick iss."

"Beast!" said Mrs. Catherine, and pushed him away. The drunken wretch fell off the sofa, and on to the floor, where he lay; and, after snoring out some unarticulated sounds, went to sleep.

The dice went rattling on ; the candles were burning dim, with great long wicks.

"Seven's the main," cried the Count. "Four. Three to two against the caster."

"Ponies," said the Warwickshire squire.

Rattle, rattle, rattle, rattle, clatter, *nine*. Clap, clap, clap, clap, *eleven*. Clutter, clutter, clutter, clutter : "Seven it is," says the Warwickshire squire. "That makes eight hundred, Count."

"One throw for two hundred," said the Count. "But stop ! Cat, give us some more punch."

Mrs. Cat came forward, she looked a little pale, and her hand trembled somewhat. "Here is the punch, Max," said she. It was steaming hot, in a large glass. "Don't drink it all," said she, "leave me some."

"How dark it is !" said the Count, eyeing it.

"It's the brandy," said Cat.

"Well, here goes ! Squire, curse you ! here's your health, and bad luck to you !" and he gulped off more than half the liquor in a draught. But presently he put down the glass and cried, "What infernal poison is this, Cat ?"

"Poison !" said she. "It's no poison. Give me the glass." And she pledged Max, and drank a little of it. "Tis good punch, Max, and of my brewing, I don't think you will ever get *any* better." And she went back to the sofa again, and sat down, and looked at the players.

Mr. Brock looked at her white face and fixed eyes with a grim kind of curiosity. The Count sputtered, and cursed the horrid taste of the punch still, but he presently took the box, and made his threatened throw.

As before, the Squire beat him ; and having hooked his winnings, rose from table as well as he might and besought Corporal Brock to lead him downstairs, which Mr. Brock did.

Liquor had evidently stupefied the Count : he sat with his head between his hands, muttering wildly about ill-luck, seven's the main, bad punch, and so on. The street-door banged to ; and the steps of Brock and the Squire were heard, until they could be heard no more.

"Max," said she, but he did not answer. "Max," said she again, laying her hand on his shoulder.

"Curse you," said that gentleman, "keep off, and don't be

laying your paws upon me. Go to bed, you jade, or to — for what I care; and give me first some more punch—a gallon more punch, do you hear?"

The gentleman, by the curses at the commencement of this little speech, and the request contained at the end of it, showed that his losses vexed him, and that he was anxious to forget them temporarily.

"O Max!" whimpered Mrs. Cat, "you — don't — want — any more punch?"

"Don't! Shan't I be drunk in my own house, you cursed whimpering jade, you? Get out!" and with this the Captain proceeded to administer a blow upon Mrs. Catherine's cheek.

Contrary to her custom she did not avenge it, or seek to do so, as on the many former occasions when disputes of this nature had arisen between the Count and her, but now Mrs. Catherine fell on her knees and, clasping her hands and looking pitifully to the Count's face, cried, "O Count, forgive me, forgive me!"

"Forgive you? What for? Because I slapped your face? Ha, ha! I'll forgive you again, if you don't mind."

"Oh, no, no, no!" said she, wringing her hands. "It isn't that. Max, dear Max, will you forgive me? It isn't the blow — I don't mind that, it's" —

"It's what, you — muddin' fool?"

"It's the punch!"

The Count, who was more than half seas over, here assumed an air of much upon gravity. "The punch! No, I never will forgive you that last glass of punch. Of all the foul, beastly drinks I ever tasted, that was the worst. No, I never will forgive you that punch."

"Oh, it isn't that. It isn't that!" said she.

"I tell you it is that, — you! That punch, I say that punch was no better than paw — aw — orson." And here the Count's head sank back, and he fell to snore.

"It was poison!" said she.

"What!" screamed he, waking up at once, and spurring her away from him. "What, you infernal murderess, have you killed me?"

"O Max! — don't kill me, Max! It was laudanum — indeed it was. You were going to be married, and I was furious, and I went and got" —

"Hold your tongue, you fiend," roared out the Count; and

with more presence of mind than politeness, he flung the remainder of the liquor (and, indeed, the glass with it) at the head of Mrs. Catherine. But the poisoned chalice missed its mark, and fell right on the nose of Mr. Tom Trippet, who was ~~left~~ asleep and unobserved under the table.

Bleeding, staggering, swearing, indeed a ghastly sight, upsprang Mr. Trippet, and drew his rapier. "Come on," says he; "never say die! What's the row? I'm ready for a dozen of you." And he made many blind and furious passes about the room.

"Curse you, we'll die together!" shouted the Count, as he too pulled out his Toledo, and sprang at Mrs. Catherine.

"Help! murder! thieves!" shrieked she. "Save me, Mr. Trippet, save me!" and she placed that gentleman between herself and the Count, and then made for the door of the bedroom, and gained it, and bolted it.

"Out of the way, Trippet," roared the Count—"out of the way, you drunken beast! I'll murder her, I will—I'll have the devil's life." And here he gave a swinging cut at Mr. Trippet's sword—it sent the weapon whirling clean out of his hand, and through a window into the street.

"Take my life, then," said Mr. Trippet. "I'm drunk, but I'm a man, and, damme! will never say die."

"I don't want your life, you stupid fool. Hark you, Trippet, wake and be sober, if you can. That woman has heard of my marriage with Miss Dripping."

"Twenty thousand pound," ejaculated Trippet.

"She has been jealous, I tell you, and *poisoned* us. She has put laudanum into the punch."

"What, in *my* punch?" said Trippet, growing quite sober and losing his courage. "O Lord! O Lord!"

"Don't stand howling there, but run for a doctor; 'tis our only chance." And away ran Mr. Trippet, as if the deuce were at his heels.

The Count had forgotten his murderous intentions regarding his mistress, or had deferred them at least, under the consciousness of his own pressing danger. And it must be said, in the praise of a man who had fought for and against Marlborough and Tallard, that his courage in this trying and novel predicament never for a moment deserted him, but that he showed the greatest daring, as well as ingenuity, in meeting and averting the danger.

He flew to the sideboard, where were the relics of a supper, and seizing the mustard and salt pots, and a bottle of oil, he emptied them all into a jug, into which he further poured a vast quantity of hot water. This pleasing mixture he then, without a moment's hesitation, placed to his lips, and swallowed as much of it as nature would allow him. But when he had inhaled about a quart, the anticipated effect was produced, and he was enabled, by the power of this ingenious extemporaneous emetic, to get rid of much of the poison which Mrs. Catherine had administered to him.

He was employed in these efforts when the doctor entered, along with Mr. Brock and Mr. Trippet; who was not a little pleased to hear that the poisoned punch had not in all probability been given to him. He was recommended to take some of the Count's mixture, as a precautionary measure, but this he refused, and retired home leaving the Count under charge of the physician and his faithful corporal.

It is not necessary to say what further remedies were employed by them to restore the Captain to health, but after some time the doctor, pronouncing that the danger was, he hoped, averted, recommended that his patient should be put to bed, and that somebody should sit by him, which Brock promised to do.

"That she devil will murder me, if you don't," gasped the poor Count. "You must turn her out of the bedroom, or break open the door, if she refuses to let you in."

And this step was found to be necessary, for, after shouting many times, and in vain, Mr. Brock found a small iron bar (indeed, he had the instrument for many days in his pocket), and forced the lock. The room was empty the window was open: the pretty barmaid of the "Fingle" had fled.

"The chest," said the Count. "Is the chest safe?"

The corporal flew to the bed, under which it was screwed, and looked, and said, "It is safe, thank Heaven!" The window was closed. The Captain, who was too weak to stand without help, was undressed and put to bed. The Corporal sat down by his side; slumber stole over the eyes of the patient; and his faithful nurse, marked with satisfaction the progress of the beneficent restorer of health.

When the Captain awoke, as he did some time afterwards, he found, very much to his surprise, that a gag had been placed in

his mouth, and that the Corporal was in the act of wheeling his bed to another part of the room. He attempted to move, and gave utterance to such unintelligible sounds as could issue through a silk handkerchief.

"If your honour stirs or cries out in the least, I will cut your honour's throat," said the Corporal.

And then, having recourse to his iron bar (the reader will now see why he was provided with such an implement, for he had been meditating this *coup* for some days), he proceeded first to attempt to burst the lock of the little iron chest in which the Count kept his treasure, and, failing in this, to unscrew it from the ground; which operation he performed satisfactorily.

"You see, Count," said he calmly, "when rogues fall out, there's the deuce to pay. You'll have me drummed out of the regiment, will you? I'm going to leave it of my own accord, look you, and to live like a gentleman for the rest of my days. *Schlafen Sie wohl, noble Captain! bon repos!* The squire will be with you pretty early in the morning, to ask for the money you owe him."

With these sarcastic observations Mr. Brock departed; not by the window, as Mrs. Catherine had done, but by the door, quietly, and so into the street. And when, the next morning, the doctor came to visit his patient, he brought with him a story how, at the dead of night, Mr. Brock had roused the ostler at the stables where the Captain's horses were kept—had told him that Mrs. Catherine had poisoned the Count, and had run off with a thousand pounds, and how he and all lovers of justice ought to scour the country in pursuit of the criminal. For this end Mr. Brock mounted the Count's best horse—that very animal on which he had carried away Mrs. Catherine: and thus, on a single night, Count Maximilian had lost his mistress, his money, his horse, his corporal, and was very near losing his life.

CHAPTER IV.

In which Mrs. Catherine becomes an Honest Woman again.

In this woful plight, moneyless, wifeless, horseless, corporal-less, with a gag in his mouth and a rope round his body, are we compelled to leave the gallant Galgenstein, until his friends and

the progress of this history shall deliver him from his durance, Mr. Brock's adventures on the Captain's horse must likewise be permitted; for it is our business to follow Mrs. Catherine through the window by which she made her escape, and among the various chances that befell her.

She had one cause to congratulate herself,—that she had not her baby at her back; for the infant was safely housed under the care of a nurse, to whom the Captain was answerable. Beyond this her prospects were but dismal: no home to fly to, but a few shillings in her pocket, and a whole heap of injuries and dark revengeful thoughts in her bosom: it was a sad task to her to look either backwards or forwards. Whither was she to fly? How to live! What good chance was to befriend her? There was an angel watching over the steps of Mrs. Cat—not a good one, I think, but one of those from that unnameable place, who have their many subjects here on earth, and often are pleased to extricate them from worse perplexities.

Mrs. Cat, now, had not committed murder, but as bad as murder, and as she felt not the smallest repentance in her heart—as she had, in the course of her life and connection with the Captain, performed and gloried in a number of wicked enqueries, idlenesses, vanities, herits of anger, slander, foul abuses, and what not—she was fairly bound over to this dark angel whom we have alluded to; and he dealt with her, and aided her, as one of his own children.

I do not mean to say that, in this trait, he appeared to her in the likeness of a gentleman in black, and made her sign her name in blood to a document conveying over to him her soul, in exchange for certain conditions to be performed by him. Such diabolical bargains have always appeared to me unworthy of the astute personage who is supposed to be one of the parties to them; and who would scarcely be fool enough to pay dearly for that which he can have in a few years for nothing. It is not, then, to be supposed that a demon of darkness appeared to Mrs. Cat, and led her into a flaming chariot harnessed by dragons, and careering through air at the rate of a thousand leagues a minute. No such thing; the vehicle that was sent to aid her was one of a much more vulgar description.

The "Liverpool carryvan," then, which in the year 1706 used to perform the journey between London and that place in ten days, left Birmingham about an hour after Mrs. Catherine had

quitted that town; and as she sat weeping on a hillside, and plunged in bitter meditation, the lumbering, jingling vehicle overtook her. The coachman was marching by the side of his horses, and encouraging them to maintain their pace of two miles an hour, the passengers had some of them left the vehicle, in order to walk up the hill; and the carriage had arrived at the top of it, and, meditating a brisk trot down the declivity, waited there until the lagging passengers should arrive: when Jehu, casting a good-natured glance upon Mrs Catherine, asked the pretty maid whence she was come, and whether she would like a ride in his carriage. To the latter of which questions Mrs Catherine replied truly yes: to the former, her answer was that she had come from Stratford, whereas, as we very well know, she had lately quitted Birmingham.

"Hast thee seen a woman pass this way, on a black horse, with a large bag of goold over the saddle?" said Jehu, preparing to mount upon the roof of his coach.

"No, indeed," said Mrs Cat.

"Nor a trooper on another horse after her--no? Well, there be a mortal row down Birmingham way about such a one. She have killed, they say, nine gentlemen at supper, and have strangled a German prince in bed. She have robbed him of twenty thousand guineas and have rode away on a black horse."

"That can't be I," said Mrs Cat naively, "for I have but three shillings and a groat."

"No, it can't be thee, truly, for where's your bag of goold? and, besides, thee hast got too pretty a face to do such wicked things as to kill nine gentlemen and strangle a German prince."

"Law, coachman," said Mrs. Cat, blushing archly—"Law, coachman, do you think so?" The girl would have been pleased with a compliment even on her way to be hanged; and the parley ended by Mrs Catherine stepping into the carriage, where there was room for eight people at least, and where two or three individuals had already taken their places.

For these Mrs. Catherine had in the first place to make a story, which she did, and a very glib one for a person of her years and education. Being asked whither she was bound, and how she came to be alone of a morning sitting by a roadside, she invented a neat history suitable to the occasion, which elicited much interest from her fellow-passengers: one in par-

tioner, a young man, who had caught a glimpse of her face under her hood, was very tender in his attentions to her.

Now whether it was that she had been too much fatigued by the occurrences of the past day and sleepless night, or whether the little laudanum which she had drunk a few hours previously now began to act upon her, certain it is that Mrs. Cat now suddenly grew sick, feverish, and extraordinarily sleepy; and in this state she continued for many hours, to the pity of all her fellow-travellers. At length the "carrivan" reached the inn, where horses and passengers were accustomed to rest for a few hours, and to dine, and Mrs. Catherine was somewhat awakened by the stir of the passengers, and the friendly voice of the inn-servant welcoming them to dinner. The gentleman who had been smitten by her beauty now urged her very politely to descend; which, taking the protection of his arm, she accordingly did.

He made some very gallant speeches to her as she stepped out; and she must have been very much occupied by them, or wrapt up in her own thoughts, or stupefied by sleep, fever, and opium, for she did not take any heed of the place into which she was going, which, had she done, she would probably have preferred remaining in the coach, dimercless, and ill. Indeed, the inn into which she was about to make her entrance was no other than the "Buckle," from which she set forth at the commencement of this history, and which then, as now, was kept by her relative, the thrifty Mrs. Score. That good landlady, seeing a lady, in a smart hood and cloak, leaning, as if faint, upon the arm of a gentleman of good appearance, concluded them to be man and wife, and folks of quality too, and with much discrimination, as well as sympathy, led them through the public kitchen to her own private parlour, or bar, where she handed the lady an arm chair, and asked what she would like to drink. By this time, and indeed at the very moment she heard her aunt's voice, Mrs. Catherine was aware of her situation; and when her companion retired, and the landlady, with much officiousness, insisted on removing her hood, she was quite prepared for the screech of surprise which Mrs. Score gave on dropping it, exclaiming, "Why, law bless us, it's our Catherine!"

"I'm very ill, and tired, aunt," said Cat, "and would give the world for a few hours' sleep."

"A few hours and welcome, my love, and a sack-posset too."

You do look sadly tired and poorly, sure-enough. Ah, Cat, Cat ! you great ladies are sad rakes, I do believe. I wager now, that with all your halls, and carriages, and fine clothes, you are neither so happy nor so well as when you lived with your poor old aunt, who used to love you so " And with these gentle words, and an embrace or two, which Mrs. Catherine wondered at, and permitted, she was conducted to that very bed which the Count had occupied a year previously, and undressed, and laid in it, and affectionately tucked up by her aunt, who marvelled at the fineness of her clothes, as she removed them piece by piece ; and when she saw that in Mrs. Catherine's pocket there was only the sum of three-and-fourpence, said archly, " There was no need of money, for the Captain took care of that, "

Mrs. Cat did not undeceive her, and deceived Mrs. Score certainly was, for she imagined the well dressed gentleman who led Cat from the carriage was no other than the Count, and, as she had heard, from time to time, exaggerated reports of the splendour of the establishment which he kept up, she was induced to look upon her niece with the very highest respect, and to treat her as if she were a fine lady. " And so she *is* a fine lady," Mrs. Score had said months ago, when some of these fluttering stories reached her and she had overcome her first fury at Catherine's elopement. " The girl was very cruel to leave me, but we must recollect that she is as good as married to a nobleman, and must all forget and forgive, you know, "

This speech had been made to Doctor Dobbs, who was in the habit of taking a pipe and a tankard at the " Bugle," and if had been roundly reprobated by the worthy divine, who told Mrs. Score, that the crime of Catherine was only the more heinous, if it had been committed from interested motives, and protested that, were she a princess, he would never speak to her again. Mrs. Score thought and pronounced the Doctor's opinion to be very bigoted ; indeed, she was one of those persons who have a marvellous respect for prosperity, and a corresponding scorn for ill fortune. When, therefore, she returned to the public room, she went graciously to the gentleman who had led Mrs. Catherine from the carriage, and with a knowing curtsy welcomed him to the " Bugle," told him that his lady would not come to dinner, but bade her say, with her best love to his Lordship, that the ride had fatigued her, and that she would lie in bed for an hour or two.

This speech was received with much wonder by his Lordship; who was, indeed, no other than a Liverpool tailor going to London to learn fashions; but he only smiled, and did not notice the landlady, who herself went off, smilingly, to bustle about dinner.

The two or three hours allotted to that meal by the liberal stomach-masters of those days passed away, and Mr. Coachman, declaring that his horses were now rested enough, and that they had twelve miles to ride, put the steeds to, and summoned the passengers. Mrs. Score, who had seen with much satisfaction that her niece was really ill, and her fever more violent, and hoped to have her for many days an inmate in her house, now came forward, and casting upon the Liverpool tailor a look of profound but respectful melancholy, said, "My Lord (for I recollect your Lordship quite well), the lady upstairs is so ill, that it would be a sin to move her—had I not better tell coachman to take down your Lordship's trunk, and the lady's, and make you a bed in the next room?"

Very much to her surprise, this proposition was received with a roar of laughter. "Ma'am," said the person addressed, "I'm not a lord, but a tailor and draper; and as for that young woman, before to-day I never set eyes on her."

"What?" exclaimed out Mr. Score. "Are not you the Count? Do you mean to say that you didn't order her bed, and that you won't pay this little bill?" And with this she produced a document, by which the Count's lady was made her debtor in a sum of bed a guinea.

These passionate words excited more and more laughter. "Pay it, my Lord," said the coachman, "and then come along, for time presses." "Our respects to her Ladyship," said one passenger. "Tell her my Lord can't wait," said another; and with much noisement one and all quitted the hotel, entered the coach, and rattled off.

Dumb—pale with terror and rage—bill in hand, Mrs. Score had followed the company, but when the coach disappeared, her senses returned. Back she flew into the inn, overturning the waiter, not deigning to answer Doctor Dobbs (who, from behind soft tobacco-fumes, mildly asked the reason of her disturbance), and, bounding upstairs like a fury, she rushed into the room where Catherine lay.

"Well, madam!" said she, in her highest key, "do you mean that you have come into this here house to swindle me? Do you dare for to come with your airs here, and call yourself a nobleman's lady, and sleep in the best bed, when you're no better nor a common trumper? I'll thank you, ma'am, to get out, ma'am. I'll have no sick paupers in this house, ma'am. You know your way to the workhouse, ma'am, and there I'll trouble you for to go." And here Mrs. Score proceeded quickly to pull off the bedclothes, and poor Cat arose, shivering with fright and fever.

She had no spirit to answer, as she would have done the day before, when an oath from any human being would have brought half a dozen from her in return, or a knife, or a plate, or a leg of mutton, if such had been to her hand. She had no spirit left for such repartees, but in reply to the above words of Mrs. Score, and a great many more of the same kind—which are not necessary for our history but which that lady uttered with unconceivable shrillness and volubility, the poor wench could say little, only sob and shiver, and gather up the clothes again, crying, "Oh aunt, don't speak unkind to me! I'm very unhappy, and very ill!"

"Ill, you tramp! Ill, be hanged! Ill is as ill does, and if you are ill, it's only what you merit. Get out! dress yourself—tramp! Get to the workhouse, and don't come to cheat me any more! Dress yourself—do you hear? Satin petticoat forsooth, and lace to her smock!"

Poor, wretched, chattering, burning, shivering Catherine huddled on her clothes as well she might. She seemed hardly to know or see what she was doing, and did not reply a single word to the many that the landlady let fall. Cat tottered down the narrow stairs, and through the kitchen, and to the door; which she caught hold of, and paused awhile, and looked into Mrs. Score's face, as for one more chance. "Get out, you nasty trull!" said that lady sternly, with arms akimbo; and poor Catherine, with a most piteous scream and outgush of tears, let go of the door post and staggered away into the road.

"Why, no—yes—no—it is poor Catherine Hall, as I live!" said somebody, starting up, showing aside Mrs. Score very rudely, and running into the road, wig off and pipe in hand. 'Twas honest Doctor Dobbs; and the result of his interview with Mrs.

Cat was, that he gave up for ever smoking his pipe at the "Bogie;" and that she lay sick of a fever for some weeks in his house.

Over this part of Mrs. Cat's history we shall be as brief as possible; for, to tell the truth, nothing immoral occurred during her whole stay at the good Doctor's house, and we are not going to insult the reader by offering him silly pictures of perty, cheerfulness, good sense, and simplicity, which are milk-and-



water virtues after all, and have no relish with them like a good strong vice, highly peppered. Well, to be short—Doctor Dobbs, though a profound theologian, was a very simple gentleman; and before Mrs. Cat had been a month in the house, he had learned to look upon her as one of the most injured and repentant characters in the world, and had, with Mrs. Dobbs, resolved many plans for the future welfare of the young Magdalen. 'She was but sixteen, my love, recollect,' said the Doctor;

"she was carried off, not by her own wish either. The Count swore he would marry her; and, though she did not leave him until that monster tried to poison her, yet, think what a fine Christian spirit the poor girl has shown! she forgives him as heartily—more heartily, I am sure, than I do Mrs. Scorb for turning her adrift in that wicked way." The reader will perceive some difference in the Doctor's statement and ours, which we assure him is the true one—but the fact is, the honest rector had had his tale from Mrs. Cat, and it was not in his nature to doubt, if she had told him a history ten times more wonderful.

The reverend gentleman and his wife then laid their heads together, and, recollecting something of John Hayes's former attachment to Mrs. Cat, thought that it might be advantageously renewed, should Hayes be still constant. Having very adroitly sounded Catherine (so adroitly, indeed, as to ask her "whether she would like to marry John Hayes?"), that young woman had replied, "No. She had loved John Hayes—he had been her early, only love, but she was fallen now, and not good enough for him." And this made the Dobbs family admire her more and more, and cast about for means to bring the marriage to pass.

Hayes was away from the village when Mrs. Cat had arrived there, but he did not fail to hear of her illness, and how her aunt had deserted her, and the good Doctor taken her in. The worthy Doctor himself met Mr. Hayes on the green; and, telling him that some repairs were wanting in his kitchen, begged him to step in and examine them. Hayes first said no, plump, and then no gently, and then pished, and then psha'd, and then, trembling very much, went in—and there sat Mrs. Catherine, trembling very much too.

What passed between them? If your Ladyship is anxious to know, think of that morning when Sir John himself popped the question—"Could there be anything more stupid than the conversation which took place?" Such stuff is not worth repeating; no, not when uttered by people in the very genteelst of company—as for the amorous dialogue of a carpenter and an ex barmaid, it is worse still. Suffice it to say, that Mr. Hayes, who had had a year to recover from his passion, and had, to all appearances, quelled it, was over head and ears again the very moment he saw Mrs. Cat, and had all his work to do again.

Whether the Doctor knew what was going on, I can't say;

but this matter is certain, that every evening Hayes was now in the factory kitchen, or else walking abroad with Mrs. Catherine : and whether she ran away with him, or he with her, I shall not make it my business to inquire ; but certainly at the end of three months (which must be crowded up into this one little sentence), another elopement took place in the village. "I should have prevented it, certainly," said Doctor Dobbs—whereat his wife smiled ; "but the young people kept the matter a secret from me." And so he would, had he known it, but though Mrs. Dobbs had made several attempts to acquaint him with the precise hour and method of the intended elopement, he peremptorily ordered her to hold her tongue. The fact is, that the matter had been discussed by the rector's lady many times, "Young Hayes," would she say, "has a pretty little fortune and trade of his own, he is an only son, and may marry as he likes, and, though not specially handsome, generous, or amiable, has an undeniable love for Cat (who, you know, must not be particular), and the sooner she marries him, I think, the better. They can't be married at our church you know, and"— "Well," said the Doctor, "if they are married elsewhere, I can't help it, and know nothing about it, look you." And upon this hint the elopement took place—which, indeed, was peaceably performed early one Sunday morning about a month after, Mrs. Hall getting behind Mr. Hayes on a pillow, and all the children of the parsonage giggling behind the window blinds to see the pair go off.

During this month Mr. Hayer had caused the banns to be published at the town of Worcester, judging rightly that in a great town they would cause no such remark as in a solitary village, and thither he conducted his lady. O ill-starred John Hayes ! whither do the dark Fates lead you ? O foolish Doctor Dobbs, to forget that young people ought to honour their parents, and to yield to silly Mrs. Dobbs's ardent propensity for making matches.

The *London Gazette* of the 1st April, 1706, contains a proclamation by the Queen for putting into execution an Act of Parliament for the encouragement and increase of seamen, and for the better and speedier manning of Her Majesty's fleet, which authorises all justices to issue warrants to constables, petty constables, headboroughs, and tything men, to enter, and,

if need be, to break open the doors of any houses where they shall believe deserting seamen to be ; and for the further increase and encouragement of the navy, to take able-bodied landmen when seamen fail. This Act, which occupies four columns of the *Gazette*, and another of similar length and meaning for pressing men into the army, need not be quoted at length here ; but caused a mighty stir throughout the kingdom at the time when it was in force.

As one has seen or heard, after the march of a great army, a number of rogues and loose characters bring up the rear ; in like manner, at the tail of a great measure of State, follow many roguish personal interests, which are protected by the main body. The great measure of Reform, for instance, carried along with it much private jobbing and swindling — as could be shown were we not inclined to deal mildly with the Whigs ; and this Enlistment Act, which in order to maintain the British glories in Flanders, dealt most cruelly with the British people in England (it is not the first time that a man has been pinched at home to make a fine appearance abroad), created a great company of rascals and informers throughout the land, who lived upon it ; or upon extortion from those who were subject to it, or not being subject to it were frightened into the belief that they were.

When Mr. Hayes and his lady had gone through the marriage ceremony at Worcester, the former, concluding that at such a place lodging and food might be procured at a cheaper rate, looked about carefully for the meanest public house in the town, where he might deposit his bride.

In the kitchen of this inn, a party of men were drinking ; and, as Mrs. Hayes declined, with a proper sense of her superiority, to eat in company with such low fellows, the landlady showed her and her husband to an inner apartment, where they might be served in private.

The kitchen party seemed, indeed, not such as a lady would choose to join. There was one huge lanky fellow, that looked like a soldier, and had a halberd, another was habited in a sailor's costume, with a fascinating patch over one eye ; and a third, who seemed the leader of the gang, was a stout man in a sailor's frock and a horseman's jack-boots, whom one might fancy, if he were anything, to be a horse-mariné.

Of one of these worthies, Mrs. Hayes thought she knew the figure and voice, and she found her conjectures were true, when,

all of a sudden, three people, without "With you leave," or "By your leave," burst into the room into which she and her spouse had retired. At their head was no other than her old friend, Mr. Peter Brock; he had his sword drawn, and his finger to his lips, commanding silence, as it were, to Mrs. Catherine. He with the pinch on his eye seized incontinently on Mr. Hayes; the tall man with the halberd kept the door, two or three heroes supported the one-eyed man, who, with a loud voice, exclaimed, "Down with your arms--no resistance! you are my prisoner, in the Queen's name!"

And here, at this lock, we shall leave the whole company until the next chapter; which may possibly explain what they were.

CHAPTER V

Contains Mr. Brock's Autobiography, and other Matters.

"You don't sure believe these men?" said Mrs. Hayes, as soon as the first alarm caused by the intrusion of Mr. Brock and his companions had subsided. "These are no mag'rate's men; it is but a trick to rob you of your money. John--"

"I will never give up a farthing of it!" screamed Hayes.

"Yonder fellow," continued Mr. Catherine, "I know, for all his drawn sword and fierce looks, his name is--"

"Wood, madam, at your service!" said Mr. Brock. "I am follower to Mr. Justice Gobbie, of the town--that I, Tim?" said Mr. Brock to the tall halberdman who was keeping the door.

"Yes, indeed," said Tim archly, "we're all followers of his honour Justice Gobbie."

"Certainly!" said the one-eyed man.

"Of course!" cried the man in the nightcap.

"I suppose, madam, you're satisfied now?" continued Mr. Brock, *alias* Wood. "You can't deny the testimony of gentle men like these, and our commission is to apprehend all able-bodied male persons who can give no good account of themselves, and enrol them in the service of Her Majesty. Look at this Mr. Hayes" (who stood trembling in his shoes). "Can there be a bolder, properer, straighter gentleman? We'll have him for a grenadier before the day's over!"

"Take heart, John--don't be frightened. Psha! I tell you I

know the man," cried out Mrs. Hayes: "he is only here to extort money."

"Oh, for that matter, I *do* think I recollect the lady. Let me see; where was it? At Birmingham, I think,—*ay*, at Birmingham,—about the time when they tried to murder Count Gal"—

"Oh, sir!" here cried Madam Hayes, dropping her voice at once from a tone of scorn to one of gentlest entreaty, "what is it you want with my husband? I know not, indeed, if ever I saw you before. For what do you *use* him? How much will you take to release him, and let us go? Name the sum; *he is rich* and"—

"*Rich, Catherine!*" cried Hayes. "Rich!—O heavens! Sir, I have nothing but my hands to support me. I am a poor carpenter, sir, working under my father!"

"He can give twenty guineas to be free, I know he can!" said Mrs. Cat.

"I have but a guinea to carry me home," sighed out Hayes.

"But you have twenty at home, John," said his wife. "Give these brave gentlemen a writing to your mother, and she will pay, and you will let us free then, gentlemen—won't you?"

"When the money's paid, yes," said the leader, Mr. Brock.

"Oh, in course," echoed the tall man with the halberd. "What's a thrifling detention, my dear?" continued he, addressing Hayes. "We'll amuse you in your absence, and drink to the health of your pretty wife here."

This promise to do the halberdier justice, he fulfilled. He called upon the landlady to produce the desired liquor, and when Mr. Hayes flung himself at that lady's feet, demanding succour from her, and asking whether there was no law in the land—

"There's no law at the 'Three Rooks' except *this!*" said Mr. Brock in reply, holding up a horse pistol. To which the hostess, grinning, assented, and silently went her way.

After some further solicitations, John Hayes drew out the necessary letter to his father, stating that he was pressed, and would not be set free under a sum of twenty guineas, and that it would be of no use to detain the bearer of the letter, inasmuch as the gentlemen who had possession of him vowed that they would murder him should any harm befall their comrades. As a further proof of the authenticity of the letter, a token was

added: a ring that Hayes wore, and that his mother had given him.

The missives were, after some consultation, intrusted to the care of the tall haberdier, who seemed to rank as second in command of the forces that marched under Corporal Brock. This gentleman was called indifferently Fusign, Mr., or even Captain Macshane, his intimates occasionally in sport called him Nosey, from the prominence of that feature in his countenance; or Spindleshins, for the very reason which brought on the first Edward a similar nickname. Mr. Macshane then quitted Worcester, mounted on Hayes's horse, leaving all parties at the 'Three Rooks' not a little anxious for his return.

This was not to be expected until the next morning; and a weary *nuît de nocés* did Mr. Hayes pass. Dinner was served, and, according to promise, Mr. Brock and his two friends enjoyed the meal along with the bride and bridegroom. Punch followed, and this was taken in company, then came supper. Mr. Brock alone partook of this, the other two gentlemen preferring the society of their pipes and the landlady in the kitchen.

"It is a sorry entertainment, I confess," said the ex corporal, "and a dismal way for a gentleman to spend his bridal night; but somebody must stay with you, my dears, for who knows but you might take a fancy to wrenn out of window, and then there would be murder, and the dance and all to pay. One of us must stay, and my friends have a pipe, so you must put up with my company until they can relieve you."

The reader will not, of course, expect that three people who were to pass the night, however unwillingly, together in an inn-room, should sit there dumb and moody, and without any personal communication; on the contrary, Mr. Brock, as an old soldier, entertained his prisoners with the utmost courtesy, and did all that lay in his power by the help of liquor and conversation, to render their durance tolerable. On the bridegroom his attentions were a good deal thrown away. Mr. Hayes consented to drink copiously, but could not be made to talk much; and, in fact, the fright of the seizure, the fair hanging over him should his parents refuse a ransom, and the tremendous outlay of money which would take place should they accede to it, weighed altogether on his mind so much as utterly to nannan it.

As for Mrs. Cat, I don't think she was at all sorry in her heart

to see the old Corporal: for he had been a friend of old times—dear times to her; she had had from him, too, and felt for him, not a little kindness; and there was really a very tender, innocent friendship subsisting between this pair of rascals, who relished much a night's conversation together.

The Corporal, after treating his prisoners to punch in great quantities, proposed the amusement of cards: over which Mr. Hayes had not been occupied more than an hour, when he found himself so excessively sleepy as to be persuaded to fling himself down on the bed dressed as he was, and there to snore away until morning.

Mrs. Catherine had no inclination for sleep, and the Corporal, equally wakeful, plied incessantly the bottle, and held with her a great deal of conversation. The sleep, which was equivalent to the absence, of John Hayes took all restraint from their talk. She explained to Brock the circumstances of her marriage, which we have already described; they wondered at the chance which had brought them together at the "Three Rooks;" nor did Brock at all hesitate to tell her at once that his calling was quite illegal, and that his intention was simply to extort money. The worthy Corporal had not the slightest shame regarding his own profession, and cut many jokes with Mrs. C. it about her late one; her attempt to murder the Count, and her future prospects as a wife.

And here, having brought him upon the scene again, we may as well shortly narrate some of the principal circumstances which befell him after his sudden departure from Birmingham; and which he narrated with much candour to Mrs. Catherine.

He rode the Captain's horse to Oxford (having exchanged his military dress for a civil costume on the road), and at Oxford he disposed of "George of Denmark," a great bargain, to one of the heads of colleges. As soon as Mr. Brock, who took on himself the style and title of Captain Wood, had sufficiently examined the curiosities of the University, he proceeded at once to the capital—the only place for a gentleman of his fortune and figure.

Here he read, with a great deal of philosophical indifference, in the *Daily Post*, the *Courant*, the *Observer*, the *Gazette*, and the chief journals of those days, which he made a point of examining at "Button's" and "Will's," an accurate description of his person, his clothes, and the horse he rode, and a promise

of fifty guineas' reward to any person who would give an account of him (so that he might be captured) to Captain Count Galgenstein at Birmingham, to Mr. Murley at the "Golden Ball" in the Savoy, or Mr. Bates at the "Blew Anchor in Piccadilly." But Captain Wood, in an enormous full-bottomed periwig that cost him sixty pounds,* with high red heels to his shoes, a silver sword, and a gold snuff-box, and a large wound (obtained, he said, at the siege of Barcelona), which disfigured much of his countenance, and caused him to cover one eye, was in small danger, he thought, of being mistaken for Corporal Brock, the deserter of Cutts's; and strutted along the Mall with as grave an air as the very best nobleman who appeared there. He was generally, indeed, voted to be very good company; and as his expenses were unlimited ("A few convent candlesticks, my dear," he used to whisper, "melt into a vast number of doubt-locks"), he commanded as good society as he chose to ask for; and it was speedily known as a fact throughout town, that Captain Wood, who had served under His Majesty Charles III. of Spain, had carried off the diamond petticoat of Our Lady of Compostella, and lived upon the proceeds of the fraud. People were good Protestants in those days, and many a one longed to have been his partner in the pious plunder.

All surmises concerning his wealth, Captain Wood, with much discretion, encouraged. He contradicted no report, but was quite ready to confirm all, and when two different rumours were positively put to him, he used only to laugh, and say, "My dear sir, I don't make the stories, but I'm not called upon to deny them, and I give you fair warning, that I shall assent to every one of them, so you may believe them or not, as you please." And so he had the reputation of being a gentleman, not only wealthy, but discreet. In truth, it was almost a pity that worthy Brock had not been a gentleman born; in which case, doubtless, he would have lived and died as became his station; for he spent his money like a gentleman, he loved women like a gentleman, he would fight like a gentleman, he gambled and got drunk like a gentleman. What did he want else? Only a matter of six descents, a little money, and an estate, to render him the equal of St. John or Harley. "Ah, those were merry days!" would Mr. Brock say, for he loved,

* In the ingenious contemporary history of *Moll Flanders*, a periwig is mentioned as costing that sum.

in a good old age, to recount the story of his London fashionable campaign ;—"and when I think how near I was to become a great man, and to die perhaps a general, I can't but marvel at the wicked obstinacy of my ill-luck."

"I will tell you what I did, my dear: I had lodgings in Piccadilly as if I were a lord, I had two large periwigs, and three suits of laced clothes, I kept a little black dressed out like a Turk; I walked daily in the Mall, I dined at the poshest ordinary in Covent Garden, I frequented the best of coffee-



houses, and knew all the pretty fellows of the town; I cracked a bottle with Mr. Addison, and lent many a piece to Dick Steele (a sad debauched rogue, my dear), and, above all, I'll tell you what I did—the noblest stroke that sure ever a gentleman performed in my situation

"One day, going into 'Will's,' I saw a crowd of gentlemen gathered together, and heard one of them say, 'Captain Wood! I don't know the man, but there was a Captain Wood in Southwell's regiment.' Egad, it was my Lord Peterborough himself

who was talking about me. So, putting off my hat, I made a most gracious *courtesy* to my Lord, and said I knew him, and rode behind him at Barcelona on our entry into that town.

'No doubt you did, Captain Wood,' says my Lord, taking my hand; 'and no doubt you know me, for many more know Tom Fool, than Tom Fool knows.' And with this, at which all of us laughed, my Lord called for a bottle, and he and I sat down and drank it together.

'Well, he was in disgrace, as you know, but he grew mighty fond of me, and—would you believe it?—nothing would satisfy him but presenting me at Court! Yes, to Her Sacred Majesty the Queen, and my Lady Marlborough, who was in high feather. Ay, truly, the sentinels on duty used to salute me as if I were Corporal John himself! I was on the high road to fortune. Charley Mordaunt used to call me Jack, and drink Canary at my chambers; I used to make one at my Lord Treasurer's levee, I had even got Mr. Army Secretary Walpole to take a hundred guineas as a compliment, and he had promised me a majority: when bad luck turned, and all my fine hopes were overthrown in a twinkling.

'You see, my dear, that after we had left that paby, Galgenstein,—ha, ha,—with a gag in his mouth, and twopenny half-penny in his pocket, the honest Count was in the sorest plight in the world; owing money here and there to tradesmen, a cool thousand to the Warwickshire squire—and all this on eighty pounds a year! Well, for a little time the tradesmen held their hands; while the jolly Count moved heaven and earth to catch hold of his dear Corporal and his dear money bags over again, and placarded every town from London to Liverpool with descriptions of my pretty person. The lard was flown, however,—the money clean gone,—and when there was no hope of regaining it, what did the creditors do but clap my gay gentleman into Shrewsbury gaol—where I wish he had rotted, for my part.

'But no such luck for honest Peter Brock, or Captain Wood, as he was in those days. One blessed Monday I went to wait on Mr. Secretary, and he squeezed my hand and whispered to me that I was to be Major of a regiment in Virginia—the very thing: for you see, my dear, I didn't care about joining my Lord Duke in Flanders, being pretty well known to the army there. The Secretary squeezed my hand (it had a fifty pound bill in it) and wished me joy and called me Major, and bowed

me out of his closet into the ante-room; and, as gay as may be, I went off to the 'Tilt-yard Coffee-house' in Whitehall, which is much frequented by gentlemen of our profession, where I brought not a little of my good luck.

"Amongst the company were several of my acquaintance, and amongst them a gentleman I did not much care to see, look you! I saw a uniform that I knew—red and yellow facings—Cott's, my dear, and the wearer of this was no other than his Excellency Gustavus Adolphus Maximilian, whom we all know of!

"He stared me full in the face, right into my eye (t'other one was patched, you know), and after standing stock-still with his mouth open, gave a step back, and then a step forward, and then screeched out, 'It's Brock!'

" 'I beg your pardon, sir,' says I, 'did you speak to me?'

" 'I'll swear it's Brock,' cries Gil, as soon as he hears my voice, and laid hold of my cuff (a pretty bit of Mechlin as ever you saw, by the way)

" 'Sirrah! says I, drawing it back, and giving my Lord a little touch of the fist (just at the last button of the waistcoat, my dear—a rare place if you wish to prevent a man from speaking too much—it sent him reeling to the other end of the room). 'Ruffian! says I. 'Dog!' says I. 'Insolent puppy and coxcomb! what do you mean by laying your hand on me?'

" 'Faith, Major, you giv him his *billyful*,' roared out a long Irish unattached ensign, that I had treated with many a glass of Nantz at the tavern. And so, indeed, I had; for the wretch could not speak for some minutes, and all the officers stood laughing at him, as he writhed and wriggled hideously.

" 'Gentlemen, this is a monstrous scandal,' says one officer 'Men of rank and honour at fists like a parcel of carters!'

" 'Men of honour!' says the Count, who had fetched up his breath by this time. (I made for the door, but Macshane held me and said, 'Major, you are not going to shirk him, sure?' Whereupon I gripped his hand and vowed I would have the dog's life.)

" 'Men of honour!' says the Count. 'I tell you the man is a deserter, a thief, and a swindler! He was my corporal, and ran away with a thou'—

" 'Dog, you lie! I roared out, and made another cut at him with my cane, but the gentlemen rushed between us.

" 'O bluthanowns!' says honest Macshane, 'the lying scoun-

that this fellow is! Gentlemen, I swear be me honour that Captain Wood was wounded at Barcelona; and that I saw him there; and that he and I ran away together at the battle of Albuera, and had luck to us."

"You see, my dear, that these Irish have the strongest imaginations in the world, and that I had actually persuaded poor Mac that he and I were friends in Spain. Everybody knew Mac, who was a character in his way, and believed him."

"Strike a gentleman!" says I. "I'll have your blood, I will."

"This instant," says the Count, who was looking with fury; "and where you like."

"Montague House," says I. "Good," says he. And off we went. In good time too, for the constables came in at the thought of such a disturbance, and wanted to take us in charge.

"But the gentlemen present, being military men, would not hear of this. Out came Mac's rapier, and that of half-a-dozen others; and the constables were then told to do their duty if they liked, or to take a crown piece, and leave us to ourselves. Off they went; and presently, in a couple of coaches the Count and his friends, I and mine, drove off to the fields behind Montague House. Oh that vile coffee house! why did I enter it?"

"We came to the ground. Honest Macshane was my second, and much disappointed because the second on the other side would not make a fight of it, and exchange a few passes with him; but he was an old major, a cool old hand, as brave as steel, and no fool. Well, the swords are measured. Gaigenstein strips off his doublet, and I my handsome cut velvet, in like fashion. Gaigenstein flings off his hat, and I handed mine over—the lace on it cost me twenty pounds. I longed to be at him, for—curse him! I hate him, and know that he has no chance with me at sword's play."

"You'll not fight in that periwig, sure?" says Macshane. "Of course not," says I, and took it off.

"May all barbers be roasted in flames, may all periwig, bobwigs, scratchwigs, and Rumlies cocks, frizzle in purgatory from this day forth to the end of time! Mine was the ruin of me; what might I not have been now but for that wig!"

"I gave it over to Ensign Macshane, and with it went what I had quite forgotten, the large patch which I wore over one eye, which popped out fierce, staring, and lively as was ever any eye in the world."

" 'Come on !' says I, and made a lunge at my Count ; but he sprang back (the dog was as active as a hare, and knew, from old times, that I was his master with the small-sword), and his second, wondering, struck up my blade.

" 'I will not fight that man,' says he, looking mighty pale. 'I swear upon my honour that his name is Peter Brock : he was for two years my corporal, and deserted, running away with a thousand pounds of my moneys. Look at the fellow ! What is the matter with his eye ? why did he wear a patch over it ? But stop !' says he. 'I have more proof. Hand me my pocket book.' And from it, sure enough, he produced the infernal proclamation announcing my desertion ! 'See if the fellow has a scar across his left ear' (and I can't say, my dear, but what I have—it was done by a cursed Dutchman at the Boyne). 'Tell me if he has not got 'R' in blue upon his right arm' (and there it is sure enough). 'Yonder swaggering Irishman may be his accomplice for what I know ; but I will have no dealings with Mr. Brock, save with a constable for a second.'

" 'This is an old story, Captain Wood,' said the old Major who acted for the Count.

" 'A scoundrelly falsehood regarding me and my friend !' shouted out Mr. Macshane, 'and the Count shall answer for it.'

" 'Stop, stop !' says the Major. 'Captain Wood is too gallant a gentleman, I am sure, not to satisfy the Count, and will show us that he has no such mark on his arm as only private soldiers put there.'

" 'Captain Wood, says I, 'will do no such thing, Major, I'll fight that scoundrel Galgenstein, or you, or any of you, like a man of honour, but I won't submit to be searched like a thief !'

" 'No, in course,' said Macshane.

" 'I must take my man off the ground,' says the Major.

" 'Well, take him, sir,' says I, in a rage ; 'and just let me have the pleasure of telling him that he's a coward and a liar ; and that my lodgings are in Piccadilly, where, if ever he finds courage to meet me, he may hear of me !'

" 'Laugh ! I shpt on ye all,' cries my gallant ally Macshane. And sure enough he kept his word, or all but—suited the action to it at any rate.

" And so we gathered up our clothes, and went back in our separate coaches, and no blood spilt.

" 'And is it three now,' said Mr. Macshane, when we were alone—'is it three now, all these divvies have been saying?'

" 'Ensign,' says I, 'you're a man of the world!'

" 'Deed and I am, and in-agh these twenty two years.'

" 'Perhaps you'd like a few pieces?' says I.

" 'Faith and I should; for, to tell you the secret thrut, I've not tasted mate these four days.'

" 'Well then, Ensign, it is true,' says I, 'and as for ment, you shall have some at the first cock shop. I bade the coach stop until he bought a plateful, which he ate in the carriage, for my time was precious. I just told him the whole story, at which he laughed, and swore that it was the best piece of *generalship* he ever heard on. When his belly was full, I took out a couple of guineas and gave them to him. Mr. Macshane began to cry at this, and kissed me, and swore he never would desert me: as indeed, my dear, I don't think he will, for we have been the best of friends ever since, and he is the only man I ever could trust, I think.

" 'I don't know what put it into my head, but I had a scent of some mischief in the wind, so stopp'd the coach a little before I got home, and, turning into a tavern, begged Macshane to go before me to my lodging, and see if the coast was clear, which he did, and came back to me as pale as death, saying that the house was full of constables. The cursed quarrel at the 'Tilt-yard had, I suppose, set the beaks upon me, and a pretty sweep they made of it. Ah my dear! one hundred pounds in money, five suits of laced clothes, three pair of, besides laced shirts, swords, canes, and snuff boxes, and all to go back to that scoundrel Count.

" 'It was all over with me, I saw—no more being a gentleman for me; and if I remained to be caught, only a choice between Tyburn and a file of grenadiers. My love, under such circumstances, a gentleman can't be particular, and must be prompt. The livery-stable was hard by where I used to hire my coach to go to Court,—ha! ha!—and was known as a man of substance. Thither I went immediately. 'Mr. Warmdash' says I, 'my gallant friend here and I have a mind for a ride and a supper at Twickenham, so you must lend us a pair of your best horses.' Which he did in a twinkling, and off we rode.

" 'We did not go into the Park, but turned off and cantered smartly up towards Killyburn, and, when we got into the country,

galloped as if the devil were at our heels. Bless you, my love, it was all done in a minute, and the Ensign and I found ourselves regular knights of the road, before we knew where we were almost. Only think of our finding you and your new husband at the 'Three Rooks'! There's not a greater fence than the landlady in all the country. It was she that put us on seizing your husband, and introduced us to the other two gentlemen, whose names I don't know any more than the dead."

"And what became of the horses?" said Mrs. Catherine to Mr. Brock, when his tale was finished.

"Rips, madam," said he, "mere rips. We sold them at Stourbridge fair, and got but thirteen guineas for the two."

"And—and—the Count, Max, where is he, Brock?" sighed she.

"Whew! whistle! Mr. Brock, 'What, hankering after him still? My dear, he is off to Flanders with his regiment; and, I make no doubt, there have been twenty Countesses of Galgenstein since your time."

"I don't believe any such thing, sir," said Mrs. Catherine, starting up very angrily.

"If you did, I suppose you'd huddle him, wouldn't you?"

"Leave the room, fellow," said the lady. But she recollected herself speedily again, and, clasping her hands, and looking very wretched at Brock, at the ceiling, at the floor, at her husband (from whom she violently turned away her head), she began to cry piteously. To which tears the Corporal set up a gentle accompaniment of whistling, as they trickled one after another down her nose.

I don't think they were tears of repentance, but of regret for the time when she had her first love and her fine clothes, and her white hat and blue feather. Of the two, the Corporal's whistle was much more innocent than the girl's sobbing; he was a rogue, but a good-natured old fellow when his humour was not crossed. Surely our novel writers make a great mistake in divesting their rascals of all gentle human qualities; they have such—and the only sad point to think of is, in all private concerns of life, abstract feelings, and dealings with friends, and so on, how dreadfully like a rascal is to an honest man. The man who murdered the Italian boy, set him first to play with his children whom he loved, and who doubtless deplored his loss.

CHAPTER VI.

Adventures of the Ambassador, Mr. Mordane.

If we had not been obliged to follow history in all respects, it is probable that we should have left out the last adventure of Mrs. Catherine and her husband, at the inn at Worcester, altogether; for, in truth, very little came of it, and it is not very romantic or striking. But we are bound to stick closely, above all, by *THE TRUTH*—the truth, though it be not particularly pleasant to read of or to tell. As anybody may read in the *Newgate Calendar*, Mr. and Mrs. Hayes were taken at an inn at Worcester, were confined there, were swindled by persons who pretended to impress the bridegroom for military service. What is one to do after that? Had we been writing novels instead of authentic histories, we might have carried them anywhere else we chose, and we had a great mind to make Hayes philosophising with Holingbroke, like a certain Devereux, and Mrs. Catherine *maîtresse en titre* to Mr. Alexander Pope, Doctor Sacheverell, Sir John Reade the oculist, Dean Swift, or Marshal Tallard, as the very commonest romancer would under such circumstances. But alas and alas! truth must be spoken whatever else is in the wind, and the excellent *Newgate Calendar* which contains the biographies and thanatographies of Hayes and his wife does not say a word of their connections with any of the leading literary or military heroes of the time of Her Majesty Queen Anne. The "*Calendar*" says, in so many words, that Hayes was obliged to send to his father in Warwickshire for money to get him out of the scrape, and that the old gentleman came down to his aid. By this truth must we stick, and not for the sake of the most brilliant episode,—no, not for a bribe of twenty extra guineas per sheet, would we depart from it.

Mr. Brock's account of his adventure in London has given the reader some short notice of his friend Mr. Macshane. Neither the wits nor the principles of that worthy Ensign were particularly strong: for drink, poverty, and a crack on the skull at the battle of Steenkirk had served to injure the former, and the Ensign was not in his best days possessed of any share of the latter. He had really, at one period, held such a rank in the army, but pawned his half-pay for drink and play, and for many years past had lived, one of the hundred thousand miracles of our city, upon nothing that anybody knew of, or of which he himself could give

any account. Who has not a catalogue of these men in his list? who can tell whence comes the occasional clean shirt, who supplies the continual means of drunkenness, who wards off the daily-impending starvation? Their life is a wonder from day to day: their breakfast a wonder; their dinner a miracle; their bed an interposition of Providence. If you and I, my dear sir, want a shilling to-morrow, who will give it us? Will *our* butchers give us mutton-chops? will *our* laundresses clothe us in clean linen?—not a bone or a rag. Standing as we do (may it be ever so) somewhat removed from want,* is there one of us who does not shudder at the thought of descending into the lists to combat with it, and expect anything but to be utterly crushed in the encounter?

Not a bit of it, my dear sir. It takes much more than you think of to starve a man. Starvation is very little when you are used to it. Some people I know even, who live on it quite comfortably and make their daily bread by it. It had been our friend Marshane's sole profession for many years, and he did not fail to draw from it such a livelihood as was sufficient, and perhaps too good, for him. He managed to dine upon it a certain or rather uncertain number of days in the week, to sleep somewhere, and to get drunk at least three hundred times a year. He was known to one or two noblemen who occasionally helped him with a few pieces, and whom he helped in turn—never mind how. He had other acquaintances whom he pestered undauntedly; and from whom he occasionally extracted a dinner, or a crown, or mayhap, by mistake, a gold-headed cane, which found its way to the pawnbroker's. When flush of cash he would appear at the coffee house, when low in funds the deuce knows into what mystic caves and dens he slunk for food and lodging. He was perfectly ready with his sword, and when sober, or better still, a very little tipsy was a complete master of it, in the art of boasting and lying he had hardly any equals, in shoes he stood six feet five inches, and here is his complete *signalement*. It was a fact that he had been in Spain as a volunteer, where he had shown some gallantry, had had a brain-fever, and was sent home to starve as before.

Mr. Marshane had, however, like Mr. Conrad, the Corsair, one virtue in the midst of a thousand crimes,—he was faithful to

* The author, it must be remembered, has his lodgings and food provided for him by the government of his country.

his employer for the time being : and a story is told of him, which may or may not be to his credit, viz. that being hired on one occasion by a certain lord to inflict a punishment upon a ~~rebellious~~ who had crossed his lordship in his amours, he, Macshane, did actually refuse from the person to be belaboured, and who entreated his forbearance, a larger sum of money than the nobleman gave him for the beating ; which he performed punctually, as bound in honour and friendship. Thus tale would the Ensign himself relate, with much self-satisfaction, and when, after the sudden flight from London, he and Brock took to their roving occupation, he cheerfully submitted to the latter as his commanding officer, called him always Major, and, bating blunders and drunkenness, was perfectly true to his leader. He had a notion—and, indeed, I don't know that it was a wrong one—that his profession was now, as before, strictly military, and according to the rules of honour. Robbing he called plundering the enemy, and hanging was, in his idea, a dastardly and cruel advantage that the latter took, and that called for the sternest reprisals.

The other gentlemen concerned were strangers to Mr. Brock, who felt little inclined to trust either of them upon such a message, or with such a large sum to bring back. They had, strange to say, a similar mistrust on their side, but Mr. Brock juggled out five guineas, which he placed in the landlady's hand as security for his comrade's return, and Ensign Macshane, being mounted on poor Hayes's own horse, set off to visit the parents of that unhappy young man. It was a gallant sight to behold our thieves' ambassador, in a faded sky blue suit with orange facings, in a pair of huge jack-boots unconscious of blacking, with a mighty basket hilted sword by his side, and a little shabby beaver cocked over a large tow periwig, ride out from the inn of the "Three Rocks" on his mission to Hayes's paternal village.

It was eighteen miles distant from Worcester, but Mr. Macshane performed the distance in safety, and in safety moreover (for such had been his instructions), and had no difficulty in discovering the house of old Hayes : towards which, indeed, John's horse trotted incontinently. Mrs. Hayes, who was knitting at the house-door, was not a little surprised at the appearance of the well-known grey gelding, and of the stranger mounted upon it.

Springing himself off the steed with much agility, Mr. Macshane,

as soon as his feet reached the ground, brought them rapidly together, in order to make a profound and elegant bow to Mrs. Hayes, and slapping his greasy beaver against his heart, and poking his periwig almost into the nose of the old lady, demanded whether he had the "shooprame honour of adthressing Miss Miss Hees?"

Having been answered in the affirmative, he then proceeded to ask whether there was a blackguard boy in the house who would take "the horse to the steeple," whether "he could have a dibrink of small beer or butthermilk, being, faith, no common dithry," and whether, finally, "he could be favoured with a few minutes' private conversation with her and Mr. Hees, on a matter of considerable importance." All these preliminaries were to be complied with before Mr. Macshane would enter at all into the subject of his visit. The horse and man were cared for; Mr. Hayes was called in, and not a little anxious did Mrs. Hayes grow in the meanwhile, with regard to the fate of her darling son. "Where is he? How is he? Is he dead?" said the old lady. "Oh yes, I'm sure he's dead!"

"Indeed, madam, and you're misteeken intirely: the young man is perfectly well in health."

"Oh, praised be Heaven!"

"But mighty cast down in sperrits. To misfortunes, madam, look you, the best of us are subject, and a trifling one has fell upon your son."

And herewith Mr. Macshane produced a letter in the handwriting of young Hayes, of which we have had the good luck to procure a copy. It ran thus:—

"HONORED FATHER AND MOTHER.—The bearer of this is a kind gentleman, who has left me in a great deal of trouble. Yesterday, at this towne, I fell in with some gentlemen of the queene's servas; after drinking with whom, I accepted Her Majesty's money to enliste. Repenting thereof, I did endeavour to escape; and, in so doing, had the misfortune to strike my superior officer, whereby I made myself liable to Death, according to the rules of warr. If, however, I pay twenty gimmys, all will be wel. You must give the same to the bearer, els I shall be short without fail on Tuesday morning. And so no more from your loving son,
"JOHN HAYES."

"From my prison at Bristol, this
unhappy Monday."

When Mrs. Hayes read this pathetic missive, its effect upon her was complete, and she was for going immediately to the

embarked, and producing the money necessary for her darling son's release. But the carpenter Hayes was much more suspicious. "I don't know you, sir," said he to the ambassador.

"Do you doubt my honour, sir?" said the Knight, very severely.

"Why, sir," replied Mr. Hayes, "I know little about it one way or other, but shall take it for granted, if you will explain a little more of this business."

"I seldom condescend to explain," said Mr. Macshane, "for it's not the custom in my rank, but I'll explain anything in reason."

"Pray, will you tell me in what regiment my son is enlisted?"

"In course. In Colonel Wood's fut, my dear—and a gallant corps it is as any in the army."

"And you left him?"

"On me soul, only three hours ago, having rid like a horse-jockey ever since, as in the sacred cause of humanity, curse me, every man should."

As Hayes's house was seventy miles from Bristol, the old gentleman thought this was marvellous quick riding, and so cut the conversation short. "You have said quite enough, sir," said he, "to show me there is some roguery in the matter, and that the whole story is false from beginning to end."

At this abrupt charge the Knight looked somewhat puzzled, and then spoke with much gravity. "Roguery," said he, "Misthur Hees, is a strong term, and which, in consideration of my friendship for your family, I shall pass over. You doubt your son's honour, as there wrote by him in black and white?"

"You have forced him to write," said Mr. Hayes.

"The sly old devil's right," muttered Mr. Macshane, aside.

"Well, sir, to make a clean breast of it he has been forced to write it. The story about the enlistment is a pretty fib, if you will, from beginning to end. And what then, my dear? Do you think your son's any better off for that?"

"Oh, where is he?" screamed Mrs. Hayes, plumping down on her knees. "We will give him the money, won't we, John?"

"I know you will, madam, when I tell you where he is. He is in the hands of some gentlemen of my acquaintance, who are at war with the present government, and no more care about cutting a man's throat than they do a chicken's. He is a prisoner, madam, of our sword and spear. If you choose to

ransom him, well and good; if not, peace be with him! for never more shall you see him."

"And how do I know you won't come back to-morrow for more money?" asked Mr. Hayes.

"Sir, you have my honour, and I'd as lieve break my neck as my word," said Mr. Macshane gravely. "Twenty guineas is the bargain. Take ten minutes to talk of it—take it then, or leave it, it's all the same to me, my dear." And it must be said of our friend the Ensign, that he meant every word he said, and that he considered the embassy on which he had come as perfectly honourable and regular.

"And pray, what prevents us," said Mr. Hayes, starting up in a rage, "from taking hold of you, as a surety for him?"

"You wouldn't fire on a flag of truce, would ye, you dishonourable ould civilian?" replied Mr. Macshane. "Besides," says he, "there's more reasons to prevent you: the first is this," pointing to his sword, "here are two more"—and these were pistols; "and the last and the best of all is, that you might hang me and dthraw me and quarter me, and yet never see so much as the tip of your son's nose again. Look you, sir, we run mighty risks in our profession—it's not all play, I can tell you. We're obliged to be punctual too, or it's all up with the thrade. If I promise that your son will die as sure as fate to-morrow morning, unless I return home safe, our people *must* keep my promise, or else what chance is there for me? You would be down upon me in a moment with a posse of constables, and have me swinging before Warwick gate. Pooh, my dear! you never would sacrifice a darling boy like John Hayes, let alone his lady, for the sake of my long carcass. One or two of our gentlemen have been taken that way already, because parents and guardians would not believe them."

"*And what became of the poor children?*" said Mrs. Hayes, who began to perceive the gist of the argument, and to grow dreadfully frightened.

"Don't let's talk of them, ma'am—humanity shudders at the thought!" And herewith Mr. Macshane drew his finger across his throat in such a dreadful way as to make the two parents tremble. "It's the way of war, madam, look you. The service I have the honour to belong to is not paid by the Queen; and so we're obliged to make our prisoners pay, according to established military practice."

No lawyer could have argued his case better than Mr. Macshane so far; and he completely succeeded in convincing Mr. and Mrs. Hayes of the necessity of ransoming their son. Promising that the young man should be restored to them next morning, along with his beautiful lady, he courteously took leave of the old couple, and made the best of his way back to Worcester again. The elder Hayes wondered who the lady could be of whom the ambassador had spoken, for their son's elopement was altogether unknown to them; but anger or doubt about this subject was overwhelmed by their fears for their darling John's safety. Away rode the gallant Macshane with the money necessary to effect this, and it must be mentioned, as highly to his credit, that he never once thought of appropriating the sum to himself, or of deserting his comrades in any way.

His ride from Worcester had been a long one. He had left that city at noon, but before his return thither the sun had gone down; and the landscape, which had been dressed like a prodigal, in purple and gold, now appeared like a Quaker, in dusky grey; and the trees by the road side grew black as undertakers or physicians, and, bending their solemn heads to each other, whispered ominously among themselves; and the mists hung on the common, and the cottage lights went out one by one; and the earth and heaven grew black, but for some twinkling useless stars, which freckled the elon countenance of the latter; and the air grew colder, and about two o'clock the moon appeared, a dismal pale-faced rake, walking solitary through the deserted sky, and about four, mayhap, the Dawn (wretched 'prentice boy!) opened in the east the shutters of the Day:—in other words, more than a dozen hours had passed. Corporal Brock had been relieved by Mr. Redcap, the latter by Mr. Sicklop, the one-eyed gentleman, Mrs. John Hayes, in spite of her sorrows and lashfulness, had followed the example of her husband, and fallen asleep by his side—slept for many hours—and awakened, still under the guardianship of Mr. Brock's snop; and all parties began anxiously to expect the return of the ambassador, Mr. Macshane.

That officer who had performed the first part of his journey with such distinguished prudence and success, found the night, on his journey homewards, was growing mighty cold and dark; and as he was thirsty and hungry, had money in his purse, and saw no cause to hurry, he determined to take refuge at an ale-

house for the night, and to make for Worcester by dawn the next morning. He accordingly alighted at the first inn on his road, consigned his horse to the stable, and, entering the kitchen, called for the best liquor in the house.

A small company was assembled at the inn, among whom Mr. Macshane took his place with a great deal of dignity; and, having a considerable sum of money in his pocket, felt a mighty contempt for his society, and soon let them know the contempt he felt for them. After a third flagon of ale, he discovered that the liquor was sour, and emptied, with much spluttering and grimaces, the remainder of the beer into the fire. This process so offended the parson of the parish (who in those good old times did not disdain to take the post of honour in the chimney-nook), that he left his corner, looking wrathfully at the offender; who without any more ado instantly occupied it. It was a fine thing to hear the jingling of the twenty pieces in his pocket, the oaths which he distributed between the landlord, the guests, and the liquor - to remark the sprawl of his mighty jack-boots, before the sweep of which the timid guests edged farther and farther away; and the lingshing leers which he cast on the landlady, as with wide spread arms he attempted to seize upon her.

When the ostler had done his duties in the stable, he entered the inn, and whispered the landlord that "the stranger was riding John Hayes's horse" - of which fact the host soon convinced himself, and did not fail to have some suspicions of his guest. Had he not thought that times were unquiet, horses might be sold, and one man's money was as good as another's, he probably would have arrested the Ensign immediately, and so lost all the profit of the score which the latter was causing every moment to be enlarged.

In a couple of hours, with that happy facility which one may have often remarked in men of the gallant Ensign's nation, he had managed to disgust every one of the landlord's other guests, and scare them from the kitchen. Frightened by his addresses, the landlady too had taken flight, and the host was the only person left in the apartment, who there stayed for interest's sake merely, and listened moodily to his tipsy guest's conversation. In an hour more, the whole house was awakened by a violent noise of howling, curses, and pots clattering to and fro. Forth issued Mrs. Landlady in her night-gear, out came John Ostler with his pitchfork, downstairs tumbled Mrs. Cook

and one of two guests, and found the landlord and ensign on the kitchen floor—the wig of the latter lying, much singed and emitting strange odours, in the fireplace, his face hideously distorted, and a great quantity of his natural hair in the partial occupation of the landlord; who had drawn it and the head down towards him, in order that he might have the benefit of paraffining the latter more at his ease. In revenge, the landlord was undermost, and the Ensign's arms were working up and down his face and body like the flaps of a paddle-wheel; the man of war had clearly the best of it.

The combatants were separated as soon as possible; but as soon as the excitement of the fight was over, Ensign Macshane was found to have no further powers of speech, sense, or locomotion, and was carried by his late antagonist to bed. His sword and pistols, which had been placed at his side at the commencement of the evening, were carefully put by, and his pocket visited. Twenty guineas in gold, a large knife—used, probably, for the cutting of bread-and-cheese—some crumbs of those delicacies and a paper of tobacco found in the breeches pockets, and in the bosom of the sky-blue coat the leg of a cold towel and half of a raw onion, constituted his whole property.

These articles were not very suspicious, but the beating which the landlord had received tended greatly to confirm his own and his wife's doubts about their guest, and it was determined to send off in the early morning to Mr. Hayes informing him how a person had lain at their inn who had ridden thither mounted upon young Hayes's horse. Off set John Ostler at earliest dawn, but on his way he woke up Mr. Justice's clerk, and communicated his suspicions to him; and Mr. Clerk consulted with the village baker, who was always up early; and the clerk, the baker, the butcher with his cleaver, and two gentlemen who were going to work, all adjourned to the inn.

Accordingly, when Ensign Macshane was in a trundle bed, plunged in that deep slumber which only innocence and drunkenness enjoy in this world, and charming the ears of morn by the regular and melodious music of his nose, a vile plot was laid against him; and when about seven of the clock he woke, he found, on sitting up in his bed, three gentlemen on each side of him armed, and looking ominous. One held a constable's staff, and albeit unprovided with a warrant, would take upon himself

the responsibility of seizing Mr. Macshane, and of carrying him before his worship at the hall.

"Taranouns, man!" said the Ensign, springing up in bed, and abruptly breaking off a loud sonorous yawn, with which he had opened the business of the day, "you won't detain a gentleman who's on life and death? I give ye my word, an' affair of honour."

"How came you by that there horse?" said the baker.

"How came you by these here fifteen guineas?" said the landlord, in whose hands, by some process, five of the gold pieces had disappeared.

"What is this here idolatrous string of beads?" said the clerk.

Mr. Macshane, the fact is, was a Catholic, but did not care to own it: for in those days his religion was not popular. "Bairds? Holy Mother of saint, give me back them bairds," said Mr. Macshane, clasping his hands. "They were blest, I tell you, by His Holiness the Po - - psht! I mane they belong to a darling little daughter I had that's in heaven now - and as for the money and the horse, I should like to know how a gentleman is to travel in this counthry without them."

"Why, you see, he may travel in the country to *git* 'em," here shrewdly remarked the constable, "and it's our belief that neither horse nor money is honestly come by. If his worship is satisfied why so, in course, shall we be, but there is highway-men abroad, look you, and, to our notion, you have very much the cut of one."

Further remonstrances or threats on the part of Mr. Macshane, were useless. Although he vowed that he was first-cousin to the Duke of Leinster, an officer in Her Majesty's service, and the dearest friend Lord Marlborough had, his impudent captors would not believe a word of his statement (which, further, was garnished with a tremendous number of oaths), and he was, about eight o'clock, carried up to the house of Squire Ballance, the neighbouring justice of the peace.

When the worthy magistrate asked the crime of which the prisoner had been guilty, the captors looked somewhat puzzled for the moment; since, in truth, it could not be shown that the Ensign had committed any crime at all; and if he had confined himself to simple silence, and thrown upon them the onus of proving his misdemeanours, Justice Ballance must have let him

look, and soundly rated his clerk and the landlord for detaining an honest gentleman on so frivolous a charge.

But this caution was not in the Ensign's disposition; and though his accusers produced no satisfactory charge against him, his own words were quite enough to show how suspicious his character was. When asked his name, he gave it in as Captain Geraldine, on his way to Ireland, by Bristol, on a visit to his cousin the Duke of Leinster. He swore solemnly that his friends, the Duke of Marlborough and Lord Peterborough, under both of whom he had served, should hear of the manner in which he had been treated; and when the justice,--a sly old gentleman, and one that read the *Gazettes*, asked him at what battles he had been present, the gallant Ensign pitched on a couple in Spain and in Flanders, which had been fought within a week of each other, and vowed that he had been desperately wounded at both, so that, at the end of his examination, which had been taken down by the clerk, he had been made to acknowledge as follows:--Captain Geraldine, six feet four inches in height; thin, with a very long red nose, and red hair, grey eyes, and speaks with a strong Irish accent, is the first cousin of the Duke of Leinster, and in constant communication with him: does not know whether his Grace has any children, does not know whereabouts he lives in London, cannot say what sort of a looking man his Grace is: is acquainted with the Duke of Marlborough, and served in the dragoons at the battle of Ramillies; at which time he was with my Lord Peterborough before Barcelona. Borrowed the horse which he rides from a friend in London, three weeks since. Peter Hobbs, ostler, swears that it was in his master's stable four days ago, and is the property of John Hayre, carpenter. Cannot account for the fifteen guineas found on him by the landlord, says there were twenty; says he won them at cards, a fortnight since, at Edinburgh, says he is riding about the country for his amusement: afterwards says he is on a matter of life and death, and going to Bristol; declared last night, in the hearing of several witnesses, that he was going to York; says he is a man of independent property, and has large estates in Ireland, and a hundred thousand pounds in the Bank of England. Has no shirt or stockings, and the coat he wears is marked "S.S." In his boots is written "Thomas Rodgers," and in his hat is the name of the "Rev Doctor Snuffler."

Doctor Snuffler lived at Worcester, and had lately advertised

in the *Hue and Cry* a number of articles taken from his house. Mr. Macshane said, in reply to this, that his hat had been changed at the inn, and he was ready to take his oath that he came thither in a gold-laced one. But this fact was disproved by the oaths of many persons who had seen him at the inn. And he was about to be imprisoned for the thefts which he had not committed (the fact about the hat being, that he had purchased it from a gentleman at the "Three Rooks" for two pints of beer) —he was about to be remanded, when, behold, Mrs. Hayes the elder made her appearance, and to her it was that the Ensign was indebted for his freedom.

Old Hayes had gone to work before the ostler arrived; but when his wife heard the lad's message, she instantly caused her pillion to be placed behind the saddle, and mounting the grey horse, urged the stable boy to gallop as hard as ever he could to the justice's house.

She entered panting and alarmed. "Oh, what is your honour going to do to this honest gentleman?" said she. "In the name of Heaven, let him go! His time is precious—he has important business—business of life and death."

"I could the judge so," said the Ensign, "but he refused to take my word—the sacred word of honour of Captain Geraldine."

Macshane was good at a single lie, though easily flustered on an examination, and this was a very creditable stratagem to acquaint Mrs. Hayes with the name that he bore.

"What! you know Captain Geraldine?" said Mr. Ballance, who was perfectly well acquainted with the carpenter's wife.

"In course she does. Hasn't she known me these tin years? Are we not related? Didn't she give me the very horse which I rode, and, to make believe, told you I'd bought in London?"

"Let her tell her own story. Are you related to Captain Geraldine, Mrs. Hayes?"

"Yes—oh, yes!"

"A very elegant connection! And you gave him the horse, did you, of your own free will?"

"Oh yes! of my own will— I would give him anything. Do, do, your honour, let him go! His child is dying!" said the old lady bursting into tears. "It may be dead before he gets to— before he gets there. Oh, your honour, your honour, pray, pray, don't detain him!"

The justice did not seem to understand this excessive sym-

pathy on the part of Mrs. Hayes; nor did the father himself appear to be nearly so affected by his child's probable fate as the honest woman who interested herself for him. On the contrary, when she made this passionate speech, Captain Geraldine only grinned, and said, "Niver mind, my dear. If his honour will keep an honest gentleman for doing nothing, why, let him—the law must settle between us; and as for the child, poor thing, the Lord deliver it!"

At this, Mrs. Hayes fell to entreating more loudly than ever; and as there was really no charge against him, Mr. Ballance was constrained to let him go.

The landlord and his friends were making off, rather confused, when Ensign Macshane called upon the former in a thundering voice to stop, and refund the five guineas which he had stolen from him. Again the host swore there were but fifteen in his pocket. But when, on the Bible, the Ensign solemnly vowed that he had twenty, and called upon Mrs. Hayes to say whether yesterday, half-an-hour before he entered the inn, she had not seen him with twenty guineas, and that lady expressed herself ready to swear that she had, Mr. Landlord looked more crest-fallen than ever, and said that he had not counted the money when he took it; and though he did in his soul believe that there were only fifteen guineas, rather than be suspected of a shabby action, he would pay the five guineas out of his own pocket—which he did, and with the Ensign's, or rather Mrs. Hayes's, own coin.

As soon as they were out of the justice's house, Mr. Macshane, in the fulness of his gratitude, could not help bestowing an embrace upon Mrs. Hayes. And when she implored him to let her ride behind him to her darling son, he yielded with a very good grace, and off the pair set on John Hayes's grey.

"Who has Nosey brought with him now?" said Mr. Sicklop, Brock's one-eyed confederate, who, about three hours after the above adventure, wasolling in the yard of the "Three Rooks." It was our Ensign, with the mother of his captive. They had not met with any accident in their ride.

"I shall now have the shooprame bliss," said Mr. Macshane, with much feeling, as he lifted Mrs. Hayes from the saddle—the shooprame bliss of intertwining two harts that are mead for one another. Ours, my dear, is a dismal profession, but ah!

don't moments like this make amends for years of pain? This way, my dear. Turn to your right, then to your left—mind the step—and the third door round the corner."

All these precautions were attended to; and after giving his concerted knock, Mr. Macshane was admitted into an apartment, which he entered holding his gold pieces in the one hand, and a lady by the other.

We shall not describe the meeting which took place between mother and son. The old lady wept copiously; the young man was really glad to see his relative, for he deemed that his troubles were over. Mrs. Cat hit her lips, and stood aside, looking somewhat foolish. Mr. Brock counted the money, and Mr. Macshane took a large dose of strong waters, as a pleasing solace for his labours, dangers, and fatigue.

When the maternal feelings were somewhat calmed, the old lady had leisure to look about her, and really felt a kind of friendship and goodwill for the company of thieves in which she found herself. It seemed to her that they had conferred an actual favour on her, in robbing her of twenty guineas, threatening her son's life, and finally letting him go.

"Who is that droll old gentleman?" said she; and being told that it was Captain Wood, she dropped him a curtsy, and said, with much respect, "Captain, your very humble servant," which compliment Mr. Brock acknowledged by a gracious smile and bow. "And who is this pretty young lady?" continued Mrs. Hayes.

"Why hum-oh-mother, you must give her your blessing. She is Mrs. John Hayes." And herewith Mr. Hayes brought forward his interesting lady, to introduce her to his mamma.

The news did not at all please the old lady, who received Mrs. Catherine's embrace with a very sour face indeed. However, the mischief was done, and she was too glad to get back her son to be, on such an occasion, very angry with him. So, after a proper rebuke, she told Mrs. John Hayes that though she never approved of her son's attachment, and thought he married below his condition, yet as the evil was done, it was their duty to make the best of it, and she, for her part, would receive her into her house, and make her as comfortable there as she could.

"I wonder whether she has any more money in that house?" whispered Mr. Sicklop to Mr. Redcap; who, with the landlady,

had come to the door of the room, and had been amusing themselves by the contemplation of this sentimental scene.

"What a fool that wild Hirschman was not to bleed her for none!" said the landlady; "but he's a poor ignorant Papist. I'm sure my man" (this gentleman had been hanged) "wouldn't have come away with such a beggarly sum."

"Suppose we have some more out of 'em?" said Mr. Redcap. "What prevents us? We have got the old mare, and the colt too,—ha! ha!—and the pair of 'em ought to be worth at least a hundred to us."

This conversation was carried on *ad libitum*, and I don't know whether Mr. Brock had any notion of the plot which was arranged by the three worthies. The landlady began it. "Which punch, madam, will you take?" says she. "You must have something for the good of the house, now you are in it."

"In coorse," said the Ensign.

"Certainly," said the other three. But the old lady said she was anxious to leave the place, and putting down a crown-piece, requested the hostess to treat the gentlemen in her absence. "Good-bye, Captain," said the old lady.

"A Jew!" cried the Ensign. "and long life to you, my dear. You got me out of a scrape at the justice's yonder, and, quit too! but Ensign Macshane will remember it as long as he lives."

And now Hayes and the two ladies made for the door, but the landlady placed herself against it, and Mr. Sicklep said, "No, no, my pretty madams, you ain't a going off so cheap as that neither; you are not going out for a beggarly twenty guineas, look you,—we must have more."

Mr. Hayes staring back, and cursing his fate, fairly burst into tears, the two women screamed, and Mr. Brock looked as if the proposition both amused and had been expected by him, but not so Ensign Macshane.

"Major!" said he, clawing fiercely hold of Brock's arm.

"Ensign!" said Mr. Brock, smiling.

"Arr we, or arr we not, men of honour?"

"Oh, in coorse," said Brock, laughing, and using Macshane's favourite expression.

"If we *arr* men of honour, we are bound to stick to our word; and, hark ye, you dirty one-eyed scoundrel, if you don't immediately make way for these ladies, and this lily-livered young gentleman who's crying so, the Major here and I will

lug out and force you." And so saying, he drew his great sword and made a pass at Mr. Sicklop; which that gentleman avoided, and which caused him and his companion to retreat from the door. The landlady still kept her position at it, and with a storm of oaths against the Ensign, and against two Englishmen who ran away from a wild Hurishman, swore she would not budge a foot, and would stand there until her dying day.

"Faith, then, needs must," said the Ensign, and made a



lunge at the hostess, which passed so near the wretch's throat, that she screamed, sank on her knees, and at last opened the door.

Down the stairs, then, with great state, Mr. Macshane led the elder lady, the married couple following; and having seen them to the street, took an affectionate farewell of the party, whom he vowed that he would come and see. "You can walk the eighteen miles aisy, between this and nightfall," said he.

"Well!" exclaimed Mrs. Hayes. "Why, haven't we got Ball, and shall ride and tie all the way?"

"Madam!" cried Macshane, in a stern voice, "honour before everything. Did you not, in the presence of his worship, vow and declare that you gave me that horse, and now I've talk of taking it back again? Let me tell you, madam, that such paltry tricks ill become a person of your years and respectability, and ought never to be played with Insign Timothy Macshane."

He waved his hat and strutted down the street, and Mrs. Catherine Hayes, along with her bridegroom and mother-in-law, made the best of their way homeward on foot.

CHAPTER VII.

Which Embraces a Period of Seven Years.

THE recovery of so considerable a portion of his property from the clutches of Brock was, as may be imagined, no trifling source of joy to that excellent young man, Count Gustavus Adolphus de Galgenstein; and he was often known to say, with much archness, and a proper feeling of gratitude to the Fate which had ordained things so, that the robbery was, in reality, one of the best things that could have happened to him: for, in event of Mr. Brock's *not* stealing the money, his Excellency the Count would have had to pay the whole to the Warwickshire squire who had won it from him at play. He was enabled, in the present instance, to plead his notorious poverty as an excuse; and the Warwickshire conqueror got off with nothing, except a very badly written autograph of the Count's, simply acknowledging the debt.

This point his Excellency conceived with the greatest candour, but (as, doubtless, the reader may have remarked in the course of his experience) to owe is not quite the same thing as to pay; and from the day of his winning the money until the day of his death the Warwickshire squire did never, by any chance, touch a single bob, terry, tester, moidore, maravedi, doubloon, tonneau, or rappee, of the sum which Monsieur de Galgenstein had lost to him.

That young nobleman was, as Mr. Brock hinted in the little

autobiographical sketch which we gave in a former chapter, incarcerated for a certain period, and for certain other debts, in the donjons of Shrewsbury; but he released himself from them by that noble and consolatory method of whitewashing which the law has provided for gentlemen in his oppressed condition; and he had not been a week in London, when he fell in with, and overcame, or put to flight, Captain Wood, *alias* Brock, and immediately seized upon the remainder of his property. After receiving this, the Count, with commendable discretion, disappeared from England altogether for a while, nor are we at all authorised to state that any of his debts to his tradesmen were discharged, any more than his debts of honour, as they are pleasantly called.

Having thus settled with his creditors, the gallant Count had interest enough with some of the great folk to procure for himself a post abroad, and was absent in Holland for some time. It was here that he became acquainted with the lovely Madam Silverkoop, the widow of a deceased gentleman of Leyden; and although the lady was not at that age at which tender passions are usually inspired—being sixty—and though she could not, like Mademoiselle Ninon de l'Enclos, then at Paris, boast of charms which defied the progress of time,—for Mrs. Silverkoop was as red as a boiled lobster, and as unwieldy as a porpoise; and although her mental attractions did by no means make up for her personal deficiencies,—for she was jealous, violent, vulgar, drunken, and stingy to a miracle—yet her charms had an immediate effect on Monsieur de Galgenstein; and hence, perhaps, the reader (the rogue! how well he knows the world!) will be led to conclude that the honest widow was *rich*.

Such, indeed, she was, and Count Gustavus, despising the difference between his twenty quarterings and her twenty thousand pounds, laid the most desperate siege to her, and finished by causing her to capitulate, as I do believe, after a reasonable degree of pressing, any woman will do to any man; such, at least, has been my experience in the matter.

The Count then married, and it was curious to see how he—who, as we have seen in the case of Mrs. Cat, had been as great a tiger and domestic bully as any extant—now, by degrees, fell into a quiet submission towards his enormous Countess; who ordered him up and down as a lady orders her footman, who permitted him speedily not to have a will of his own, and who

did not allow him a shilling of her money without receiving for the same an accurate account.

How was it that he, the abject slave of Madam Silverkoop, had been victorious over Mrs. Cat? The first blow is, I believe, the decisive one in these cases, and the Countess had stricken it a week after their marriage;—establishing a supremacy which the Count never afterwards attempted to question.

We have alluded to his Excellency's marriage, as in duty bound, because it will be necessary to account for his appearance hereafter in a more splendid fashion than that under which he has hitherto been known to us, and just comforting the reader by the knowledge that the union, though prosperous in a worldly point of view, was, in reality, extremely unhappy, we must say no more from this time forth of the fat and legitimate Madam de Galgenstein. Our darling is Mrs. Catherine, who had formerly acted in her stead; and only in so much as the fat Countess did influence in any way the destinies of our heroine, or those wise and virtuous persons who have appeared and are to follow her to her end, shall we in any degree allow her name to figure here. It is an awful thing to get a glimpse, as one sometimes does, when the time is past, of some little little wheel which works the whole mighty machinery of FATE, and see how our destinies turn on a minute's delay or advance, or on the turning of a street, or on somebody else's turning of a street, or on somebody else's doing of something else in Downing Street or in Timbuctoo, now or a thousand years ago. Thus, for instance, if Mrs. Poots, in the year 1695, had never been the lovely inmate of a Spielhaus at Amsterdam, Mr. Van Silverkoop would never have seen her, if the day had not been extraordinarily hot, the worthy merchant would never have gone thither; if he had not been fond of Rhenish wine and sugar, he never would have called for any such delicacies, if he had not called for them, Miss Otulia Poots would never have brought them, and partaken of them, if he had not been rich, she would certainly have rejected all the advances made to her by Silverkoop; if he had not been so fond of Rhenish and sugar, he never would have died; and Mrs. Silverkoop would have been neither rich nor a widow, nor a wife to Count von Galgenstein. Nay, nor would this history have ever been written; for if Count Galgenstein had not married the rich widow, Mrs. Catherine would never have—

Oh, my dear madam! you thought we were going to tell you. Pooh! nonsense!—no such thing! not for two or three and seventy pages or so,—when, perhaps, you *may* know what Mrs. Catherine never would have done.

The reader will remember, in the second chapter of these Memoirs, the announcement that Mrs. Catherine had given to the world a child, who might bear, if he chose, the arms of Galgenstein, with the further adornment of a bar-sinister. This child had been put out to nurse some time before its mother's elopement from the Count, and as that nobleman was in funds at the time (having had that success at play which we duly chronicled), he paid a sum of no less than twenty guineas, which was to be the yearly reward of the nurse into whose charge the boy was put. The woman grew fond of the brat, and, when, after the first year, she had no further news or remittances from father or mother, she determined, for a while at least, to maintain the infant at her own expense, for, when rebuked by her neighbours on this score, she stoutly swore that no parents could ever desert their children, and that some day or other she should not fail to be rewarded for her trouble with this one.

Under this strange mental hallucination poor Goody Billings, who had five children and a husband of her own, continued to give food and shelter to little Tom for a period of no less than seven years, and though it must be acknowledged that the young gentleman did not in the slightest degree merit the kindnesses shown to him, Goody Billings, who was of a very soft and pitiful disposition, continued to bestow them upon him: because, she said, he was lonely and unprotected, and deserved them more than other children who had fathers and mothers to look after them. If, then, any difference was made between Tom's treatment and that of her own brood, it was considerably in favour of the former, to whom the largest proportions of treacle were allotted for his bread, and the handsomest supplies of hasty pudding. Besides, to do Mrs. Billings justice, there was a party against him; and that consisted not only of her husband and her five children, but of every single person in the neighbourhood who had an opportunity of seeing and becoming acquainted with Master Tom.

A celebrated philosopher I think Miss Edgeworth has broached the consolatory doctrine, that in intellect and disposition all human beings are entirely equal, and that circumstances

and education are the causes of the distinctions and divisions which afterwards unhappily take place among them. Not to argue this question, which places Jack Howard and Jack Tarrant on an exact level,—which would have us to believe that Lord Melbourne is by natural gifts and excellences a man as honest, brave, and far-sighted as the Duke of Wellington,—which would make out that Lord Lyndhurst is, in point of principle, eloquence, and political honesty, no better than Mr. O'Connell,—not, I say, arguing this doctrine, let us simply state that Master Thomas Billings (for, having no other, he took the name of the worthy people who adopted him) was in his long-coats fearfully passionate, screaming and roaring perpetually, and showing all the ill that he *could* show. At the age of two, when his strength enabled him to toddle abroad, his favourite resort was the coal-hole or the dung-heap: his roarings had not diminished in the least, and he had added to his former virtues two new ones,—a love of fighting and stealing, both which amiable qualities he had many opportunities of exercising every day. He fought his little adoptive brothers and sisters; he kicked and cuffed his father and mother; he fought the cat, stamped upon the kittens, was worsted in a severe battle with the hen in the back-yard, but, in revenge, nearly beat a little sucking-pig to death, whom he caught alone and rambling near his favourite haunt, the dunghill. As for stealing, he stole the eggs, which he perforated and emptied, the butter, which he ate with or without bread as he could find it, the sugar, which he cunningly secreted in the leaves of a "Baker's Chronicle," that nobody in the establishment could read, and thus from the pages of history he used to suck in all he knew—thieving and lying namely, in which, for his years, he made wonderful progress. If any followers of Miss Edgeworth and the philosophers are inclined to disbelieve this statement, or to set it down as over-charged and distorted, let them be assured that just this very picture was, of all the pictures in the world, taken from nature. I, Ikey Solomons, once had a dear little brother who could steal before he could walk (and this not from encouragement for, if you know the world, you must know that in families of our profession the point of honour is sacred at home—but from perversenature)—who could steal, I say, before he could walk, and he before he could speak; and who, at four-and-a-half years of age, having attacked my sister Rebecca on some question of lollipops, had

smitten her on the elbow with a fire-shovel, apologising to us by saying simply, "— her, I wish it had been her head!" Dear, dear Aminadah! I think of you, and laugh these philosophers to scorn. Nature made you for that career which you fulfilled; you were from your birth to your dying a scoundrel; you *could* not have been anything else, however your lot was cast; and blessed it was that you were born among the pigs,—for had you been of any other profession, alas! alas! what ills might you have done! As I have heard the author of "Richelieu," "Siamese Twins," &c. say, "*Poëta nascitur, non fit*," which means, though he had tried ever so much to be a poet, it was all in vain; shine in the like manner, I say, "*Rogus nascitur, non fit*." We have it from nature, and so a fig for Miss Edgeworth.

In this manner, then, while his father, blessed with a wealthy wife, was leading, in a fine house, the life of a galleyslave; while his mother married to Mr. Hayes, and made an honest woman of, as the saying is, was passing her time respectably in Warwickshire, Mr. Thomas Billings was inhabiting the same county, not cared for by either of them, but ordained by Fate to join them one day and have a mighty influence upon the fortunes of both. For, as it has often happened to the traveller in the York or the Exeter coach to fall snugly asleep in his corner, and on awaking suddenly to find himself sixty or seventy miles from the place where Somnus first visited him: as, we say, although you sit still, Time, poor wretch, keeps perpetually running on and so must run day and night, with never a pause or a halt of five minutes to get a drink, until his dying day; let the reader imagine that since he left Mrs. Hayes and all the other worthy personages of this history, in the last chapter, seven years have sped away, during which, all our heroes and heroines have been accomplishing their destinies.

Seven years of country carpentering, or rather trading, on the part of a husband, of ceaseless scolding, violence, and discontent on the part of a wife, are not pleasant to describe: so we shall omit altogether any account of the early married life of Mr. and Mrs. John Hayes. The "Newgate Calendar" (to which excellent compilation we and the other popular novelists of the day can never be sufficiently grateful) states that Hayes left his home three or four times during this period, and, urged by the restless humours of his wife, tried several professions: returning, however, as he grew weary of each, to his wife and his paternal

home. After a certain time his parents died, and by their demise he succeeded to a small property, and the carpentering business, which he for some time followed.

What, then, in the meanwhile, had become of Captain Wood, or Brock, and Ensign Macshane?—the only persons now to be accounted for in our catalogue. For about six months after their capture and release of Mr. Hayes, those noble gentlemen had followed, with much prudence and success, that trade which the celebrated and polite Duval, the ingenious Sheppard, the dauntless Turpin, and indeed many other heroes of our most popular novels, had pursued, or were pursuing, in their time. And so considerable were said to be Captain Wood's gains, that reports were abroad of his having somewhere a buried treasure; to which he might have added more, had not Fate suddenly cut short his career as a prig. He and the Ensign were—shame to say—transported for stealing three pewter-pots off a sailing at Exeter, and not being known in the town, which they had only reached that morning, they were detained by no further charges, but simply condemned on this one. For this misdemeanour, Her Majesty's Government vindictively sent them for seven years beyond the sea; and, as the fashion then was, sold the use of their bodies to Virginian planters during that space of time. It is thus, alas! that the strong are always used to deal with the weak, and many an honest fellow has been led to rue his unfortunate difference with the Law.

Thus, then, we have settled all scores. The Count is in Holland with his wife, Mrs. Cat in Warwickshire along with her excellent husband, Master Thomas Ballings with his adoptive parents in the same county, and the two military gentlemen watching the progress and cultivation of the tobacco and cotton plant in the New World. All these things having passed between the acts, dingaring-a-dingaring-a-dingledingleding, the drop draws up, and the next act begins. By the way, the play ends with a drop: but that is neither here nor there.

[Here, as in a theatre, the orchestra is supposed to play something melodious. The people get up, shake themselves, yawn, and settle down in their seats again. "Porter, ale, ginger-beer, cider," comes round, queering through the legs of the gentlemen in the pit. Nobody takes anything, as usual; and lo! the curtain rises again. "Sh, shsh, shsh-shhh" Hats off!" says everybody.]

Mrs Hayes had now been for six years the adored wife of Mr. Hayes, and no offspring had arisen to bless their loves and perpetuate their name. She had obtained a complete mastery over her lord and master; and having had, as far as was in that gentleman's power, every single wish gratified that she could demand, in the way of dress, treats to Coventry and Birmingham, drink, and what not—for, though a hard man, John Hayes had learned to spend his money pretty freely on himself and her—having had all her wishes gratified, it was natural that she should begin to find out some more, and the next whim she was upon was to be restored to her child. It may be as well to state that she had never informed her husband of the existence of that phenomenon, although he was aware of his wife's former connection with the Count.—Mrs. Hayes, in their matrimonial quarrels, invariably taunting him with accounts of her former splendour and happiness, and with his own meanness of taste in condescending to take up with his Excellency's leavings.

She determined, then (but as yet had not confided her determination to her husband), she would have her boy, although in her seven years' residence within twenty miles of him she had never once thought of seeing him—and the kind reader knows that when his excellent lady determines on a thing—a shawl, or an opera box, or a new carriage, or twenty-four singing lessons from Tamburini, or a night at the "Eagle Tavern," City Road, or a ride in a 'bus to Richmond and tea and brandy-and-water at "Rose Cottage Hotel"—the reader, high or low, knows that when Mrs. Reader desires a thing, have it she will; you may just as well talk of avoiding her as of avoiding gout, bills, or grey hairs—and that, you know, is impossible. I, for my part, have had all three—ny, and a wife too.

I say that when a woman is resolved on a thing, happen it will; if husbands refuse, Fate will interfere (*Nequere it nequam*, &c.; but quotations are odious). And some hidden power was working in the case of Mrs. Hayes, and, for its own awful purposes, lending her its aid.

Who has not felt how he works—the dreadful conquering Spirit of Ill? Who cannot see in the circle of his own society, the fated and foredoomed to woe and evil? Some call the doctrine of destiny a dark creed. but, for me, I would fain try and think it a consolatory one. It is better, with all one's sins

upon one's head, to deem oneself in the hands of Fate, than to shrink—with our fierce passions and weak repentances; with our motives so kind, so vain, so ludicrously, despicably weak and frail; with our dim, wavering, wretched conceits about virtue, and our irresistible propensity to wrong,—that we are the workers of our future sorrow or happiness. If we depend on our strength, what is it against mighty circumstance? If we look to ourselves, what hope have we? Look back at the whole of your life, and see how Fate has mastered you and it. Think of your disappointments and your successes. Has *your* striving influenced one or the other? A fit of indigestion puts itself between you and honours and reputation; an apple plums on your nose, and makes you a world's wonder and glory; a fit of poverty makes a rascal of you, who were, and are still, an honest man; clubs, trumps, or six lucky mains at dice, make an honest man for life of you, who ever were, will be, and are a rascal. Who sends the illness? who causes the apple to fall? who deprives you of your worldly goods? or who shuffles the cards, and brings trumps, honour, virtue, and prosperity back again? You call it chance! ay, and so it is chance that when the floor gives way, and the rope stretches tight, the poor wretch before St. Sepulchre's clock dies. Only with us, clear-sighted mortals as we are, we can't *see* the rope by which we hang, and know not when or how the drop may fall.

But *revenons à nos moutons*: let us return to that sweet lamb Master Thomas, and the milk white ewe Mrs. Cat. Seven years had passed away and she began to think that she should very much like to see her child once more. It was written that she should; and you shall hear how, soon after, without any great exertions of her, back he came to her.

In the month of July, in the year 1715, there came down a road about ten miles from the city of Worcester, two gentlemen; not mounted, Templar-like, upon one horse, but having a horse between them—a sorry bay, with a sorry saddle, and a lug-pack behind it; on which each by turn took a ride. Of the two, one was a man of excessive stature, with red hair, a very prominent nose, and a faded military dress; while the other, an old weather-beaten, sober-looking personage wore the costume of a civilian—both man and dress appearing to have reached the terminal, or steady state. However, the pair seemed, in spite of their apparent poverty, to be possibly merry. The old

gentleman rode the horse; and had, in the course of their journey, ridden him two miles at least in every three. The tall one walked with immense strides by his side, and seemed, indeed, as if he could have quickly outstripped the four-footed animal, had he chosen to exert his speed, or had not attention for his comrade retained him at his stirrup.

A short time previously the horse had cast a shoe; and the tall man on foot had gathered up, and was holding in his hand it having been voted that the first blacksmith to whose shop they should come should be called upon to fit it again upon the bay horse.

"Do you remember this country, Meejor?" said the tall man, who was looking about him very much pleased, and sucking a flower. "I think thim green cornfields is prettier looking at than the d — tobacky out yondther, and had luck to it!"

"I recollect the place right well, and some queer pranks we played here seven years ago," responded the gentleman addressed as Major. "You remember that man and his wife, whom we took in pawn at the 'Three Rooks'?"

"And the landlady only hung last Michaelmas?" said the tall man parenthetically.

"Hang the landlady! — we've got all we ever would out of her, you know. But about the man and woman. You went after the chap's mother, and, like a jackass, as you are, let him loose. Well, the woman was that Catherine that you've often heard me talk about. I like the wench, — her, for I almost brought her up, and she was for a year or two along with that scoundrel Galgenstein, who has been the cause of my ruin."

"The infernal blackguard and ruffian!" said the tall man, "who, with his companion, has no doubt been recognised by the reader."

"Well, this Catherine had a child by Galgenstein; and somewhere here hard by the woman lived to whom we carried the brat to nurse. She was the wife of a blacksmith, one Billings; it won't be out of the way to get our horse shod at his house, if he is alive still, and we may learn something about the little beast. I should be glad to see the mother well enough."

"Do I remember her?" said the Esq. "Do I remember whisky? Sure I do, and the snivelling sneak her husband, and the stout old lady her mother-in-law, and the dirty one-eyed ruffian who sold me the parson's hat that had so nearly brought

one into trouble. Oh, but it was a rare rise we got out of them chaps, and the old landlady that's hanged too!" And here both George Marshane and Major Brock, or Wood, grinned, and showed much satisfaction.

It will be necessary to explain the reason of it. We gave the British public to understand that the landlady of the "Three Rooks," at Worcester, was a notorious fence, or banker of thieves; that is, a purchaser of their merchandise. In her house Mr. Brock and his companion had left property to the amount of sixty or seventy pounds, which was secreted in a cunning recess in a chamber of the "Three Rooks" known only to the landlady and the gentlemen who banked with her, and in this place, Mr. Sicklop, the one-eyed man who had joined in the Hayes adventure, his comrade, and one or two of the topping prigs of the county, were free. Mr. Sicklop had been shot dead in a night attack near Ruth; the landlady had been suddenly hanged, as an accomplice in another case of robbery—and when, on their return from Virginia, our two heroes, whose hopes of livelihood depended upon it, had bent their steps towards Worcester they were not a little frightened to hear of the cruel fate of the hostess and many of the amiable frequenters of the "Three Rooks." All the goodly company were departed, the house was no longer an inn. Was the money gone too? At least it was worth while to look—which Messrs. Brock and Marshane determined to do.

The house being now a private one, Mr. Brock with a genius that was above his station, visited its owner with a huge portfolio under his arm and, in the character of a painter, requested permission to take a particular sketch from a particular window. The Ensign followed with the artist's materials (consisting simply of a screwdriver and a crowbar), and it is hardly necessary to say that, when admission was granted to them, they opened the well-known door, and to their inexpressible satisfaction discovered, not their own peculiar savings exactly, for these had been appropriated instantly on hearing of their transportation, but stores of money and goods to the amount of near three hundred pounds: to which Mr. Marshane said they had as just and honourable a right as anybody else. And so they had as just a right as anybody—except the original owners—but who was to discover them?

With this booty they set out on their journey—anywhere, for

they knew not whither, and it so chanced that when their horse's shoe came off, they were within a few furlongs of the cottage of Mr. Billings the blacksmith. As they came near, they were saluted by tremendous roars issuing from the smithy. A small boy was held across the bellows, two or three children of smaller and larger growth were holding him down, and many others of the village were gazing in at the window, while a man, half-naked, was lashing the little boy with a whip, and occasioning the cries heard by the travellers. As the horse drew up, the operator looked at the new comers for a moment, and then proceeded incontinently with his work, belabouring the child more fiercely than ever.

When he had done, he turned round to the new-comers and asked how he could serve them? whereupon Mr. Wood (for such was the name he adopted, and by such we shall call him to the end) wittily remarked that however he might wish to serve *them*, he seemed mightily inclined to serve that young gentleman first.

"It's no joking matter," said the blacksmith; "if I don't serve him so now, he'll be worse off in his old age. He'll come to the gallows, as sure as his name is Bill—never mind what his name is." And so saying, he gave the urchin another cut: which elicited, of course, another scream.

"Oh! his name is Bill?" said Captain Wood.

"His name's *not* Bill!" said the blacksmith sulkily. "He's no name, and no heart, neither. My wife took the brat in, seven years ago, from a beggarly French chap to nurse, and she kept him, for she was a good 'oul" (here his eyes began to wink), "and she's—she's gone now" (here he began fairly to blubber). "And d—him, out of love for her, I kept him too, and the scoundrel is a liar and a thief. This blessed day, merely to see me and my boys here, he spoke ill of her, he did, and I'll cut—his—life—out—I—will!" and with each word honest Mulciber applied a whack on the body of little Tom Billings, who, by shrill shrieks, and oaths, in trefle, acknowledged the receipt of the blows.

"Come, come," said Mr. Wood, "set the boy down, and the bellows a-going, my horse wants shoeing, and the poor lad has had strapping enough."

The blacksmith obeyed, and cast poor Master Thomas loose. As he staggered away and looked back at his tormentor, his countenance assumed an expression which made Mr. Wood say

grasping hold of Macshane's arm, "It's the boy, it's the boy! When his mother gave Galgenstein the landammun, she had the self-same look with her!"

"Had she really, now?" said Mr. Macshane. "And prove, Master, who was his mother?"

"Mrs. Cat, you fool!" answered Wood.

"Then, upon my sacred word of honour, she has a mighty fine kitten anyhow, my dear. Ah!"

"They don't *drown* such kittens," said Mr. Wood archly; and Macshane, taking the allusion, clapped his finger to his nose in token of perfect approbation of his commander's sentiment.

While the blacksmith was shoeing the horse, Mr. Wood asked him many questions concerning the lad whom he had just been chastising, and succeeded, beyond a doubt, in establishing his identity with the child whom Catherine Hall had brought into the world seven years since. Billings told him of all the virtues of his wife, and the manifold crimes of the lad: how he stole, and fought, and lied, and swore, and though the youngest under his roof, exercised the most baneful influence over all the rest of his family. He was determined at last, he said, to put him to the parish, for he did not dare to keep him.

"He's a fine whelp, and would fetch ten pence in Virginia," sighed the Ensign.

"Crimp, of Bristol, would give five for him," said Mr. Wood, ruminating.

"Why not take him?" said the Ensign.

"Faith, why not?" said Mr. Wood. "His keep, meanwhile, will not be sixpence a day." Then turning round to the blacksmith, "Mr. Billings," said he, "you will be surprised, perhaps, to hear that I know everything regarding that poor lad's history. His mother was an unfortunate lady of high family, now no more; his father a German nobleman, Count de Galgenstein by name."

"The very man!" said Billings: "a young, fair haired man, who came here with the child, and a dragoon sergeant."

"Count de Galgenstein by name, who, on the point of death, recommended the infant to me."

"And did he pay you seven years' boarding?" said Mr. Billings, who was quite alive at the very idea.

"Ah, sir, not a jot! He died, sir, six hundred pounds in my debt, didn't he, Ensign?"

"Six hundred, upon my sacred honour! I remember when he got into the house along with the poll!"

"Psha! what matters it?" here broke out Mr. Wood, looking fiercely at the Ensign. "Six hundred pounds he owes me: how was he to pay you? But he told me to take charge of this boy, if I found him; and found him I have, and *will* take charge of him, if you will hand him over."

"Send our Tom!" cried Billings. And when that youth



appeared, scowling, and yet trembling, and prepared, as it seemed, for another castigation, his father, to his surprise, asked him if he was willing to go along with those gentlemen, or whether he would be a good lad and stay with him.

Mr. Tom replied immediately, "I won't be a good lad, and I'd rather go to — than stay with you!"

"Will you leave your brothers and sisters?" said Billings, looking very dismal.

"Hanging my brothers and sisters—I hate 'em; and, besides, I haven't got any!"

"But you had a good mother, hadn't you, Tom?"

Tom paused for a moment.

"Mother's gone," said he, "and you flog me, and I'll go with these men."

"Well, then, go thy ways," said Billings, starting up in a passion: "go thy ways for a graceless reprobate; and if this gentleman will take you, he may do so."

After some further parley, the conversation ended, and the next morning Mr. Wood's party consisted of three: a little boy being mounted upon the bay horse, in addition to the Ensign or himself; and the whole company went journeying towards Bristol.

We have said that Mrs. Hayes had, on a sudden, taken a fit of maternal affection, and was bent upon being restored to her child; and that benign destiny which watched over the life of this lucky lady, instantly set about gratifying her wish, and, without cost to herself of coach-hire or saddle-horse, sent the young gentleman very quickly to her arms. The village in which the Hayeses dwelt was but a very few miles out of the road from Bristol; whither, on the benevolent mission above hinted at, our party of worthies were bound, and coming, towards the afternoon, in sight of the house of that very Justice Ballance, who had been so nearly the ruin of Ensign Marshane, that officer narrated, for the hundredth time, and with much glee, the circumstances which had then befallen him, and the manner in which Mrs. Hayes the elder had come forward to his rescue.

"Suppose we go and see the old girl?" suggested Mr. Wood.

"No harm can come to us now." And his comrade always assenting, they wound their way towards the village, and reached it as the evening came on. In the public-house where they rested, Wood made inquiries concerning the Hayes family, was informed of the death of the old couple, of the establishment of John Hayes and his wife in their place, and of the kind of life that these latter led together. When all these points had been imparted to him, he ruminated much: an expression of sublime triumph and exultation at length lighted up his features. "I think, Tim," said he at last, "that we can make more than five pounds of that boy."

"Oh, in coorse!" said Timothy Macshane, Ensign, who always agreed with his "Meejor."

"In coorse, you fool! and how? I'll tell you how. This Hayes is well-to-do in the world, and"—

"And we'll nab him again—ha, ha!" roared out Macshane. "By my secrod honour, Meejor, there never was a gineral like you at a strathjam!"

"Peace, you bellowing donkey, and don't wake the child. The man is well-to-do, his wife rules him, and they have no children. Now, either she will be very glad to have the boy back again, and pay for the finding of him, or else she has said nothing about him, and will pay us for being silent too; or, at any rate, Hayes himself will be ashamed at finding his wife the mother of a child a year older than his marriage, and will pay for the keeping of the brat away. There's profit, my dear, in any one of the cases, or my name's not Peter Brock."

When the Lusign understood this wondrous argument, he would fain have fallen on his knees and worshipped his friend and guide. They began operations, almost immediately, by an attack on Mrs Hayes. On hearing, as she did in private interview with the ex-corporal the next morning, that her son was found, she was agitated by both of the passions which Wood attributed to her. She longed to have the boy back, and would give any reasonable sum to see him; but she dreaded exposure, and would pay equally to avoid that. How could she gain the one point and escape the other?

Mrs Hayes hit upon an expedient which, I am given to understand, is not uncommon nowadays. She suddenly discovered that she had a dear brother, who had been obliged to fly the country in consequence of having joined the Pretender, and had died in France, leaving behind him an only son. This boy her brother had, with his last breath, recommended to her protection, and had confided him to the charge of a brother officer who was now in the country, and would speedily make his appearance; and, to put the story beyond a doubt, Mr. Wood wrote the letter from her brother stating all these particulars, and Ensign Macshane received full instructions how to perform the part of the "brother officer." What consideration Mr Wood received for his services, we cannot say; only it is well known that Mr. Hayes caused to be committed to guard a young apprentice in his service, charged with having broken

open a cupboard in which Mr. Hayes had forty guineas in gold and silver, and to which none but he and his wife had access.

Having made these arrangements, the Corporal and his little party decamped to a short distance, and Mrs. Catherine was left to prepare her husband for a speedy addition to his family, in the shape of this darling nephew. John Hayes received the news with anything but pleasure. He had never heard of any brother of Catherine's; she had been tried at the workhouse, and nobody ever hinted that she had relatives. But it is easy for a lady of moderate genius to invent circumstances, and with lies, tears, threats, coaxings, oaths, and other blandishments, she compelled him to submit.

Two days afterwards, as Mr. Hayes was working in his shop with his lady seated beside him, the trampling of a horse was heard in his courtyard, and a gentleman, of huge stature, descended from it, and strode into the shop. His figure was wrapped in a large cloak, but Mr. Hayes could not help fancying that he had somewhere seen his face before.

"This, I preshoom," said the gentleman, "is Mother Hayes, that I have come so many miles to see, and this is his amiable lady! I was the most intimate friend, makam, of your lamented brother, who died in King Lewis's service, and whose last touching letters I despatched to you two days ago. I have with me a further precious token of my dear friend, Captain Hall—it is *dear*."

And so saying, the military gentleman, with one arm, removed his cloak, and stretching forward the other into Hayes's face almost, stretched likewise forward a little boy, grinning and sprawling in the air, and prevented only from falling to the ground by the hold which the Ensign kept of the waistband of his little coat and breeches.

"Isn't he a pretty boy?" said Mrs. Hayes, sidling up to her husband tenderly, and pressing one of Mr. Hayes's hands.

About the lad's beauty it is needless to say what the carpenter thought; but that night, and for many many nights after, the lad layed at Mr. Hayes's.

CHAPTER VIII.

Enumerates the Accomplishments of Master Thomas Billings—Introduces Brock as Doctor Wood—And announces the Execution of Ensign Macshane.

WE are obliged, in recording this history, to follow accurately that great authority, the "Calendarium Newgaticum Rosagrunique Registerium," of which every lover of literature in the present day knows the value, and as that remarkable work totally discards all the unities in its narratives, and reckons the life of its heroes only by their actions, and not by periods of time, we must follow in the wake of this mighty ark—a humble cock boat. When it pauses, we pause; when it runs ten knots an hour, we run with the same celerity; and as, in order to carry the reader from the penultimate chapter of this work unto the last chapter, we were compelled to make him leap over a gap of seven blank years, ten years more must likewise be granted to us before we are at liberty to resume our history.

During that period, Master Thomas Billings had been under the especial care of his mother; and, as may be imagined, he rather increased than diminished the accomplishments for which he had been remarkable while under the roof of his foster-father. And with this advantage, that while at the blacksmith's, and only three or four years of age, his virtues were necessarily appreciated only in his family circle, and among those few acquaintances of his own time of life whom a youth of three can be expected to meet in the alleys or over the gutters of a small country hamlet, - in his mother's residence, his circle extended with his own growth, and he began to give proofs of those powers of which in infancy there had been only encouraging indications. Thus it was nowise remarkable that a child of four years should not know his letters, and should have had a great disinclination to learn them, but when a young man of fifteen showed the same creditable ignorance, the same undeviating dislike, it was easy to see that he possessed much resolution and perseverance. When it was remarked, too, that, in case of any difference, he not only beat the usher, but by no means disdained to torment and bully the very smallest boys of the school, it was easy to see that his mind was comprehensive and careful, as well as courageous and grasping. As it was

said of the Duke of Wellington, in the Peninsula, that he had a thought for everybody—from Lord Hill to the smallest drummer in the army—in like manner Tom Billings bestowed *his* attention on high and low; but in the shape of blows: he would fight the strongest and kick the smallest, and was always at work with one or the other. At thirteen, when he was removed from the establishment whither he had been sent, he was the cock of the school out of doors, and the very last boy in. He used to let the little boys and new-comers pass him by, and laugh; but he always belaboured them unmercifully afterwards; and then it was, he said, *his* turn to laugh. With such a pugnacious turn, Tom Billings ought to have been made a soldier, and might have died a marshal, but, by an unlucky ordinance of fate, he was made a tailor, and died a—— never mind what for the present; suffice it to say, that he was suddenly cut off, at a very early period of his existence, by a disease which has exercised considerable ravages among the British youth.

By consulting the authority above mentioned, we find that Hayes did not confine himself to the profession of a carpenter, or remain long established in the country, but was induced, by the eager spirit of Mrs. Catherine most probably, to try his fortune in the metropolis; where he lived, flourished, and died, Oxford Road, Saint Giles's, and Tottenham Court were, at various periods of his residence in town, inhabited by him. At one place he carried on the business of greengrocer and small-coleman; in another, he was carpenter, undertaker, and lender of money to the poor; finally, he was a lodging house keeper in the Oxford or Tyburn Road; but continued to exercise the last-named charitable profession.

Lending as he did upon pledges, and carrying on a pretty large trade, it was not for him, of course, to inquire into the pedigree of all the pieces of plate, the boxes of cloth, swords, watches, wigs, shoe-buckles, &c., that were confided by his friends to his keeping; but it is clear that his friends had the requisite confidence in him, and that he enjoyed the esteem of a class of characters who still live in history, and are admired unto this very day. The mund loves to think that perhaps, in Mr. Hayes's back-parlour the gallant Turpin might have hob-and-nobbed with Mrs. Catherine, that here, perhaps, the noble Sheppard might have cracked his joke, or quaffed his pint of rum. Who knows but that Macheath and Paul Clifford may

have crossed legs under Hayes's dinner-table? But why pause to speculate on things that might have been? why desert reality for fond imagination, or call up from their honoured graves the sacred dead? I know not: and yet, in sooth, I can never pass Cumberland Gate without a sigh, as I think of the gallant cavaliers who traversed that road in old time. Pious priests accompanied their triumphs; their chariots were surrounded by hosts of glittering javelin-men. As the slave at the car of the Roman conqueror shouted, "Remember thou art mortal!" before the eyes of the British warrior rode the undertaker and his coffin, telling him that he too must die! Mark well the spot! A hundred years ago Albion Street (where comic Power dwelt, Milestia's darling son)—Albion Street was a desert. The house of Connaught was without its penultimate, and, strictly speaking, *naught*! The Edgware Road was then a road, 'tis true; with tinkling waggons passing now and then, and fragrant walls of snowy hawthorn blossoms. The ploughman whistled over Natford Place, down the green solitudes of Sovereign Street the merry milkmaid led the lowing kine. Here, then, in the midst of green fields and sweet air—before ever omnibuses were, and when Pineapple Turnpike and Terrace were alike unknown—here stood Tyburn and on the road towards it, perhaps to enjoy the prospect, stood, in the year 1725, the habitation of Mr. John Hayes.

One fine morning in the year 1725, Mrs. Hayes, who had been abroad in her best hat and riding-hood, Mr. Hayes, who for a wonder had accompanied her, and Mrs. Springatt, a lodger, who for a remuneration had the honour of sharing Mrs. Hayes's friendship and table: all returned, smiling and rosy, at about half past ten o'clock, from a walk which they had taken to Bayswater. Many thousands of people were likewise seen flocking down the Oxford Road, and you would rather have thought, from the smartness of their appearance and the pleasure depicted in their countenances, that they were just issuing from a sermon, than quitting the ceremony which they had been to attend.

The fact is, that they had just been to see a gentleman hanged, —a cheap pleasure, which the Hayes family never denied themselves, and they returned home with a good appetite to breakfast, braced by the walk, and tickled into hunger, as it were, by the spectacle. I can recollect, when I was a gyp at

Cambridge, that the "men" used to have breakfast-patties for the very same purpose, and the exhibition of the morning acted instantly upon the stomach, and caused the young students to eat with much voracity.

Well, Mrs. Catherine, a handsome, well dressed, plump, rosy woman of three or four and thirty (and when, my dear, is a woman handsomer than at that age?) came in quite merrily from her walk, and entered the back parlour which looked into a pleasant yard or garden where the sun was shining very



gaily; and where, at a table covered with a nice white cloth, laid out with some silver mugs, too, and knives, all with different crests and patterns, sat an old gentleman reading in an old book.

"Here we are at last, Doctor," said Mrs. Haves "and here's his speech." She produced the little h/ixxy tract, which to this day is sold at the gallows foot upon the death of every offender. "I've seen a many men turned off, to be sure, but I never did see one who bore it more like a man than he did."

"My dear," said the gentleman addressed as Doctor, "he was as cool and as brave as steel, and no more minded hanging than tooth-drawing."

"It was the drink that ruined him," said Mrs. Cat.

"Drink, and bad company. I warned him, my dear,—I warned him years ago: and directly he got into Wild's gang. I knew that he had not a year to run. Ah, why, my love, will men continue such dangerous courses," continued the Doctor, with a sigh, "and jeopardy their lives for a miserable watch or a snuff-box, of which Mr. Wild takes three-fourths of the produce? But here comes the breakfast; and, egad, I am as hungry as a lad of twenty."

Indeed, at this moment Mrs. Hayes's servant appeared with a smoking dish of bacon and greens, and Mr. Hayes himself ascended from the cellar (of which he kept the key), bearing with him a tolerably large jug of small-beer. To this, the Doctor, Mrs. Springatt (the other lodger), and Mr. and Mrs. Hayes, proceeded with great alacrity. A fifth cover was laid, but not used; the company remarking that "Tom was very likely found some acquaintances at Tyburn, with whom he might choose to pass the morning."

Tom was Master Thomas Billings, now of the age of sixteen: slim, smart, five feet ten inches in height, handsome, sallow in complexion, black-eyed and black-haired. Mr. Billings was apprentice to a tailor, of tolerable practice, who was to take him into partnership at the end of his term. It was supposed, and with reason, that Tom would not fail to make a fortune in this business, of which the present head was one Beinkleider, a German. Beinkleider was skilful in his trade (after the manner of his nation, which in breeches and metaphysics—in inexpressibles and incomprehensibles—may instruct all Europe), but too fond of his pleasure. Some promissory notes of his had found their way into Hayes's hands, and had given him the means not only of providing Master Billings with a cheap apprenticeship, and a cheap partnership afterwards; but would empower him, in one or two years after the young partner had joined the firm, to eject the old one altogether. So that there was every prospect that, when Mr. Billings was twenty-one years of age, poor Beinkleider would have to act, not as his master, but his journeyman.

Tom was a very precocious youth; was supplied by a doting mother with plenty of pocket-money, and spent it with a number

of their companions of both sexes, at plays, bull-baitings, fairs, jolly parties on the river, and suchlike innocent amusements. He could throw a grain, too, as well as his elders; had poked his nose, in a row at Madam King's in the Piazza; and was much respected at the Roundhouse.

Mr. Hayes was not very fond of this promising young gentleman; indeed, he had the baseness to bear malice, because, in a quarrel which occurred about two years previously, he, Hayes, being desirous to chastise Mr. Billings, had found himself not only quite incompetent, but actually at the mercy of the boy, who struck him over the head with a joint-stool, felled him to the ground, and swore he would have his life. The Doctor, who was then also a lodger at Mr. Hayes's, interposed, and restored the combatants, not to friendship, but to peace. Hayes never afterwards attempted to lift his hand to the young man, but contented himself with hating him profoundly. In this sentiment Mr. Billings participated cordially; and, quite unlike Mr. Hayes, who never dared to show his dislike, used on every occasion when they met, by actions, looks, words, sneers, and curses, to let his stepfather know the opinion which he had of him. Why did not Hayes discard the boy altogether? Because, if he did so, he was really afraid of his life, and because he trembled before Mrs. Hayes, his lady, as the leaf trembles before the tempest in October. His breath was not his own, but hers; his money, too, had been chiefly of her getting,--for though he was as stingy and mean as mortal man can be, and so likely to save much, he had not the genius for *getting* which Mrs. Hayes possessed. She kept his books (for she had learned to read and write by this time), she made his bargains, and she directed the operations of the poor-spirited little capitalist. When bills became due, and debtors pressed for time, then she brought Hayes's own professional merits into play. The man was as deaf and cold as a rock; never did poor tradesmen gain a penny from him; never were the bailiffs delayed one single minute from their prey. The Beinkleider business, for instance, showed pretty well the genius of the two. Hayes was for closing with him at once; but his wife saw the vast profits which might be drawn out of him, and arranged the apprenticeship and the partnership before alluded to. The woman heartily scorned and spit upon her husband, who fawned upon her like a spaniel, and loved good cheer; she did not want for a certain kind of

generosity. The only feeling that Hayes had for any one except himself was for his wife, whom he held in a cowardly love and attachment : he liked drink, too, which made him chipping and merry, and accepted willingly any treats that his acquaintances might offer him ; but he would suffer agonies when his wife brought or ordered from the cellar a bottle of wine.

And now for the Doctor. He was about seventy years of age. He had been much abroad, he was of a sober, cheerful aspect ; he dressed handsomely and quietly in a broad hat and castock, but saw no company except the few friends whom he met at the coffee-house. He had an income of about one hundred pounds, which he promised to leave to young Billings. He was amused with the lad, and fond of his mother, and had boarded with them for some years past. The Doctor, in fact, was our old friend Corporal Brock, the Reverend Doctor Wood now, as he had been Major Wood fifteen years back.

Any one who has read the former part of this history must have seen that we have spoken throughout with invariable respect of Mr. Brock ; and that in every circumstance in which he has appeared, he has acted not only with prudence, but often with genius. The early obstacle to Mr. Brock's success was want of conduct simply. Drink, women, play—how many a brave fellow have they ruined !—had pulled Brock down as often as his merit had carried him up. When a man's passion for play has brought him to be a scoundrel, it at once ceases to be hurtful to him in a worldly point of view, he cheats, and wins. It is only for the idle and luxurious that women retain their fascinations to a very late period, and Brock's passions had been whipped out of him in Virginia, where much ill health, ill-treatment, hard labour, and hard food, speedily put an end to them. He forgot there even how to drink ; rum or wine made this poor declining gentleman so ill that he could indulge in them no longer ; and so his three vices were cured.

Had he been ambitious, there is little doubt but that Mr. Brock, on his return from transportation, might have risen in the world, but he was old and a philosopher. he did not care about rising. Living was cheaper in those days, and interest for money higher. when he had amassed about six hundred pounds, he purchased an annuity of seventy-two pounds, and gave out—why should he not?—that he had the capital as well as the interest. After leaving the Hayes family in the country, he

found them again in London: he took up his abode with them, and was attached to the mother and the son. Do you suppose that man has not affections like other people? hearts, madam—yes, hearts—and family ties which they cherish? As the Doctor lived on with this charming family he began to regret that he had sunk all his money in annuities, and could not, as he repeatedly vowed he would, leave his savings to his adopted children.

He felt an indescribable pleasure (*“ suave mari magno,”* &c.) in watching the storms and tempests of the Hayes ménage. He used to encourage Mrs. Catherine into anger when, haply, that lady's fits of calm would last too long; he used to warm up the disputes between wife and husband, mother and son, and enjoy them beyond expression; they served him for daily amusement; and he used to laugh until the tears ran down his venerable cheeks at the accounts which young Tom continually brought him of his pranks abroad, among watchmen and constables, at taverns or elsewhere.

When, therefore, as the party were discussing their bacon and cabbage, before which the Reverend Doctor with much gravity said grace, Master Tom entered, Doctor Wood, who had before been rather gloomy, immediately brightened up, and made a place for Billings between himself and Mrs. Catherine.

“How do, old cock?” said that young gentleman familiarly. “How goes it, mother?” And so saying, he seized eagerly upon the jug of beer which Mr. Hayes had drawn, and from which the latter was about to help himself, and poured down his throat exactly one quart.

“Ah!” said Mr. Billings, drawing breath after a draught which he had learned accurately to gauge from the habit of drinking out of pewter measures which held precisely that quantity.—“Ah!” said Mr. Billings, drawing breath, and wiping his mouth with his sleeves, “this is very thin stuff, old Squawtoes: but my coppers have been red-hot since last night, and they wanted a sluicing.”

“Should you like some ale, dear?” said Mrs. Hayes, that kind and judicious parent.

“A quart of brandy, Tom?” said Doctor Wood, “Your page will run down to the cellar for it in a minute.”

“I’ll see him hanged first!” cried Mr. Hayes, quite frightened.

“Oh, be now, you unnatural father!” said the Doctor.

The very name of father used to put Mr. Hayes in a fury. "I'm not his father, thank Heaven!" said he.

"No, nor nobody else's," said Tom.

Mr. Hayes only muttered "Base-born brat!"

"His father was a gentleman,—that's more than you ever were!" screamed Mrs. Hayes. "His father was a man of spirit; no cowardly sneak of a carpenter, Mr. Hayes! Tom has noble blood in his veins, for all he has a tailor's appearance; and if his mother had had her right, she would now be in a coach-and-six."

"I wish I could find my father," said Tom; "for I think Polly Briggs and I would look mighty well in a coach-and-six." Tom fancied that if his father was a count at the time of his birth, he must be a prince now, and, indeed, went among his companions by the latter august title.

"Ay, Tom, that you would," cried his mother, looking at him fondly.

"With a sword by my side, and a hat and feather, there's never a lord at St. James's would cut a finer figure."

After a little more of this talk, in which Mrs. Hayes let the company know her high opinion of her son—who, as usual, took care to show his extreme contempt for his stepfather—the latter retired to his occupations, the lodger, Mrs. Springatt, who had never said a word all this time, retired to her apartment on the second floor; and, pulling out their pipes and tobacco, the old gentleman and the young one solaced themselves with half-an-hour's more talk and smoking, while the thrifty Mrs. Hayes, opposite to them, was busy with her books.

"What's in the confessions?" said Mr. Billings to Doctor Wood. "There were six of 'em besides Mac, two for sheep, four housebreakers; but nothing of consequence, I fancy."

"There's the paper," said Wood archly. "Read for yourself, Tom."

Mr. Tom looked at the same time very fierce and very foolish; for, though he could drink, swear, and fight as well as any lad of his inches in England, reading was not among his accomplishments. "I tell you what, Doctor," said he, "—you! have no bantering with me,—for I'm not the man that will bear it, — me!" and he threw a tremendous swaggering look across the table.

"I want you to learn to read, Tommy dear. Look at your

mother glare over her books: she keeps them as neat as a soldier now, and at twenty she could make never a stroke."

"Your godfather speaks for your good, child; and for me, thou knowest that I have promised thee a gold-headed cane and perwig on the first day that thou canst read me a column of the *Flying Post*."

"Hang the perwig!" said Mr. Tom testily. "Let my godfather read the paper himself, if he has a liking for it."

Whereupon the old gentleman put on his spectacles, and glanced over the sheet of whity-brown paper, which, ornamented with a picture of a gallows at the top, contained the biographies of the seven unlucky individuals who had that morning suffered the penalty of the law. With the six heroes who came first in the list we have nothing to do; but have before us a copy of the paper containing the life of No. 7, and which the Doctor read in an audible voice.

"Captain Marshane.

"The seventh victim to his own crimes was the famous highwayman, Captain Marshane, so well known as the Irish Purser."

"The Captain came to the ground in a fine white lawn shirt and nightcap; and, being a Papist in his religion, was attended by Father O'Flaherty, Popish priest, and chaplain to the Bavarian Embassy."

"Captain Macshane was born of respectable parents, in the town of Clonakilly, in Ireland, being descended from most of the kings in that country. He had the honour of serving their Majesties King William and Queen Mary, and Her Majesty Queen Anne, in Flanders and Spain, and obtained much credit from my Lords Marlborough and Pemborough for his valour."

"But being placed on half pay at the end of the war, Ensign Marshane took to evil courses, and, frequenting the bagnios and dice-houses, was speedily brought to ruin."

"Being at this pass, he fell in with the notorious Captain Wood, and they two together committed many atrocious robberies in the inland counties; but these being too hot to hold them, they went into the west, where they were unknown. Here, however, the day of retribution arrived; for, having stolen three pewter-pots from a public-house, they, under false names, were tried at Exeter, and transported for seven years beyond the sea. Thus it is seen that justice never sleeps, but, sooner or later, is sure to overtake the criminal."

"On their return from Virginia, a quarrel about booty arose between them two, and Macshane killed Wood in a combat that took place between them near to the town of Bristol, but a wagon coming up, Macshane was obliged to fly without the ill gotten wealth; so true is it, that wickedness never prospers."

"Two days afterwards, Macshane met the coach of Miss Marrow, a Scotch lady and heiress, going, for lumbago and gout, to the Bath. He at first would have robbed this lady; but such were his arts, that he induced her to marry him; and they lived together for seven years in the

town of Eddenboro, in Scotland,—he passing under the name of Colonel Geraldine. The lady dying, and Macshane having expended all her wealth, he was obliged to resume his former evil courses, in order to save himself from starvation; whereupon he robbed a Scotch lord, he seized the Lord of Whistlebinkie, of a mull of snuff; for which crime he was condemned to the Tolbooth prison at Eddenboro, in Scotland, and whipped many times in publick.

"These deserved punishments did not at all alter Captain Macshane's disposition; and on the 17th of February last, he stopped the Bavarian Envoy's coach on Blackheath, coming from Dover, and robbed his Excellency and his chaplain; taking from the former his money, watches, star, a fur-cloak, his sword (a very valuable one); and from the latter a Romish missal, out of which he was then reading, and a case-bottle."

"The Bavarian Envoy!" said Tom parenthetically. "My master, Benkleider, was his Lordship's regimental tailor in Germany, and is now making a Court suit for him. It will be a matter of a hundred pounds to him, I warrant."

Doctor Wood resumed his reading "Hum--hum!" A Romish missal, out of which he was reading, and a case-bottle.

"By means of the famous Mr. Wild, this notorious criminal was brought to justice, and the case-bottle and missal have been restored to Father O'Flaherty."

"During his confinement in Newgate, Mr. Macshane could not be brought to express any contrition for his crimes, except that of having killed his commanding officer. For this Wood he pretended an excessive sorrow, and vowed that quebaugh had been the cause of his death,—indeed, in prison he partook of no other liquor, and drunk a bottle of it on the day before his death."

"He was visited by several of the clergy and gentry in his cell; among others, by the Popish priest whom he had robbed, Father O'Flaherty, before mentioned, who attended him likewise in his last moments (if that idolatrous worship may be called attention); and likewise by the Father's patron, the Bavarian Ambassador, his Excellency Count Maximilian de Galgenstein."

As old Wood came to these words, he paused to give them utterance.

"What! Max?" screamed Mrs. Hayes, letting her ink-bottle fall over her bedgers.

"Why, be hanged if it ben't my father!" said Mr. Billings.

"Your father, sure enough, unless there be others of his name, and unless the scoundrel is hanged," said the Doctor—sitting his voice, however, at the end of the sentence.

Mr. Billings broke his pipe in an agony of joy. "I think we'll have the coach now, mother," says he; "and I'm blessed if Polly Briggs shall not look as fine as a duchess."

"Polly Briggs is a low slut, Tom, and not fit for the likes of

you, Mr. Billings's son. Oh, he! You must be a gentleman now, Brook; and I doubt whether I shan't take you away from that notions tailor's shop altogether."

To this proposition Mr. Billings objected altogether; for, besides Mrs. Briggs before alluded to, the young gentleman was much attached to his master's daughter, Mrs. Margaret Gretel, or Gretchen Beinkleider.

"No," says he. "There will be time to think of that hereafter, na'am. If my pa makes a man of me, why, of course, the shop may go to the deuce, for what I care, but we had better wait, look you, for something certain before we give up such a pretty bird in the hand as this."

"He speaks like Solomon," said the Doctor.

"I always said he would be a credit to his old mother, didn't I, Brook?" cried Mrs. Cat, embracing her son very affectionately. "A credit to her, ay, I warrant, a real blessing! And dost thou want any money, Tom? for a lord's son must not go about without a few pieces in his pocket. And I tell thee, Tommy, thou must go and see his Lordship, and thou shalt have a piece of brocade for a waistcoat, thou shalt; ay, and the silver-hilted sword I told thee of; but oh, Tommy, Tommy! have a care, and don't be a-drawing of it in naughty company at the gaming-houses, or at the"—

"A drawing of fiddlesticks, mother! If I go to see my father, I must have a reason for it, and instead of going with a sword in my hand, I shall take something else in it."

"The lad is a bad of nous," cried Doctor Wood, "although his mother does spoil him so cruelly. Look you, Madam Cat, did you not hear what he said about Beinkleider and the clothes? Tommy will just wait on the Count with his Lordship's breeches. A man may learn a deal of news in the trying on of a pair of breeches."

And so it was agreed that in this manner the son should at last make his appearance before his father. Mrs. Cat gave him the piece of brocade, which, in the course of the day, was fashioned into a smart waistcoat (for Beinkleider's shop was close by, in Cavendish Square). Mrs. Gretel, with many blushes, tied a fine blue riband round his neck, and, in a pair of silk stockings, with gold buckles to his shoes, Master Billings looked a very proper young gentleman.

"And, Tommy," said his mother, blushing and hesitating,

"should Max—should his Lordship ask after your—want to know if your mother is alive, you can say she is, and well, and often talks of old times. And, Tommy" (after another pause), "you needn't say anything about Mr. Hayes; only say I'm quite well."

Mrs. Hayes looked at him as he marched down the street, a long long way. Tom was proud and gay in his new costume, and was not unlike his father. As she looked, lo! Oxford Street disappeared, and she saw a green common, and a village, and a little inn. There was a soldier leading a pair of horses about on the green common, and in the inn sat a cavalier, so young, so merry, so beautiful! Oh, what slim white hands he had; and winning words, and tender, gentle blue eyes! Was it not an honour to a country lass that such a noble gentleman should look at her for a moment? Had he not some charm about him that she must needs obey when he whispered in her ear, "Come, follow me!" As she walked towards the lane that morning, how well she remembered each spot as she passed it, and the look it wore for the last time! How the smoke was rising from the pastures, how the fish were jumping and plashing in the mill-stream! There was the church, with all its windows lighted up with gold, and yonder were the reapers sweeping down the brown corn. She tried to sing as she went up the hill—what was it? She could not remember, but oh, how well she remembered the sound of the horse's hoofs, as they came quicker, quicker—nearer, nearer! How noble he looked on his great horse! Was he thinking of her, or were they all silly words which he spoke last night, merely to pass away the time and deceive poor girls with? Would he remember them—would he?

"Cat my dear," here cried Mr. Brock, *alias* Captain, *alias* Doctor Wood, "here's the meat a-getting cold, and I am longing for my breakfast."

As they went in he looked her hard in the face. "What, still at it, you silly girl? I've been watching you these five minutes, Cat, and be hanged but I think a word from Galgenstein, and you would follow him as a fly does a treacle-pot!"

They went in to breakfast, but though there was a hot shoulder of mutton and onion-sauce—Mrs. Catherine's favourite dish—she never touched a morsel of it.

In the meanwhile Mr. Thomas Billings, in his new clothes

which his mamma had given him, in his new riband which the fair Miss Beinfelder had tied round his neck, and having his Bessie's breeches wrapped in a silk handkerchief in his right hand, turned down in the direction of Whitehall, where the Bavarian Envoy lodged. But, before he waited on him, Mr. Billings, being excessively pleased with his personal appearance, made an early visit to Mrs. Briggs, who lived in the neighbourhood of Swallow Street; and who, after expressing herself with much enthusiasm regarding her Tommy's good looks, immediately asked him what he would stand to drink? Raspberry gin being suggested, a pint of that liquor was sent for, and so great was the confidence and intimacy subsisting between these two young people, that the reader will be glad to hear that Mrs. Polly accepted every shilling of the money which Tom Billings had received from his mamma the day before, nay, could with difficulty be prevented from seizing upon the cut-velvet breeches which he was carrying to the nobleman for whom they were made. Having paid his adieux to Mrs. Polly, Mr. Billings departed to visit his father.

CHAPTER IV

Interview between Count Gulgenstein and Master Thomas Billings, when he informs the Count of his Parentage.

I DON'T know in all this miserable world a more miserable spectacle than that of a young fellow of five or six and forty. The British army, that nursery of valour, turns out many of the young fellows I mean who, having flaunted in dragoon uniforms from seventeen to six-and-thirty, having bought, sold, or swapped during that period some two hundred horses, having played, say, fifteen thousand games at billiards; having drunk some six thousand bottles of wine; having consumed a reasonable number of Nugee coats, split many dozen pairs of high-topped Hoby boots, and read the newspaper and the army list daily, retire from the service when they have attained their eighth lustre, and saunter through the world, trailing from London to Chesham, and from Boulogne to Paris, and from Paris to Baden, their idleness, their ill-health, and their *ennui*. "In the morning of youth," and when seen along with whole troops of their companions, these flowers look gaudy and brilliant enough;

but there is no object more dismal than one of these alone, and in its autumnal, or seedy state. My friend, Captain Poppy, is one who has arrived at this condition, and whose everybody knows by his title of Father Pop. A kinder, simpler, more empty-headed fellow does not exist. He is forty-seven years old, and appears a young, good-looking man of sixty. At the time of the Army of Occupation he really was as good-looking a man as any in the Dragoons. He now uses all sorts of stratagems to cover the bald place on his head, by combing certain thin grey side-locks over it. He has, in revenge, a pair of enormous moustaches, which he dyes of the richest blue-black. His nose is a good deal larger and redder than it used to be, his eyelids have grown flat and heavy; and a little pair of red, watery eyeballs float in the midst of them. It seems as if the light which was once in those sickly green pupils had extravasated into the white part of the eye. If Pop's legs are not so firm and muscular as they used to be in those days when he took such leaps into White's buckskins, in revenge his waist is much larger. He wears a very good coat, however, and a waistband, which he lets out after dinner. Before ladies he blushes, and is as silent as a schoolboy. He calls them "modest women." His society is chiefly among young lads belonging to his former profession. He knows the best wine to be had at each tavern or *café*, and the waiters treat him with much respectful familiarity. He knows the names of every one of them; and shouts out, "Send Markwell here!" or, "Tell Cuttriss to give us a bottle of the yellow scal!" or, "Dizzy voo, Monsure Borrel, two donny shampang frappy," &c. He always makes the salad or the punch, and dines out three hundred days in the year. The other days you see him in a two-franc eating-house at Paris, or prowling about Rupert Street, or St. Martin's Court, where you get a capital cut of meat for eightpence. He has decent lodgings and scrupulously clean linen; his animal functions are still tolerably well preserved, his spiritual have evaporated long since; he sleeps well, has no conscience, believes himself to be a respectable fellow, and is tolerably happy on the days when he is asked out to dinner.

Poor Pop is not very high in the scale of created beings; but, if you fancy there is none lower, you are in egregious error. There was once a man who had a mysterious exhibition of an animal quite unknown to naturalists, called "the wasser."

These credulous individuals who desired to see the *monster* were introduced into an apartment where appeared before them nothing more than a little lean shrivelled hideous blue-eyed mangy pig. Every one cried out "Swindle!" and "Shame!" "Patience, gentlemen, be heasy," said the showman: "look at that there hanimal; it's a perfect phenomany of hugliness: I engage you never see such a pig." Nobody ever had seen. "Now, gentlemen," said he, "I'll keep my promise, has per bill; and bad as that there pig is, look at this here" (he showed another). "Look at this here, and you'll see at once that it's a *monster*." In like manner the Popjoy breed is bad enough, but it serves only to show off the Galgenstein race, which is *worse*.

Galgenstein had led a very gay life, as the saying is, for the last fifteen years; such a gay one, that he had lost all capacity of enjoyment by this time, and only possessed inclinations without powers of gratifying them. He had grown to be exquisitely curious and fastidious about meat and drink, for instance, and all that he wanted was an appetite. He carried about with him a French cook, who could not make him eat; a doctor, who could not make him well; a mistress, of whom he was heartily sick after two days; a priest, who had been a favourite of the exemplary Dubois, and by turns used to tickle him by the imposition of penance, or by the repetition of a tale from the *recueil* of Noce, or La Fare. All his appetites were wasted and worn; only some monstrosity would galvanise them into momentary action. He was in that effete state to which many noblemen of his time had arrived; who were ready to believe in ghost-missing or in gold making, or to retire into monasteries and wear hair-shirts, or to dabble in conspiracies, or to die in love with little cook-maids of fifteen, or to pine for the smiles or at the frowns of a prince of the blood, or to go mad at the refusal of a chamberlain's key. The last gratification he remembered to have enjoyed was that of riding bare headed in a soaking rain for three hours by the side of his Grand Duke's mistress's coach; taking the *part* of Count Krühwinkel, who challenged him, and was run through the body for this very dispute. Galgenstein gained a rheumatic gout by it, which put him to tortures for many months; and was further gratified with the post of English Envoy. He had a fortune, he asked no salary, and could look the envoy very well. Father O'Shaerty did all the duties, and furthermore acted as a spy over the ambassador—a sinecure

post, for the man had no feeling, wishes, or opinions—absolutely none.

"Upon my life, father," said this worthy man, "I care for nothing. You have been talking for an hour about the Regent's death, and the Duchess of Phalaris, and sly old Fleury, and what not, and I care just as much as if you told me that one of my hangers at Galgenstein had killed a pig; or as if my lacquy, La Rose, yonder, had made love to my mistress."

"He does!" said the reverend gentleman.

"Ah, Monsieur l'Abbé!" said La Rose, who was arranging his master's enormous Court perwig, "you are, hélas! wrong. Monsieur le Comte will not be angry at my saying that I wish the accusation were true."

The Count did not take the slightest notice of La Rose's wit, but continued his own complaints.

"I tell you, Abbé, I care for nothing. I lost a thousand guineas t'other night at Lasset. I wish to my heart I could have been vexed about it. Fgad! I remember the day when to lose a hundred made me half mad for a month. Well, next day I had my revenge at dice, and threw thirteen mains. There was some delay, a call for fresh bones, I think; and—would you believe it?—I fell asleep with the box in my hand!"

"A desperate case, indeed," said the Abbé.

"If it had not been for Krahwinkel, I should have been a dead man, that's positive. That pinking him saved me."

"I make no doubt of it," said the Abbé. "Had your Excellency not run him through, he, without a doubt, would have done the same for you."

"Psha! you mistake my words, Monsieur l'Abbé" (yawning). "I mean—what cursed chocolate!—that I was dying for want of excitement. Not that I cared for dying; no, d—— me if I do!"

"When you do, your Excellency means," said the Abbé, a fat grey-haired Irishman, from the Irish College at Paris.

His Excellency did not laugh, nor understand jokes of any kind, he was of an undeviating stupidity, and only replied, "Sir, I mean what I say. I don't care for living; no, nor for dying either, but I can speak as well as another, and I'll thank you not to be correcting my phrases as if I were one of your cursed schoolboys, and not a gentleman of fortune and blood."

Hercules the Count, who had uttered four sentences about himself (he never spoke of anything else), sunk back on his pillow again, quite exhausted by his eloquence. The Abbé, who had a seat and a table by the bedside, resumed the labours which had brought him into the room in the morning, and hunted himself with papers, which occasionally he handed over to his superior for approval.

Presently Monsieur la Rose appeared.

"Here is a person with clothes from Mr. Deinkleider's. Will your Excellency see him, or shall I bid him leave the clothes?"

The Count was very much fatigued by this time, he had signed three papers, and read the first half-a-dozen lines of a pair of them.

"Bid the fellow come in, La Rose: and, hark ye, give me my wig: one must show one's self to be a gentleman before these scoundrels." And he therefore mounted a large chestnut coloured, orange-scented pyramid of horsehair, which was to awe the new-comer.

He was a lad of about seventeen, in a smart waistcoat and a blue siffland, our friend Tom Billings, indeed. He carried under his arm the Count's destined breeches. He did not seem in the least awed, however, by his Excellency's appearance, but looked at him with a great degree of curiosity and boldness. In the same manner he surveyed the chaplain, and then nodded to him with a kind look of recognition.

"Where have I seen the lad?" said the father. "Oh, I have it! My good friend, you were at the hanging yesterday, I think?"

Mr. Billings gave a very significant nod with his head. "I never miss," said he.

"What a young Turk! And pray, sir, do you go for pleasure, or for business?"

"Business! what do you mean by business?"

"Oh, I did not know whether you might be brought up to the trade, or your relations be undergoing the operation."

"My relations," said Mr. Billings proudly, and staring the Count full in the face, "was not made for no such thing. I'm a tailor now, but I'm a gentleman's son, as good a man, ay, as his lordship there: for you a'n't his lordship—you're the Popish priest you are; and we were very near giving you a touch of a few Protestant stones, master."

The Count began to be a little amused: he was pleased to see the Abbé look alarmed, or even foolish.

"Egad, Abbé," said he, "you turn as white as a sheet."

"I don't fancy being murdered, my Lord," said the Abbé hastily, "and murdered for a good work. It was but to be useful to yonder poor Irishman, who saved me as a prisoner in Flanders, when Marlborough would have hung me up like poor Macshane himself was yesterday."

"Ah!" said the Count, bursting out with some energy, "I



was thinking who the fellow could be, ever since he robbed me on the Heath. I recollect the scoundrel now: he was a second in a duel I had here in the year six."

"Along with Major Wood, behind Montague House," said Mr. Billings. "I've heard on it." And here he looked more knowing than ever.

"You!" cried the Count, more and more surprised. "And pray who the devil are you?"

"My name's Billings."

"Billings?" said the Count.

"I come out of Warwickshire," said Mr. Billings.

"Indeed?"

"I was born at Birmingham town."

"Were you, really?"

"My mother's name was Hall," continued Billings, in a solemn voice. "I was put out to nurse along with John Billings, a blacksmith; and my father run away. Now do you know who I am?"

"Why, upon honour, now," said the Count, who was amused, "upon honour, Mr. Billings, I have not that advantage."

"Well, then, my Lord, *you're my father!*"

Mr. Billings when he said this came forward to the Count with a theatrical air; and, flinging down the breeches of which he was the bearer, held out his arms and stared, having very little doubt but that his Lordship would forthwith spring out of bed and hug him to his heart. A similar piece of *natural* many fathers of families have, I have no doubt, remarked in their children; who, not caring for their parents a single don, conceive, nevertheless, that the latter are bound to show all sorts of affection for them. His lordship did move, but backwards towards the wall, and began pulling at the bell rope with an expression of the most intense alarm.

"Keep back, surrah!—keep back!" Suppose I *am* your father, do you want to murder me? Good heavens! how the boy smells of gin and tobacco! Don't turn away my lad, sit down there at a proper distance. And, La Rose, give him some eau-de-Cologne, and get a cup of coffee. Well, now, go on with your story. Egad, my dear Abbé, I think it is very likely that what the lad says is true."

"If it is a family conversation," said the Abbé, "I had better leave you."

"Oh, for Heaven's sake, no! I could not stand the boy alone. Now, Mister ah!—What's your-name? Have the goodness to tell your story."

Mr. Billings was woefully disconcerted, for his mother and he had agreed that as soon as his father saw him he would be recognised at once, and, mayhap, made heir to the estates and title; in which being disappointed, he very sulkily went on with his narrative, and detailed many of those events with which the

reader has already been made acquainted. The Count asked the boy's mother's Christian name, and being told it, his memory at once returned to him.

"What! are you little Cat's son?" said his Excellency. "By heavens, mon cher Abbé, a charming creature, but a tigress—positively a tigress. I recollect the whole affair now. She's a little fresh black-haired woman, a'n't she? with a sharp nose and thick eyebrows, ay? Ah yes, yes!" went on my Lord. "I recollect her, I recollect her. It was at Birmingham I first met her—she was my Lady Trippet's woman, wasn't she?"

"She was no such thing," said Mr. Billings hotly. "Her aunt kept the 'Bugle Inn' on Waltham Green, and your Lordship seduced her."

"Seduced her! Oh, 'gad, so I did. Stap me, now, I did. Yes, I made her jump on my black horse, and bore her off like like *Æneas* bore his wife away from the siege of Rome! hey, I Abbé?"

"The events were precisely similar," said the Abbé. "It is wonderful what a memory you have!"

"I was always remarkable for it," continued his Excellency. "Well, where was I,—at the black horse? Yes, at the black horse. Well, I mounted her on the black horse, and rode her *en cruche*, egad—ha, ha!—to Birmingham; and there we billed and cooed together like a pair of turtle-doves. yes—ha!—that we did!"

"And this, I suppose, is the end of some of the *billings*?" said the Abbé, pointing to Mr. Tom.

"Billings! what do you mean? Yes—oh—ah—a pun, a cal-embour. Fi donc, M l'Abbé." And then, after the wont of very stupid people, M de Galgenstein went on to explain to the Abbé his own pun. "Well, but to proceed," cries he. "We lived together at Birmingham, and I was going to be married to a rich heiress, egad! when what do you think this little Cat does? She murders me, egad! and makes me *manger* the marriage. Twenty thousand, I think it was, and I wanted the money in those days. Now, wasn't she an abominable monster, that mother of yours, hey, Mr. a—What's-your-name?"

"She served you right!" said Mr. Billings, with a great oath, starting up out of all patience.

"Fellow!" said his Excellency, quite aghast, "do you know to whom you speak?—to a nobleman of seventy-eight descents;

a count of the Holy Roman Empire; a representative of a sovereign? Ha, egad! Don't stamp, fellow, if you hope for my protection."

"D—n your protection!" said Mr. Billings, in a fury. "Curse you and your protection too! I'm a free-born Briton, and no ——— French Papist! And any man who insults my mother—ay, or calls me feller—had better look to himself and the two eyes in his head, I can tell him! And with this Mr. Billings put himself into the most approved attitude of the Cock-pit, and invited his father, the reverend gentleman, and Monsieur la Rose the valet, to engage with him in a pugilistic encounter. The two latter, the Abbé especially, seemed dreadfully frightened; but the Count now looked on with much interest, and, giving utterance to a feeble kind of chuckle, which lasted for about half a minute, said,—

"Paws off, Pompey! You young hangdog, you—egad, yes, aha! 'pon honour, you're a lad of spirit, some of your father's spunk in you, hey! I know him by that oath. Why, sir, when I was sixteen, I used to swear—to swear, egad, like a Thames waterman, and exactly in this fellow's way! Buss me, my lad, no, kiss my hand. That will do"—and he held out a very lean yellow hand, peering from a pair of yellow ruffles. It shook very much, and the shaking made all the rings upon it shine only the more.

"Well," says Mr. Billings, "if you wasn't a going to abuse me nor mother, I don't care if I shake hands with you. I ain't proud!"

The Abbé laughed with great glee; and that very evening sent off to his Court a most ludicrous *spy* description of the whole scene of meeting between this amiable father and child, in which he said that young Billings was the *élite favori* of M. Kitch, Ecuyer, *le bourgeois de Londres*, and which made the Duke's mistress laugh so much that she vowed that the Abbé should have a bishopric on his return. for, with such store of wisdom, look you, my son, was the world governed in those days.

The Count and his offspring meanwhile conversed with some cordiality. The former informed the latter of all the diseases to which he was subject, his manner of curing them, his great consideration as chamberlain to the Duke of Bavaria; how he wore his Court suits, and of a particular powder which he had invented

for the hair ; how, when he was seventeen, he had run away with a canoness, egad : who was afterwards locked up in a convent, and grew to be sixteen stone in weight ; how he remembered the time when ladies did not wear patches ; and how the Duchess of Marlborough boxed his ears when he was so high, because he wanted to kiss her.

All these important anecdotes took some time in the telling, and were accompanied by many profound moral remarks ; such as, " I can't abide garlic, nor white-wine, stap me ! nor Sauerkraut, though his Highness eats half a bushel per day. I ate it the first time at Court ; but when they brought it me a second time, I refused—refused, split me and grill me if I didn't ! Everybody stared, his Highness looked as fierce as a Turk ; and that infernal Krahwinkel (my dear, I did for him afterwards)—that cursed Krahwinkel, I say, looked as pleased as possible, and whispered to Countess Fritsch, ' Blitzchen, Frau Gräfinn,' says he, ' it's all over with Galgenstein.' What did I do ? I had the *entré*, and demanded it ' Altesse,' says I, falling on one knee, ' I ate no kraut at dinner to-day You remarked it : I saw your Highness remark it.'

" ' I did, M le Comte,' said his Highness gravely.

" I had almost tears in my eyes, but it was necessary to come to a resolution, you know. ' Sir,' said I, ' I speak with deep grief to your Highness, who are my benefactor, my friend, my father, but of this I am resolved, I WILL NEVER RAT SAUERKRAUT MORE—it don't agree with me. After being laid up for four weeks by the last dish of Sauerkraut of which I partook, I may say with confidence—*it don't* agree with me. By impairing my health, it impairs my intellect, and weakens my strength ; and both I would keep for your Highness's service.'

" ' Tut, tut !' said his Highness. ' Tut, tut, tut !' Those were his very words.

" ' Give me my sword or my pen,' said I. ' Give me my sword or my pen, and with these Maximilian de Galgenstein is ready to serve you ; but sure,—sure, a great prince will pity the weak health of a faithful subject, who does not know how to eat Sauerkraut !' His Highness was walking about the room ; I was still on my knees, and stretched forward my hand to seize his coat.

" ' GEHT ZUM TEUFEL, sir !' said he, in a loud voice (it means ' Go to the deuce,' my dear),—' Geht zum Teufel, and eat what

you like? With this he went out of the room abruptly, leaving in my hand one of his buttons, which I keep to this day. As soon as I was alone, amazed by his great goodness and bounty, I burst out—cried like a child " (the Count's eyes filled and shined at the very recollection), "and when I went back into the card-room, stepping up to Krahwinkel, 'Count,' says I, 'who looks foolish now?'—Hey there La Rose, give me the diamond— Yes, that was the very pun I made, and very good it was thought. 'Krahwinkel,' says I, 'who looks foolish now?' and from that day to this I was never at a Court day asked to eat Sauerkraut—*never!*"

"Hey there, La Rose! Bring me that diamond snuff-box in the drawer of my *scrubaire*," and the snuff-box was brought. "Look at it, my dear," said the Count, "for I saw you seemed to doubt. There is the button—the very one that came off his Grace's coat."

Mr. Billings received it, and twisted it about with a stupid air. The story had quite mystified him, for he did not dare yet to think his father was a fool—his respect for the aristocracy prevented him.

When the Count's communications had ceased which they did as soon as the story of the Sauerkraut was finished, a silence of some minutes ensued. Mr. Billings was trying to comprehend the circumstances above narrated, his Lordship was exhausted, the chaplain had quitted the room directly the word Sauerkraut was mentioned—he knew what was coming. His Lordship looked for some time at his son, who returned the gaze with his mouth wide open. "Well," said the Count—"well, sir? What are you sitting there for? If you have nothing to say, sir, you had better go. I had you here to amuse me—split me—and not to sit there staring!"

Mr. Billings rose in a fury.

"Hark ye, my lad," said the Count, "tell La Rose to give thee five guineas, and, ah—come again some morning. A most well-grown young lad," mused the Count, as Master Tommy walked wondering out of the apartment, "a pretty fellow enough, and intelligent too."

"Well, he is an odd fellow, my father," thought Mr. Billings, as he walked out, having received the sum offered to him. And he immediately went to call upon his friend Polly Briggs, from whom he had separated in the morning.

What was the result of their interview is not at all necessary to the progress of this history. Having made her, however, acquainted with the particulars of his visit to his father, he went to his mother's, and related to her all that had occurred.

Poor thing, she was very differently interested in the issue of it!

CHAPTER X.

Showing how Galgenstein and Mrs. Cal recognise each other in Marylebone Gardens—and how the Count drives her home in his Carriage.

ABOUT a month after the touching conversation above related, there was given, at Marylebone Gardens, a grand concert and entertainment, at which the celebrated Madame Aménide, a dancer of the theatre at Paris, was to perform, under the patronage of several English and foreign noblemen; among whom was his Excellency the Bavarian Envoy. Madame Aménide was, in fact, no other than the *maîtresse en titre* of the Monsieur de Galgenstein, who had her a great bargain from the Duke de Rohan-Chabot at Paris.

It is not our purpose to make a great and learned display here, otherwise the costumes of the company assembled at this *fête* might afford scope for at least half-a-dozen pages of fine writing, and we might give, if need were, specimens of the very songs and music sung on the occasion. Does not the Burney collection of music, at the British Museum, afford one an ample store of songs from which to choose? Are there not the memoirs of Colley Cibber? those of Mrs. Clark, the daughter of Colley? Is there not Congreve, and Farquhar,—nay, and at a pinch, the "Dramatic Biography," or even the *Spectator*, from which the observant genius might borrow passages, and construct pretty antiquarian figments? Leave we these trifles to meaner souls! Our business is not with the breeches and periwigs, with the hoops and patches, but with the divine hearts of men, and the passions which agitate them. What need, therefore, have we to say that on this evening, after the dancing, the music, and the fireworks, Monsieur de Galgenstein felt the strange and welcome pangs of appetite, and was picking a cold chicken, along with some other friends in an arbour—a cold chicken, with an

accompaniment of a bottle of champagne—when he was led to remark that a very handsome plump little person, in a gorgeous stiff damask gown and petticoat, was sauntering up and down the walk running opposite his supping-place, and bestowing continual glances towards his Excellency. The lady, whoever she was, was in a mask, such as ladies of high and low fashion wore at public places in those days, and had a male companion. He was a lad of only seventeen, marvellously well dressed—indeed, no other than the Count's own son, Mr. Thomas Billings; who had at length received from his mother the silver-hilted sword, and the wig, which that affectionate parent had promised to him.

In the course of the month which had elapsed since the interview that has been described in the former chapter, Mr. Billings had several times had occasion to wait on his father; but though he had, according to her wishes, frequently alluded to the existence of his mother, the Count had never at any time expressed the slightest wish to renew his acquaintance with that lady; who, if she had seen him, had only seen him by stealth.

The fact is, that after Billings had related to her the particulars of his first meeting with his Excellency, which ended, like many of the latter visits, in nothing at all. Mrs. Hayes had found some pressing business, which continually took her to Whitehall, and had been prowling from day to day about Monsieur de Galgenstein's lodgings. Four or five times in the week, as his Excellency stepped into his coach, he might have remarked, had he chosen, a woman in a black hood, who was looking most eagerly into his eyes; but those eyes had long since left off the practice of observing, and Madame Catherine's visits had so far gone for nothing.

On this night, however, inspired by gaiety and drink, the Count had been amazingly stricken by the gait and ogling of the lady in the mask. The Reverend O'Flaherty, who was with him, and had observed the figure in the black cloak, recognised, or thought he recognised, her. "It is the woman who dogs your Excellency every day," said he. "She is with that rascal lad who loves to see people hanged—your Excellency's son, I mean." And he was just about to warn the Count of a conspiracy maliciously made against him, and that the son had brought, most likely, the mother to play her arts upon him—he was just about, I say, to show to the Count the folly and danger of pursuing an old *liaison* with a woman such as he had described

Mrs. Cat to be, when his Excellency, starting up, and interrupting his ghostly adviser at the very beginning of his sentence, said, "Egad, l'Abbé, you are right—it is my son, and a mighty smart-looking creature with him. Hey! Mr. What's-your-name—Tom, you rogue, don't you know your own father?" And so saying, and cocking his beaver on one side, Monsieur de Galgenstein strutted jauntily after Mr. Billings and the lady.

It was the first time that the Count had formally recognised his son.

"Tom, you rogue," stopped at this, and the Count came up. He had a white velvet suit, covered over with stars and orders, a neat modest wig and bag, and peach-coloured silk stockings with silver clasps. The lady in the mask gave a start as his Excellency came forward. "Law, mother, don't squeeze so," said Tom. The poor woman was trembling in every limb; but she had presence of mind to "squeeze" Tom a great deal harder; and the latter took the hint, I suppose, and was silent.

The splendid Count came up. Ye gods, how his embroidery glittered in the lamps! What a royal exhalation of musk and bergamot came from his wig, his handkerchief, and his grand lace ruffles and frills! A broad yellow riband passed across his breast, and ended at his hip in a shining diamond cross—a diamond cross, and a diamond sword hilt! Was anything ever seen so beautiful? And might not a poor woman tremble when such a noble creature drew near to her, and deigned, from the height of his rank and splendour, to look down upon her? As Jove came down to Semele in state, in his habits of ceremony, with all the grand cordons of his orders blazing about his imperial person—thus dazzling, magnificent, triumphant, the great Galgenstein descended towards Mrs. Catherine. Her cheeks glowed red-hot under her coy velvet mask, her heart thumped against the whalebone prison of her stays. What a delicious storm of vanity was raging in her bosom! What a rush of long-pent recollections burst forth at the sound of that enchanting voice!

As you wind up a hundred-guinea chronometer with a two-penny watch-key—as by means of a dirty wooden plug you set all the waters of Versailles a raging, and splashing, and storming—in like manner, and by like humble agents, were Mrs. Catherine's tumultuous passions set going. The Count, we have said, shipped up to his son, and merely saying, "How do, Tom?"

cut the young gentleman altogether, and passing round to the lady's side, said, "Madam, 'tis a charming evening—egad it is!" She almost fainted: it was the old voice. There he was, after seventeen years, once more at her side!

Now I know what I could have done. I can turn out a quotation from Sophocles (by looking to the index) as well as another: I can throw off a bit of fine writing too, with passion, simile, and a moral at the end. What, pray, is the last sentence but one but the very finest writing? Suppose, for example, I had made Maximilian, as he stood by the side of Catherine, look up towards the clouds, and exclaim, in the words of the volupuous Cornelius Nepos,—

Ἀέρας ψήλας
 Ἀρδύμεν φερέμεν
 Δροσιστὴν φέρον ἐβόηγον, & c. &c.

Or suppose, again, I had said, in a style still more popular.—The Count advanced towards the maiden. They both were mute for a while; and only the beating of her heart interrupted that thrilling and passionate silence. Ah, what years of buried joys and fears, hopes and disappointments, arose from their graves in the far past, and in those brief moments flitted before the united ones! How sad was that delicious retrospect, and oh, how sweet! The tears that rolled down the cheek of each were bubbles from the choked and moss-grown wells of youth, the sigh that heaved each bosom had some lurking odours in it—memories of the fragrance of boyhood, echoes of the hymns of the young heart! Thus is it ever: for these blessed recollections the soul always has a place, and while crime perishes, and sorrow is forgotten, the beautiful alone is eternal.

"O golden legends, written in the skies!" mused De Galgenstein, "ye shine as ye did in the golden days! We change, but ye speak ever the same language. Gazing in your abyssal depths, the feeble ratiocinate—"

There, now, are six columns* of the best writing to be found

* There were six columns, as mentioned by the author Mr. Solomons; but we have withdrawn two pages and three-quarters, because, although our correspondent has been excessively eloquent, according to custom, we must not come to the last of the story.

Mr. Solomons, by sending to our office, may have the cancelled paragraph—O. Y.

in this or any other book. Galgenstein has quoted Euripides thrice, Plato once, Lycophron nine times, besides extracts from the Latin syntax and the minor Greek poets. Catherine's passionate embreathings are of the most fashionable order; and I call upon the ingenious critic of the X— newspaper to say whether they do not possess the real impress of the giants of the olden time—the real Platonic smack, in a word? Not that I want in the least to show off; but it is as well, every now and then, to show the public what one *can* do.

Instead, however, of all this rant and nonsense, how much finer is the speech that the Count really did make! "It is a very fine evening—egad it is!" The "egad" did the whole business, Mrs. Cat was as much in love with him now as ever she had been; and, gathering up all her energies, she said, "It is dreadful hot too, I think," and with this she made a curtsey.

"Stifling, split me!" added his Excellency. "What do you say, madam, to a rest in an arbour, and a drink of something cool?"

"Sir!" said the lady, drawing back.

"Oh, a drink—a drink by all means," exclaimed Mr. Billings, who was troubled with a perpetual thirst. "Come, no—, Mrs. Jones, I mean—you're fond of a glass of cold punch, you know, and the rum here is prime, I can tell you."

The lady in the mask consented with some difficulty to the proposal of Mr. Billings, and was led by the two gentlemen into an arbour, where she was seated between them; and some wax-candles being lighted, punch was brought.

She drank one or two glasses very eagerly, and so did her two companions; although it was evident to see, from the flushed looks of both of them, that they had little need of any such stimulus. The Count, in the midst of his champagne, it must be said, had been amazingly stricken and scandalised by the appearance of such a youth as Billings in a public place with a lady under his arm. He was, the reader will therefore understand, in the moral stage of liquor; and when he issued out, it was not merely with the intention of examining Mr. Billings's female companion, but of administering to him some sound correction for venturing, at his early period of life, to form any such acquaintances. On joining Billings, his Excellency's first step was naturally to examine the lady. After they had been sitting for a while over their punch, he bethought him of his

original purpose, and began to address a number of moral remarks to his son.

We have already given some specimens of Monsieur de Galgenstein's sober conversation; and it is hardly necessary to trouble the reader with any further reports of his speeches. They were intolerably stupid and dull, as egotistical as his morning lecture had been, and a hundred times more rambling and prolix. If Cat had been in the possession of her sober senses, she would have seen in five minutes that her amiable lover was a ninny, and have left him with scorn; but she was under the charm of old recollections, and the sound of that silly voice was to her magical. As for Mr. Billings, he allowed his Excellency to continue his prattle; only frowning, yawning, cursing occasionally, but drinking continually.

So the Count descanted at length upon the enormity of young Billings's early *liaisons*; and then he told his own, in the year four, with a burgomaster's daughter at Ratisbon, when he was in the Elector of Bavaria's service—then, after Blenheim, when he had come over to the Duke of Marlborough, when a physician's wife at Bonn poisoned herself for him, &c. &c.; of a piece with the story of the canon's which has been recorded before. All the tales were true. A clever, ugly man every now and then is successful with the ladies, but a handsome fool is irresistible. Mrs. Cat listened and listened. Good heavens! she had heard all these tales before, and recollected the place and the time—how she was borrowing a handkerchief for Max; who came round and kissed her, vowing that the physician's wife was nothing compared to her—how he was threatened, and lying on the sofa, just come home from shooting. How handsome he looked! Cat thought he was only the handsomer now; and looked more grave and thoughtful, the dear fellow!

The garden was filled with a vast deal of company of all kinds, and parties were passing every moment before the arbour where our trio sat. About half-an-hour after his Excellency had quitted his own box and party, the Rev. Mr. O'Flaherty came discreetly round, to examine the proceedings of his diplomatical *chef*. The lady in the mask was listening with all her might, Mr. Billings was drawing figures on the table with punch; and the Count talking incessantly. The Father Confessor listened for a moment; and then, with something resembling an oath, walked away to the entry of the gardens, where his Excellency's gilt

coach, with three footmen, was waiting to carry him back to London. "Get me a chair, Joseph," said his Reverence, who infinitely preferred a seat gratis in the coach. "That foot," muttered he, "will not move for this hour." The reverend gentleman knew that when the Count was on the subject of the physician's wife, his discourses were intolerably long; and took upon himself, therefore, to disappear, along with the rest of the Count's party, who procured other conveyances, and returned to their homes.

After this quiet shadow had passed before the Count's box, many groups of persons passed and repassed; and among them was no other than Mrs. Polly Briggs, to whom we have been already introduced. Mrs. Polly was in company with one or two other ladies, and leaning on the arm of a gentleman with large shoulders and calves, a fierce cock to his hat, and a shabby-genteel air. His name was Mr. Moffat, and his present occupation was that of doorkeeper at a gambling-house in Covent Garden; where though he saw many thousands pass daily under his eyes, his own salary amounted to no more than four-and-sixpence weekly, - a sum quite insufficient to maintain him in the rank which he held.

Mr. Moffat had, however, received some funds—amounting, indeed, to a matter of twelve guineas—within the last month, and was treating Mrs. Briggs very generously to the concert. It may be as well to say that every one of the twelve guineas had come out of Mrs. Polly's own pocket; who, in return, had received them from Mr. Billings. And as the reader may remember that, on the day of Tommy's first interview with his father, he had previously paid a visit to Mrs. Briggs, having under his arm a pair of breeches, which Mrs. Briggs coveted—he should now be informed that she desired these breeches, not for pincushions, but for Mr. Moffat, who had long been inwant of a pair.

Having thus episodically narrated Mr. Moffat's history, let us state that he, his lady, and their friends, passed before the Count's arbour, joining in a melodious chorus to a song which one of the society, an actor of Betterton's, was singing:—

"Tis my will, when I'm dead, that no tear shall be shed;
No 'Hic jacet' be graved on my stone;
But pour o'er my ashes a bottle of red,
And say a good fellow is gone,
My leave boys!
And say a good fellow is gone."

"My brave boys" was given with vast emphasis by the party; Mr. Moffat growling it in a rich bass, and Mrs. Briggs in a soaring treble. As to the notes, when quavering up to the skies, they excited various emotions among the people in the gardens. "Silence them blackguards!" shouted a barber, who was taking a pint of small beer along with his lady. "Stop that there infernal screeching!" said a couple of ladies, who were sipping ratafia in company with two pretty fellows.

"Dang it, it's Polly!" said Mr. Tom Billings, bolting out of the box, and rushing towards the sweet-voiced Mrs. Briggs. When he reached her, which he did quickly, and made his arrival known by tipping Mrs. Briggs slightly on the waist, and suddenly bouncing down before her and her friend, both of the latter drew back somewhat startled.

"Law, Mr. Billings!" says Mrs. Polly, rather coolly, "is it you? Who thought of seeing you here?"

"Who's this here young feller?" says towering Mr. Moffat, with his bass voice.

"It's Mr. Billings, cousin, a friend of mine," said Mrs. Polly beseechingly.

"Oh, cousin, if it's a friend of yours, he should know better how to conduct himself, that's all. Has you a dancing master, young feller, that you cut them there capers before gentlemen?" growled Mr. Moffat, who hated Mr. Billings, for the excellent reason that he lived upon him.

"Dancing-master be hanged!" said Mr. Billings, with booming spirit. "if you call me dancing master, I'll pull your nose."

"What!" roared Mr. Moffat, "pull my nose? *My nose!* I'll tell you what, my lad, if you durst move me, I'll cut your throat, curse me!"

"Oh, Moffy—cousin, I mean—'tis a shame to treat the poor boy so! Go away, Tommy, do go away; my cousin is in liquor," whispered Madam Briggs, who really thought that the great doorkeeper would put his threat into execution.

"Tommy!" said Mr. Moffat, frowning horribly. "Tommy to me too? Beg, get out of my eyes—" *ought* was the word which Mr. Moffat intended to utter, but he was interrupted; for, to the astonishment of his friends and himself, Mr. Billings did actually make a spring at the monster's nose, and caught it so firmly, that the latter could not finish his sentence.

The operation was performed with amazing celerity; and, having concluded it, Mr. Billings sprang back, and whisked from out its sheath that new silver-hilted sword which his mamma had given him. "Now," said he, with a fierce kind of calmness, "now for the throat cutting, cousin: I'm your man!"

How the brawl might have ended, no one can say, had the two gentlemen actually crossed swords; but Mrs. Polly, with a wonderful presence of mind, restored peace by exclaiming, "Hush, hush! the beaks, the beaks!" Upon which, with one common instinct, the whole party made a rush for the garden gates, and disappeared into the fields. Mrs. Briggs knew her company: there was something in the very name of a constable which sent them all a flying.

After running a reasonable time, Mr. Billings stopped. But the great Moffat was nowhere to be seen, and Polly Briggs had likewise vanished. Then Tom bethought him that he would go back to his mother; but, arriving at the gate of the gardens, was refused admittance, as he had not a shilling in his pocket. "I've left," says Tommy, giving himself the airs of a gentleman, "some friends in the gardens. I'm with his Excellency the Bavarian henvy."

"Then you had better go away with him," said the gate people.

"But I tell you I left him there, in the grand circle, with a lady, and, what's more, in the dark walk, I have left a silver-hilted sword."

"Oh, my Lord, I'll go and tell him then," cried one of the porters, "if you will wait."

Mr. Billings seated himself on a post near the gate, and there consented to remain until the return of his messenger. The latter went straight to the dark walk, and found the sword, sure enough. But, instead of returning it to its owner, this discourteous knight broke the trenchant blade at the hilt; and flinging the steel away, pocketed the baser silver metal, and lurked off by the private door consecrated to the waiters and fiddlers.

In the meantime, Mr. Billings waited and waited. And what was the conversation of his worthy parents inside the garden? I cannot say, but one of the waiters declared that he had served the great foreign Count with two bowls of rack-punch, and some

biscuits. In No. 3: that in the box with him were first a young gentleman who went away, and a lady, splendidly dressed and masked: that when the lady and his Lordship were alone, she edged away to the further end of the table, and they had much talk: that at last, when his Grace had pressed her very much, she took off her mask and said, "Don't you know me now, Max?" that he cried out, "My own Catherine, thou art more beautiful than ever!" and wanted to kneel down and vow eternal



love to her; but she begged him not to do so in a place where all the world would see: that then his Highness paid, and they left the gardens, the lady putting on her mask again.

When they issued from the gardens, "Ho! Joseph la Rose, my coach!" shouted his Excellency, in rather a husky voice; and the men who had been waiting came up with the carriage. A young gentleman, who was dining on one of the poets at the entry, woke up suddenly at the blaze of the torches, and the noise

of the footmen. The Count gave his arm to the lady in the mask, who slipped in; and he was whispering *La Rose*, when the lad who had been sleeping hit his Excellency on the shoulder, and said, "I say, Count, you can give *me* a cast home too," and jumped into the coach.

When Catherine saw her son, she threw herself into his arms, and kissed him with a burst of hysterical tears, of which Mr. Billings was at a loss to understand the meaning. The Count joined them, looking not a little disconcerted, and the pair were landed at their own door, where stood Mr. Hayes, in his night-cap, ready to receive them, and astounded at the splendour of the equipage in which his wife returned to him.

CHAPTER XI.

Of some Domestic Quarrel, and the Consequences thereof.

An ingenious magazine-writer, who lived in the time of Mr. Brock and the Duke of Marlborough, compared the latter gentleman's conduct in battle, when he

"In peaceful thought the field of death surveyed,
To fainting squadrons lent the timely aid;
Inspired repulsed battalions to engage,
And taught the doubtful battle where to rage"—

Mr. Joseph Addison, I say, compared the Duke of Marlborough to an angel, who is sent by Divine command to chastise a guilty people—

"And pleased his Master's orders to perform,
Rides on the whirlwind, and directs the storm."

The first four of these novel lines touch off the Duke's disposition and genius to a tittle. He had a love for such scenes of strife: in the midst of them his spirit rose calm and supreme, snaring (like an angel or not, but anyway the compliment is a very pretty one) on the battle-clouds majestic, and causing to ebb or to flow the mighty tide of war.

But as this famous simile might apply with equal propriety to a bad angel as to a good one, it may in like manner be employed to illustrate small quarrels as well as great—a little family squabble, in which two or three people are engaged, as well as a vast national dispute, argued on each side by the roaring

throats of five hundred angry cannon. The poet meant, in fact, that the Duke of Marlborough had an immense genius for mischief.

Our friend Brock or Wood (whose actions we love to illustrate by the very handsomest similes), possessed this genius in common with his Grace; and was never so happy, or seen to so much advantage, as when he was employed in setting people by the ears. His spirits, usually dull, then rose into the utmost gaiety and good-humour. When the doubtful battle flagged, he by his art would instantly restore it. When, for instance, Tom's repulsed battalions of rhetoric fled from his mamma's fire, a few words of apt sneer or encouragement on Wood's part would bring the fight round again; or when Mr. Hayes's fainting squadrons of abuse broke upon the stubborn squares of Tom's bristling obstinacy, it was Wood's delight to rally the former, and bring him once more to the charge. A great share had this man in making those bad people worse. Many fierce words and bad passions, many falsehoods and knaveries on Tom's part, much bitterness, scorn, and jealousy on the part of Hayes and Catherine, might be attributed to this heavy old tempter, whose joy and occupation it was to raise and direct the domestic storms and whirlwinds of the family of which he was a member. And let us not let us be accused of an undue propensity to use sounding words, because we compare three scoundrels in the Fyburn Road to so many armies, and Mr. Wood to a mighty field-marshal. My dear sir, when you have well studied the world - how extremely great the meanest thing in this world is, and how infinitely mean the greatest - I am mistaken if you do not make a strange and proper jumble of the sublime and the ridiculous, the lofty and the low. I have looked at the world, for my part, and come to the conclusion that I know not which is which.

Well, then, on the night when Mr. Hayes, as recorded by us, had been to the Marylebone Gardens, Mr. Wood had found the sincerest enjoyment in plying her husband with drink, so that, when Catherine arrived at home, Mr. Hayes came forward to meet her in a manner which showed he was not only early, but drunk. Tom stepped out of the coach first, and Hayes asked him, with an oath, where he had been? The oath Mr. Billings sternly flung back again (with another in its company), and at the same time refused to give his stepfather any sort of answer to his query.

"The old man is drunk, mother," said he to Mrs. Hayes, as he handed that lady out of the coach (before leaving which she had to withdraw her hand rather violently from the grasp of the Count who was inside). Hayes instantly showed the correctness of his surmise by slamming the door courageously in Tom's face, when he attempted to enter the house with his mother. And when Mrs. Catherine remonstrated, according to her wont, in a very angry and supercilious tone, Mr. Hayes replied with equal laughfulness, and a regular quarrel ensued.

People were accustomed in those days to use much more simple and expressive terms of language than are now thought polite; and it would be dangerous to give, in this present year 1840, the exact words of reproach which passed between Hayes and his wife in 1736. Mr. Wood sat near, laughing his sides out. Mr. Hayes swore that his wife should not go abroad to tea-gardens in search of vile Popish noblemen, to which Mrs. Hayes replied that Mr. Hayes was a pitiful, lying, sneaking cur, and that she would go where she pleased. Mr. Hayes rejoined that if she said much more he would take a stick to her. Mr. Wood whispered, "And serve her right." Mrs. Hayes thereupon swore she had stood his cowardly blows once or twice before, but that if ever he did so again, as sure as she was born, she would stab him. Mr. Wood said, "Curse me, but I like her spirit."

Mr. Hayes took another line of argument, and said, "The neighbours would talk, madam."

"Ay, that they will, no doubt," said Mr. Wood.

"Then let them," said Catherine. "What do we care about the neighbours? Didn't the neighbours talk when you sent Widow Wilkins to gaol? Didn't the neighbours talk when you levied on poor old Thom-son? You didn't mind *them*, Mr. Hayes."

"Business, ma'am, is business; and if I did distrain on Thom-son, and lock up Wilkins, I think you knew about it as much as I."

"I faith, I believe you're a pair," said Mr. Wood.

"Pray, sir, keep your tongue to yourself. Your opinion isn't asked anyhow—no, nor your company wanted neither," cried Mrs. Catherine, with proper spirit.

At which remark Mr. Wood only whistled.

"I have asked this here gentleman to pass this evening along with me. We've been drinking together, ma'am."

"That we have," said Mr. Wood, looking at Mrs. Cat with the most perfect good-humour.

"I say, madam, that we've been a-drinking together; and when we've been a-drinking together, I say that a man is my friend. Doctor Wood is my friend, madam—the Reverend Doctor Wood. We've passed the evening in company, talking about politics, madam—politics and ridlle iddle-igam. We've not been flaunting in tea-gardens, and ogling the men."

"It's a lie!" shrieked Mrs. Hayes. "I went with Tom—you know I did: the boy wouldn't let me rest till I promised to go."

"Hang him, I hate him," said Mr. Hayes. "he's always in my way."

"He's the only friend I have in the world, and the only being I care a pin for," said Catherine.

"He's an impudent idle good-for-nothing scoundrel, and I hope to see him hanged!" shouted Mr. Hayes. "And pray, madam, whose carriage was that as you came home in? I warrant you paid something for the ride—ha, ha!"

"Another lie!" screamed Cat, and clutched hold of a supper knife. "Say it again, John Hayes, and, by —, I'll do for you."

"Do for me? Hang me," said Mr. Hayes, flourishing a stick, and perfectly pot-valiant, "do you think I care for a bastard and a——?"

He did not finish the sentence, for the woman ran at him like a savage, knife in hand. He bounded back, flinging his arms about wildly, and struck her with his staff sharply across the forehead. The woman went down instantly. A lucky blow was it for Hayes and her: it saved him from death, perhaps, and her from murder.

All this scene—a very important one of our drama—might have been described at much greater length, but, in truth, the author has a natural horror of dwelling too long upon such hideous spectacles: nor would the reader be much edified by a full and accurate knowledge of what took place. The quarrel, however, though not more violent than many that had previously taken place between Hayes and his wife, was about to cause vast changes in the condition of this unhappy pair.

Hayes was at the first moment of his entry very much alarmed; he feared that he had killed the woman, and Wood

started up rather anxiously too, with the same fancy. But she soon began to recover. Water was brought; her head was raised and bound up, and in a short time Mrs. Catherine gave vent to a copious fit of tears, which relieved her somewhat. These did not affect Hayes much—they rather pleased him, for he saw he had got the better; and although Caj fiercely turned upon him when he made some small attempt towards reconciliation, he did not heed her anger, but smiled and winked in a self-satisfied way at Wood. The coward was quite proud of his victory, and finding Catherine asleep, or apparently so, when he followed her to bed, speedily gave himself up to slumber too, and had some pleasant dreams to his portion.

Mr. Wood also went sniggering and happy upstairs to his chamber. The quarrel had been a real treat to him; it excited the old man—tickled him into good humour; and he promised himself a rare continuation of the fun when Tom should be made acquainted with the circumstances of the dispute. As for his Excellency the Count, the ride from Marylebone Gardens, and a tender squeeze of the hand, which Catherine permitted to him on parting, had so inflamed the passions of the nobleman that, after sleeping for nine hours, and liking his chocolate as usual the next morning, he actually delayed to read the newspaper, and kept waiting a toy-shop lady from Cornhill (with the sweetest bargain of Mechlin lace), in order to discourse to his chaplain on the charms of Mrs. Hayes.

She, poor thing, never closed her lids except when she would have had Mr. Hayes imagine that she slumbered; but lay beside him, tossing and tumbling, with hot eyes wide open and heart thumping, and pulse of a hundred and ten, and heard the heavy hours tolling, and at last the day came peering, haggard, through the window-curtains, and found her still wakeful and wretched.

Mrs. Hayes had never been, as we have seen, especially fond of her lord but now, as the day made visible to her the sleeping figure and countenance of that gentleman, she looked at him with a contempt and loathing such as she had never felt even in all the years of her wedded life. Mr. Hayes was snoring profoundly by his bedside, on his ledger, stood a large greasy tin candlestick, containing a lank tallow-candle, turned down in the shaft, and in the lower part, his keys, purse, and tobacco-pipe; his feet were huddled up in his greasy thread-bare clothes; his

head and half his sallow face muffled up in a red woollen night-cap; his beard was of several days' growth; his mouth was wide open, and he was snoring profoundly; on a more despicable little creature the sun never shone. And to this sordid wretch was Catherine united for ever. What a pretty rascal history might be read in yonder greasy day-book, which never left the miser!—he never read in any other. Of what a treasure were yonder keys and purse the keepers! not a shilling they guarded, but was picked from the pocket of necessity, plundered from needy wantonness, or pitilessly squeezed from starvation. "A foolish miser, and a coward! Why was I bound to this wretch?" thought Catherine: "I who am high spirited and beautiful (did not he tell me so?); I who, born a beggar, have raised myself to competence, and might have mounted—who knows whither? if cursed Fortune had not balked me!"

As Mrs. Cat did not utter these sentiments, but only thought them, we have a right to clothe her thoughts in the gentlest possible language; and, to the best of our power, have done so. If the reader examines Mrs. Hayes's train of reasoning, he will not, we should think, fail to perceive how ingeniously she managed to fix all the wrong upon her husband, and yet to twist out some consolatory arguments for her own vanity. This perverse argumentation we have all of us, no doubt, employed in our time. How often have we,—we poets, politicians, philosophers, family men,—found charming excuses for our own rascalities in the monstrous wickedness of the world about us, how loudly have we abused the times and our neighbours? All this devil's logic did Mrs. Catherine, lying wakeful in her bed on the night of the Marylebone *fête*, exert in gloomy triumph.

It must, however, be confessed, that nothing could be more just than Mrs. Hayes's sense of her husband's scandalous and meaness, for if we have not proved these in the course of this history, we have proved nothing. Mrs. Cat had a shrewd observing mind; and if she wanted for proofs against Hayes, she had but to look before and about her to find them. This amiable pair were lying in a large walnut bed with lined silk furniture, which had been taken from under a respectable old invalid widow, who had become security for a prodigal son; the room was hung round with an antique tapestry (representing Rebecca at the Well, Bathsheba bathing, Judith and Holofernes, and other subjects from Holy Writ), which had been many

score times sold for fifty pounds, and bought back by Mr. Hayes for two, in those accommodating bargains which he made with young gentlemen, who received fifty pounds of money and fifty of tapestry in consideration of their hundred-pound bills. Against this tapestry, and just cutting off Holofernes's head, stood an enormous ominous black clock, the spoil of some other usurious transaction. Some chairs, and a dismal old black cabinet, completed the furniture of this apartment: it wanted but a ghost to render its gloom complete.

Mrs. Hayes sat up in the bed sternly regarding her husband. There is, be sure, a strong magnetic influence in wakeful eyes so examining a sleeping person (do not you, as a boy, remember waking of bright summer mornings and finding your mother looking over you? had not the gaze of her tender eyes stolen into your senses long before you woke, and cast over your slumbering spirit a sweet spell of peace, and love, and fresh-springing joy?) Some such influence had Catherine's looks upon her husband: for, as he slept under them, the man began to writhe about uneasily, and to burrow his head in the pillow, and to utter quick, strange moans and cries, such as have often jarred one's ear while watching at the bed of the feverish sleeper. It was just upon six, and presently the clock began to utter those diabolical grinding sounds, which issue from clocks at such periods, and which sound like the death-rattle of the departing hour. Then the bell struck the knell of it, and with this Mr. Hayes awoke, and looked up, and saw Catherine gazing at him.

Their eyes met for an instant, and Catherine turned away, burning red, and looking as if she had been caught in the commission of a crime.

A kind of blank terror seized upon old Hayes's soul: a horrible icy fear, and presentiment of coming evil; and yet the woman had but looked at him. He thought rapidly over the occurrences of the last night, the quarrel, and the end of it. He had often struck her before when angry, and heaped all kinds of bitter words upon her; but, in the morning, she bore no malice, and the previous quarrel was forgotten, or, at least, passed over. Why should the last night's dispute not have the same end? Hayes calculated all this, and tried to smile.

"I hope we're friends, Cat?" said he. "You know I was in liquor last night, and sadly put out by the loss of that fifty pound. They'll ruin me, dear—I know they will."

Mrs. Hayes did not answer.

"I should like to see the country again, dear," said he, in his most wheedling way. "I've a mind, do you know, to call in all our money? It's you who've made every farthing of it, that's sure; and it's a matter of two thousand pound by this time. Suppose we go into Warwickshire, Cat, and buy a farm, and live genteel. Shouldn't you like to live a lady in your own county again? How they'd stare at Birmingham! hey, Cat?"

And with this Mr. Hayes made a motion as if he would seize his wife's hand, but she flung his back again.

"Coward!" said she, "you want liquor to give you courage, and then you've only heart enough to strike women."

"It was only in self-defence, my dear," said Hayes, whose courage had all gone. "You tried, you know, to—"

"To stab you, and I wish I had!" said Mrs. Hayes, setting her teeth, and glaring at him like a demon, and so saying she sprung out of bed. There was a great stain of blood on her pillow. "Look at it," said she. "That blood's of your shedding!" and at this Hayes fairly began to weep, so utterly down-cast and frightened was the miserable man. The wretch's tears only inspired his wife with a still greater rage and loathing; she cared not so much for the blow, but she hated the man—the man to whom she was tied for ever—for ever! The hat between her and wealth, happiness, love, rank perhaps. "If I were free," thought Mrs. Hayes (the thought had been sitting at her pillow all night, and whispering ceaselessly into her ear)—"if I were free, Max would marry me, I know he would, —he said so yesterday!"

As if by a kind of intuition, old Wood seemed to read all this woman's thoughts; for he said that day, with a sneer, that he would wager she was thinking how much better it would be to be a Count's lady than a poor miser's wife. "And truth," said he, "a Count and a chariot-and-six is better than an old skin-flint with a cudgel." And then he asked her if her head was better, and supposed that she was used to beating; and cut sundry other jokes, which made the poor wretch's wounds of mind and body feel a thousand times more.

Tom, too, was made acquainted with the dispute and swore his accustomed vengeance against his stepfather. Such feelings, Wood, with a dexterous malice, would never let rest; it was his

joy, at first quite a disinterested one, to good Catherine and to frighten Hayes : though, in truth, that unfortunate creature had no occasion for incitements from without to keep up the dreadful state of terror and depression into which he had fallen.

For, from the morning after the quarrel, the horrible words and looks of Catherine never left Hayes's memory ; but a cold fear followed him—a dreadful prescience. He strove to overcome this fate as a coward would—to kneel to it for compassion—to coax and wheedle it into forgiveness. He was slavishly gentle to Catherine, and bore her fierce taunts with mean resignation. He trembled before young Billings, who was now established in the house (his mother said, to protect her against the violence of her husband), and suffered his brutal language and conduct without venturing to resist.

The young man and his mother lorded over the house. Hayes hardly dared to speak in their presence, seldom sat with the family except at meals ; but slipped away to his chamber (he slept apart now from his wife) or passed the evening at the public-house, where he was constrained to drink—to spend some of his beloved sixpences for drink !

And, of course, the neighbours began to say, "John Hayes neglects his wife." "He tyrannises over her, and beats her." "Always at the public house, leaving an honest woman alone at home !"

The unfortunate wretch did *not* hate his wife. He was used to her—fond of her as much as he could be fond—sighed to be friends with her again—repeatedly would creep, whimpering, to Wood's room, when the latter was alone, and begged him to bring about a reconciliation. They were reconciled, as much as ever they could be. The woman looked at him, thought what she might be but for him, and scorned and loathed him with a feeling that almost amounted to insanity. What nights she lay awake, weeping, and cursing herself and him ! His humility and beseeching looks only made him more despicable and hateful to her.

If Hayes did not hate the mother, however, he hated the boy—hated and feared him dreadfully. He would have poisoned him if he had had the courage ; but he dared not : he dared not even look at him as he sat there, the master of the house, in insolent triumph. O God ! how the lad's brutal laughter rung in Hayes's ears ; and how the stare of his fierce bold black eyes

pursued him. Of a truth, if Mr. Wood loved mischief, as he did, honestly and purely for mischief's sake, he had enough here. There was mean malice, and fierce scorn, and black revenge, and sinful desire, boiling up in the hearts of these wretched people, enough to content Mr. Wood's great master himself.

Hayes's business, as we have said, was nominally that of a carpenter; but since, for the last few years, he had added to it that of a lender of money, the carpenter's trade had been neglected altogether for one so much more profitable. Mrs. Hayes had exerted herself, with much benefit to her husband, in his usurious business. She was a resolute, clear sighted, keen woman, that did not love money, but loved to be rich and push her way in the world. She would have nothing to do with the trade now, however, and told her husband to manage it himself. She felt that she was separated from him for ever, and could no more be brought to consider her interests as connected with his own.

The man was well fitted for the creeping and niggling of his dastardly trade; and gathered his moneys, and busied himself with his lawyer, and acted as his own bookkeeper and clerk, not without satisfaction. His wife's speculations, when they worked in concert, used often to frighten him. He never sent out his capital without a pang, and only because he dared not question her superior judgment and will. He began now to lend no more: he could not let the money out of his sight. His sole pleasure was to creep up into his room, and count and recount it. When Jeff's came into the house, Hayes had taken a room next to that of Wood. It was a protection to him, for Wood would often rebuke the lad for using Hayes ill; and both Catherine and Tom treated the old man with deference.

At last—it was after he had collected a good deal of his money—Hayes began to reason with himself, "Why should I stay?—stay to be insulted by that boy, or murdered by him? He is ready for any crime." He determined to fly. He would send Catherine money every year. No, she had the furniture; let her let lodgings—that would support her. He would go, and live away, abroad in some cheap place, away from that boy and his horrible threats. The idea of freedom was agreeable to the poor wretch; and he began to wind up his affairs as quickly as he could.

Hayes would now allow no one to make his bed or enter his

room; and Wood could hear him through the panels figgeting perpetually to and fro, opening and shutting of chests, and clinking of coin. At the least sound he would start up, and would go to Hillings's door and listen. Wood used to hear him creeping through the passages, and returning stealthily to his own chamber.

One day the woman and her son had been angrily taunting him in the presence of a neighbour. The neighbour retired



soon; and Hayes, who had gone with him to the door, heard, on returning, the voice of Wood in the parlour. The old man laughed in his usual saturnine way, and said, "Have a care, Mrs. Cat, for if Hayes were to die suddenly, by the laws, the neighbours would accuse thee of his death."

Hayes started as if he had been shot. "He too is in the plot," thought he. "They are all leagued against me; they *will* kill me; they are only biding their time." Fear seized him, and he thought of flying that instant and leaving all; and

he stole into his room and gathered his money together. But only a half of it was there: in a few weeks all would have come in. He had not the heart to go. But that night Wood heard Hayes pause at his door, before he went to listen at Mrs. Catherine's. "What is the man thinking of?" said Wood. "He is gathering his money together. Has he a board yonder unknown to us all?"

Wood thought he would watch him. There was a closet between the two rooms: Wood bored a hole in the panel, and peeped through. Hayes had a brace of pistols, and four or five little bags before him on the table. One of these he opened, and placed, one by one, five-and-twenty guineas into it. Such a sum had been due that day—Catherine spoke of it only in the morning; for the debtor's name had by chance been mentioned in the conversation. Hayes commonly kept but a few guineas in the house. For what was he amassing all these? The next day, Wood asked for change for a twenty pound bill. Hayes said he had but three guineas. And, when asked by Catherine where the money was that was paid the day before, said that it was at the banker's. "The man is going to fly," said Wood. "that is sure: if he does, I know him—he will leave his wife without a shilling."

He watched him for several days regularly: two or three more bags were added to the former number. "They are pretty things, guineas," thought Wood, "and tell no tales, like bank-bills." And he thought over the days when he and Marshane used to ride abroad in search of them.

I don't know what thoughts entered into Mr. Wood's brain, but the next day, after seeing young Billings, to whom he actually made a present of a guinea, that young man, in conversing with his mother, said, "Do you know, mother, that if you were free, and married the Count, I should be a lord? It's the German law, Mr. Wood says, and you know he was in these countries with Marlborough."

"Ay, that he would," said Mr. Wood, "in Germany: but Germany isn't England; and it is no use talking of such things."

"Hush, child!" said Mrs. Hayes, quite eagerly. "how can I marry the Count? Besides, ain't I married, and ain't he too great a lord for me?"

"Too great a lord?—not a whit, mother. If it wasn't for Hayes, I might be a lord now. He gave me five guineas only

last week ; but curse the skunkflint who never will part with a shilling."

"It's not so bad as his striking your mother, Tom. I had my stick up, and was ready to fell him t'other night," added Mr. Wood. And herewith he smiled, and looked steadily in Mrs. Catherine's face. She dared not look again, but she felt that the old man knew a secret that she had been trying to hide from herself. Fool ! he knew it, and Hayes knew it dimly : and never, never, since that day of the gala, had it left her, sleeping or waking. When Hayes, in his fear, had proposed to sleep away from her, she started with joy, she had been afraid that she might talk in her sleep, and so let slip her horrible confession.

Old Wood knew all her history since the period of the *Marlebone fete*. He had wormed it out of her, day by day ; he had counselled her how to act, warned her not to yield ; to procure, at least, a certain provision for her son, and a handsome settlement for herself, if she determined on quitting her husband. The old man looked on the business in a proper philosophical light, told her bluntly that he ~~was~~ she was bent upon going off with the Count, and bade her take precautions : else she might be left as she had been before.

Catherine denied all these charges ; but she saw the Count daily notwithstanding, and took all the measures which Wood had recommended to her. They were very prudent ones. Galgenstein grew hourly more in love, never had he felt such a flame ; not in the best days of his youth ; not for the fairest princess, countess, or actress, from Vienna to Paris.

At length—it was the night after he had seen Hayes counting his money-bags—old Wood spoke to Mrs. Hayes very seriously. "That husband of yours, Cat," said he, "meditates some treason, ay, and fancies we are about such. He listens nightly at your door and at mine, he is going to leave you, be sure on't ; and if he leaves you, he leaves you to starve."

"I can be rich elsewhere," said Mrs. Cat.

"What, with Max?"

"Ay, with Max : and why not?" said Mrs. Hayes.

"Why not, fool ! Do you recollect Birmingham ? Do you think that Galgenstein, who is so tender now because he *hasn't* won you, will be faithful because he *has* ? Psha, woman, men are not made so ! Don't go to him until you are safe : if you were a widow now, he would marry you ; but never leave yourself

at his mercy; if you were to leave your husband to go to him, he would desert you in a fortnight!"

She might have been a Countess! she knew she might, but for this cursed barrier between her and her fortune. Wood knew what she was thinking of, and smiled grimly.

"Besides," he continued, "remember Tom. As sure as you leave Hayes without some security from Max, the boy's ruined: he who might be a lord, if his mother had but——Psha! never mind: that boy will go on the road, as sure as my name's Wood. He's a Turpin cock in his eye, my dear,—a regular Tyburn looks. He knows too many of that sort already; and is too fond of a bottle and a girl to resist and be honest when it comes to the pinch."

"It's all true," said Mrs. Hayes. "Tom's a high mettled young fellow, and would no more mind a ride on Hounslow Heath than he does a walk now in the Mall."

"Do you want him hanged, my dear?" said Wood.

"Ah, Doctor!"

"It is a pity, and that's sure," concluded Mr. Wood, knocking the ashes out of his pipe, and closing this interesting conversation. "It is a pity that that old skinflint should be in the way of both your fortunes; and he about to fling you over, too!"

Mrs. Catherine retired musing, as Mr. Billings had previously done; a sweet smile of contentment lighted up the venerable features of Doctor Wood, and he walked abroad into the streets as happy a fellow as any in London.

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CHAPTER XII.

Treats of Love, and Prepares for Death.

AND to begin this chapter, we cannot do better than quote a part of a letter from M l'Abbé O'Flaherty to Madame la Comtesse de X—— at Paris:—

"MADAM,—The little Arouet de Voltaire, who hath come 'hither to take a turn in England,' as I use by the *Post* of this morning, hath brought me a charming packet from your Ladyship's hands, which ought to render a reasonable man happy; but, alas! makes your slave miserable. I think of dear Paris (and something more dear than all Paris, of which, Madam, I may not venture to speak further)—I think of dear Paris, and find myself in this dismal *Vitchall*, where, when the fog clears up, I can catch a glimpse of muddy Thames, and of that fatal

palace which the kings of England have been obliged to exchange for your noble castle of Saint Germain, that stands so stately by silver Seine. Truly, no bad bargain. For my part, I would give my grand ambassadorial saloons, hangings, gildings, feasts, valets, ambassadors, and all, for a *bicoque* in sight of the Thuilleries' towers, or my little cell in the Irlande.

"My last sheets have given you a pretty notion of our Ambassador's public doings; now for a pretty piece of private scandal respecting that great man. Figure to yourself, Madam, his Excellency is in love; actually in love, talking day and night about a certain fair one whom he hath picked out of a gutter; who is well-nigh forty years old; who was



his mistress when he was in England a captain of dragoons, some, sixty, seventy, or a hundred years since; who hath had a son by him, moreover, a sprightly lad, apprentice to a tailor of eminence that has the honour of making his Excellency's brooches.

"Since one fatal night when he met this fair creature at a certain place of public resort, called Marylebone Gardens, our Cyrus hath been an altered creature. Love hath mastered this brazen Ambassador, and his antics afford me food for perpetual mirth. He sits now opposite to me at a table inducing a letter to his Catherine, and copying it from—what do you think?—from the 'Grand Cyrus.' *I swear, madam, that my happiness would be to offer you this hand, as I have my heart long ago, and I beg you to bear in mind this declaration.*' I have just

dictated to him the above tender words; for our Envoy, I need not tell you, is not strong at writing or thinking.

"The fair Catherine, I must tell you, is no less than a carpenter's wife, a well-to-do bourgeois, living at the Tyburn, or Galloway Road. She found out her ancient lover very soon after our arrival, and hath a marvellous hankering to be a Count's lady. A pretty little creature is this Madam Catherine. Billets, breakfasts, pretty walks, presents of silks and satins, pass daily between the pair; but, strange to say the lady is as virtuous as Diana, and hath resisted all my Count's cajoleries hitherto. The poor fellow told me, with tears in his eyes, that he believed he should have carried her by storm on the very first night of their meeting, but that her son stepped into the way; and he of some body else hath been in the way ever since. Madam will never appear alone. I believe it is this wondrous chastity of the lady that has elicited this wondrous constancy of the gentleman. She is holding out for a settlement; who knows if not for a marriage! Her husband, she says, is willing, her lover is fool enough, and she herself conducts her negotiations, as I must honestly own, with a pretty notion of diplomacy."

This is the only part of the reverend gentleman's letter that directly affects this history. The rest contains some scandal concerning greater personages about the Court, a great share of abuse of the Elector of Hanover, and a pretty description of a boxing-match at Mr. Figg's amphitheatre in Oxford Road, where John Wells, of Edmund Bury (as by the papers may be seen), master of the noble science of self defence, did engage with Edward Sutton, of Gravewind, master of the said science, and the issue of the combat.

"N.B."—adds the Father, in a postscript—"Monsieur Figue gives a hat to be cudgelled for before the Master mount, and the whole of this fashionable information hath been given me by Monseigneur's son, Monsieur Billings, *garçon-tailleur*, Chevalier de Galgenstem."

Mr. Billings was, in fact, a frequent visitor at the Ambassador's house, to whose presence he, by a general order, was always admitted. As for the connection between Mrs. Catherine and her former admirer, the Abbé's history of it is perfectly correct, nor can it be said that this wretched woman, who of late now begins to wear a darker hue, was, in anything but *soif*, faithless to her husband. But she hated him, longed to leave him, and loved another; the end was coming quickly, and every one of our unknowing actors and actresses were to be implicated, more or less, in the catastrophe.

It will be seen that Mrs. Cat had followed pretty closely the injunctions of Mr. Wood in regard to her dealing with the Court; who grew more heart-stricken and tender daily, as the completion

of his wishes was delayed, and his desires goaded by contradiction. The Abbé has quoted one portion of a letter written by him; here is the entire performance, extracted, as the holy father said, chiefly from the romance of the "Grand Cyrus:"—

"Unhappy Maximilian unto unjust Catherine.

"MADAM,—It must needs be that I love you better than any ever did, since, notwithstanding your injustice in calling me perfidious, I love you no less than I did before. On the contrary, my passion is so violent, and your unjust accusation makes me so sensible of it, that if you did but know the resentments of my soule, you would confess your selfe the most cruell and unjust woman in the world. You shall, ere long, Madam, see me at your feete and as you were my first passion, so you will be my last.

"On my knees I will tell you, at the first handsom opportunity, that the grandure of my passion can only be equalled by your beauty; it hath driven me to such a fatal necessity, as that I cannot hide the misery which you have caused. Sure, the hostile goddess have, to plague me, ordain'd that fatal marriage, by which you are bound to one so infinitely below you in degree. Were that bond of ill-om'd Hymen cut in twain with hands you, I swear, Madam, that my happiness would be to offer you this hande, as I have my harte long agoe. And I pray you to beare in munde this declaration, which I here sign with my hande, and with I pray you may one day be called upon to prove the truth on. Deleave me, Madam, that there is none in the world who doth more honor to your virtue than myselfe, nor who wishes your happiness with more zeal than

"MAXIMILIAN.

"From my lodgings in Whitehall, this 25th of February.

*"To the incomparable Catharina, these, with
a scarlet satten petticoat."*

The Count had debated about the sentence promising marriage in event of Hayes's death, but the honest Abbé cut these scruples very short, by saying, justly, that, because he wrote in that manner, there was no need for him to act so; that he had better not sign and address the note in full; and that he presumed his Excellency was not quite so timid as to fancy that the woman would follow him all the way to Germany, when his diplomatic duties would be ended; as they would soon.

The receipt of this billet caused such a flush of joy and exultation to unhappy happy Mrs. Catherine, that Wood did not fail to remark it, and speedily learned the contents of the letter. Wood had no need to bid the poor wretch guard it very carefully; it never from that day forth left her; it was her title of nobility,—her pass to rank, wealth, happiness. She began to look down on her neighbours; her manner to her husband

grew more than ordinarily scornful ; the poor vain wretch longed to tell her secret, and to take her place openly in the world. She a Countess, and Tom a Count's son ! She felt that she should royally become the title !

About this time—and Hayes was very much frightened at the prevalence of the rumour—it suddenly began to be bruited about in his quarter that he was going to quit the country. The story was in everybody's mouth ; people used to saze when he turned pale, and wept, and passionately denied it. It was said, too, that Mrs. Hayes was not his wife, but his mistress—everybody had this story—his mistress, whom he treated most cruelly, and was about to desert. The tale of the blow which had felled her to the ground was known in all quarters. When he declared that the woman tried to stab him, nobody believed him. the women said he would have been served right if she had done so. How had these stories gone abroad ? " Three days more, and I *will* fly," thought Hayes, " and the world may say what it pleases."

Ay, fool, fly—away so swiftly that Fate cannot overtake thee, hide so cunningly that Death shall not find thy place of refuge !

CHAPTER XIII.

Being a Preparation for the End.

THE reader, doubtless, doth now partly understand what dark acts of conspiracy are beginning to gather around Mr. Hayes ; and possibly hath comprehended—

1. That if the rumour was universally credited which declared that Mrs. Catherine was only Hayes's mistress, and not his wife.

She might, if she so inclined, marry another person, and thereby not injure her fame and excite wonderment, but actually add to her reputation.

2. That if all the world did steadfastly believe that Mr. Hayes intended to desert this woman, after having cruelly maltreated her,

The direction which his journey might take would be of no consequence ; and he might go to Highgate, to Edinburgh, to Constantinople, nay, down a well, and no soul would care to ask whether he had gone.

These points Mr. Hayes had not considered July. The latter case had been put to him, and annoyed him, as we have seen ; the former had actually been pressed upon him by Mrs. Hayes herself, who, in almost the only communication she had had with him since their last quarrel, had asked him, angrily, in the presence of Wood and her son, whether he had dared to utter such lies, and how it came to pass that the neighbours looked scornfully at her, and avoided her ?



To this charge Mr. Hayes pleaded, very meekly, that he was not guilty, and young Billings, taking him by the collar, and clinching his fist in his face, swore a dreadful oath that he would have the life of him if he dared abuse his mother. Mrs. Hayes then spoke of the general report abroad, that he was going to desert her, which, if he attempted to do, Mr. Billings vowed that he would follow him to Jerusalem and have his blood. These threats, and the insolent language of young Billings, rather

calmed Hayes than agitated him: he longed to be on his journey; but he began to hope that no obstacle would be placed in the way of it. For the first time since many days, he began to enjoy a feeling something akin to security, and could look with tolerable confidence towards a comfortable completion of his own schemes of treason.

These points being duly settled, we are now arrived, O public, at a point for which the author's soul hath been yearning ever since this history commenced. We are now come, O critic, to a stage of the work when this tale begins to assume an appearance so intertingly horrid, that you must have a heart of stone if you are not interested by it. O candid and discerning reader, who art sick of the hideous scenes of brutal bloodshed which have of late come forth from pens of certain eminent wits,* if you turn away disgusted from the book, remember that this passage hath not been written for you, or such as you, who have taste to know and hate the style in which it hath been composed, but for the public, which hath no such taste,—for the public, which can patronise four different representations of Jack Sheppard,—for the public, whom its literary providers have gorged with blood and foul Newgate garbage,—and to whom we poor creatures, humbly following at the tail of our great high priests and prophets of the press, may, as in duty bound, offer some small gift of our own: a little mite truly, but given with goodwill. Come up, then, fair Catherine and brave Count,—appear, gallant Brock, and faultless Billings,—hasten hither, honest John Hayes: the former chapters are but flowers in which we have been decking you for the sacrifice. Ascend to the altar, ye innocent lambs, and prepare for the final act: lo! the knife is sharpened, and the sacrificer ready! Stretch your throats, sweet ones,—for the public is thirsty, and must have blood!

CHAPTER THE LAST.

THAT Mr. Hayes had some notion of the attachment of Monsieur de Gaigenstein for his wife is very certain. The man could not but perceive that she was more gaily dressed, and more frequently absent than usual; and must have been quite aware

* This was written in 1840.

that from the day of the quarrel until the present period, Catherine had never asked him for a shilling for the house expenses. He had not the heart to offer, however; nor, in truth, did she seem to remember that money was due.

She received, in fact, many sums from the tender Count. Tom was likewise liberally provided by the same personage, who was, moreover, continually sending presents of various kinds to the person on whom his affections were centred.

One of these gifts was a hamper of choice mountain-wine, which had been some weeks in the house, and excited the longing of Mr Hayes, who loved wine very much. This liquor was generally drunk by Wood and Billings, who applauded it greatly; and many times, in passing through the back-parlour, which he had to traverse in order to reach the stair, Hayes had cast a tender eye towards the drink; of which, had he dared, he would have partaken.

On the 1st of March, in the year 1726, Mr Hayes had gathered together almost the whole sum with which he intended to decamp, and having on that very day recovered the amount of a bill which he thought almost hopeless, he returned home in tolerable good-humour, and feeling, so near was his period of departure, something like security. Nobody had attempted the least violence on him; besides, he was armed with pistols, had his money in bills in a belt about his person, and really reasoned with himself that there was no danger for him to apprehend.

He entered the house about dusk, at five o'clock. Mrs Hayes was absent with Mr. Billings; only Mr Wood was smoking, according to his wont, in the little back-parlour; and as Mr. Hayes passed, the old gentleman addressed him in a friendly voice, and, wondering that he had been such a stranger, invited him to sit and take a glass of wine. There was a light and a fireman in the shop; Mr Hayes gave his injunctions to that person, and saw no objection to Mr. Wood's invitation.

The conversation, at first a little stiff between the two gentlemen, began speedily to grow more easy and confidential; and so particularly bland and good-humoured was Mr. or Doctor Wood, that his companion was quite caught, and softened by the charm of his manner, and the pair became as good friends as in the former days of their intercourse.

"I wish you would come down sometimes of evenings," quoth Doctor Wood, "for, though no book-learned man, Mr. Hayes,

look you, you are a man of the world, and I can't abide the society of boys. There's Tom, now, since this tiff with Mrs. Cat, the scoundrel plays the Grand Turk here! The pair of 'em, betwixt them, have completely gotten the upper hand of you. Confess that you are beaten, Master Hayes, and don't like the boy?"

"No more I do," said Hayes; "and that's the truth on't. A man doth not like to have his wife's sins flung in his face, nor to be perpetually bullied in his own house by such a fiery sprig as that."

"* Mischief, sir,—mischief only," said Wood. "'Tis the fun of youth, sir, and will go off as age comes to the lark. Bad as you may think him—and he is as skittish and fierce, sure enough, as a young colt—there is good stuff in him; and though he hath, or fancies he hath, the right to abuse every one, by the Lord he will let none others do so! Last week, now, didn't he tell Mrs. Cat that you served her right in the last beating matter? and weren't they coming to knives, just as in your case? By my faith, they were. Ay, and at the 'Braund's Head,' when some fellow said that you were a bloody Bluebeard, and would murder your wife, stab me if Tom wasn't up in an instant and knocked the fellow down for abusing of you!"

The first of these stories was quite true, the second was only a charitable invention of Mr. Wood, and employed, doubtless, for the amiable purpose of bringing the old and young men together. The scheme partially succeeded, for, though Hayes was not so far mollified towards Tom as to entertain any affection for a young man whom he had cordially detested ever since he knew him, yet he felt more at ease and cheerful regarding himself—and surely not without reason. While indulging in these benevolent sentiments, Mrs. Catherine and her son arrived, and found, somewhat to their astonishment, Mr. Hayes seated in the back-parlour, as in former times; and they were invited by Mr. Wood to sit down and drink.

We have said that certain bottles of mountain-wine were presented by the Count to Mrs. Catherine: these were, at Mr. Wood's suggestion, produced; and Hayes, who had long been coveting them, was charmed to have an opportunity to drink his fill. He forthwith began bragging of his great powers as a drinker, and vowed that he could manage eight bottles without becoming intoxicated.

Mr Wood grinned strangely, and looked in a peculiar way at Tom Billings, who grinned too. Mrs. Cat's eyes were turned towards the ground but her face was deadly pale.

The party began drinking. Hayes kept up his reputation as a toper, and swallowed one, two, three bottles without wincing. He grew talkative and merry, and began to sing songs and to cut jokes, at which Wood laughed hugely, and Billings after him. Mrs. Cat could not laugh, but sat silent. What ailed her? Was she thinking of the Count? She had been with Max that day, and had promised him, for the next night at ten, an interview near his lodgings at Whitehall. It was the first time that she would see him alone. They were to meet (not a very cheerful place for a love-tryst) at St. Margaret's Churchyard, near Westminster Abbey. Of this, no doubt, Cat was thinking; but what could she mean by whispering to Wood, "No, no! for God's sake, not to-night!"

"She means we are to have no more liquor," said Wood to Mr. Hayes, who heard this sentence, and seemed rather alarmed.

"That's it, no more liquor," said Catherine eagerly; "you have had enough to-night. Go to bed, and lock your door, and sleep, Mr. Hayes."

"But I say I've *not* had enough drink!" screamed Hayes; "I'm good for five bottles more, and wager I will drink them too."

"Done, for a guinea!" said Wood.

"Done, and done!" said Billings.

"Be *you* quiet!" growled Hayes, scowling at the lad. "I will drink what I please, and ask no counsel of yours." And he muttered some more curses against young Billings, which showed what his feelings were towards his wife's son; and which the latter, for a wonder, only received with a scornful smile, and a knowing look at Wood.

Well! the five extra bottles were brought, and drunk by Mr. Hayes; and seasoned by many songs from the *recueil* of Mr. Thomas d'Urley and others. The chief part of the talk and merriment was on Hayes's part, as, indeed, was natural,—for, while he drank bottle after bottle of wine, the other two gentlemen confined themselves to small beer,—both pleading illness as an excuse for their sobriety.

And now might we depict, with much accuracy, the course of

Mr. Hayes's intoxication, as it rose from the merriment of the three-bottle point to the madness of the four—from the uproarious quarrelsome-ness of the sixth bottle to the sickly stupidity of the seventh ; but we are desirous of bringing this tale to a conclusion, and must pretermit all consideration of a subject so curious, so instructive, and so delightful. Suffice it to say, as a matter of history, that Mr. Hayes did actually drink seven bottles of mountain-wine ; and that Mr. Thomas Billings went to the



"Braund's Head," in Bond Street, and purchased another, which Hayes likewise drank.

"That'll do," said Mr. Wood to young Billings, and they led Hayes up to bed, whether, in truth, he was unable to walk himself

Mrs. Springatt, the lodger, came down to ask what the noise was. " 'Tis only Tom Billings making merry with some friends

from the country," answered Mrs. Hayes; whereupon Springat retired, and the house was quiet.

Some scuffling and stamping was heard about eleven o'clock.

After they had seen Mr. Hayes to bed, Billings remembered that he had a parcel to carry to some person in the neighbourhood of the Strand and, as the night was remarkably fine, he and Mr. Wood agreed to walk together, and set forth accordingly.

[Here follows a description of the THAMES AT MIDNIGHT, in a fine historical style, with an account of Lambeth, Westminster, the Savoy, Baynard's Castle, Arundel House, the Temple; of Old London Bridge, with its twenty arches, "on which be houses builded, so that it seemeth rather a continuall street than a bridge;" of Bankside, and the "Globe" and the "Fortune" Theatres, of the ferries across the river, and of the pirates who infest the same—namely, tinklermen, petermen, hebbermen, trawlermen, of the fleet of barges that lay at the Savoy steps, and of the long lines of slim wherries sleeping on the river banks and basking and shining in the moonbeams. A combat on the river is described that takes place between the crews of a tinklerman's boat and the water-bailiff's. Shouting his war cry, 'St Mary Overy à la rescousse!' the water bailiff sprung at the throat of the tinklerman captain. The crews of both vessels, as if aware that the struggle of their chiefs would decide the contest, ceased hostilities, and awaited on their respective poops the issue of the death-shock. It was not long coming. "Yield, dog!" said the water-bailiff. The tinklerman could not answer—for his throat was grasped too tight in the iron clench of the city champion; but drawing his snuck-crane, he plunged it seven times in the bailiff's chest: still the latter fell not. The death rattle gurgled in the throat of his opponent, his arms fell heavily to his side. Foot to foot, each standing at the side of his boat, stood the brave men—they were both dead! "In the name of St. Clement Danes," said the master, "give way, my men!" and, thrusting forward his halberd (seven feet long, richly decorated with velvet and brass nails, and having the city arms, Argent, a cross gules, and in the first quarter a dagger displayed of the second), he thrust the tinklerman's boat away from his own and at once the bodies of the captains plunged down, down, down, down in the unfathomable waters.

After this follows another episode. Two masked ladies quarrel at the

door of a tavern overlooking the Thames : they turn out to be Stella and Vanessa, who have followed Swift thither, who is in the act of reading "Gulliver's Travels" to Gay, Arbuthnot, Hollingbroke, and Pope. Two fellows are sitting shuddering under a doorway ; to one of them Tom Billings flings a sixpence. He little knew that the names of those two young men were—*Samuel Johnson and Richard Savage* !

ANOTHER LAST CHAPTER

MR. HAYES did not join the family the next day ; and it appears that the previous night's reconciliation was not very durable, for when Mrs. Springatt asked Wood for Hayes, Mr. Wood stated that Hayes had gone away without saying whither he was bound, or how long he might be absent. He only said, in rather a sulky tone, that he should probably pass the night at a friend's house. "For my part, I know of no friend he hath," added Mr. Wood ; "and pray Heaven that he may not think of deserting his poor wife, whom he hath beaten and ill-used so already !" In this prayer Mrs. Springatt joined, and so these two worthy people parted.

What business Billings was about cannot be said, but he was this night bound towards Marylebone Fields, as he was the night before for the Strand and Westminster ; and, although the night was very stormy and rainy, as the previous evening had been fine, old Wood good-naturedly resolved upon accompanying him ; and forth they sallied together.

Mrs. Catherine, too, had her business, as we have seen ; but this was of a very delicate nature. At nine o'clock she had an appointment with the Count, and faithfully, by that hour had found her way to Saint Margaret's Churchyard, near Westminster Abbey, where she awaited Monsieur de Gadenstein.

The spot was convenient, being very lonely, and at the same time close to the Count's lodgings at Whitehall. His excellency came, but somewhat after the hour, for to say the truth, being a freethinker, he had the most firm belief in ghosts and demons, and did not care to pace a churchyard alone. He was comforted, therefore, when he saw a woman nuzzled in a cloak, who held out her hand to him at the gate, and said "Is that you ?" He took her hand,—it was very clammy and cold, and at her desire

he bade his confidential footman, who had attended him with a torch, to retire, and leave him to himself.

The torch-bearer retired, and left them quite in darkness ; and the pair entered the little cemetery, cautiously threading their way among the tombs. They sat down on one, underneath a tree it seemed to be ; the wind was very cold, and its piteous howling was the only noise that broke the silence of the place. Catherine's teeth were chattering, for all her wraps, and when Max drew her close to him, and encircled her waist with one arm, and pressed her hand, she did not repulse him, but rather came close to him, and with her own damp fingers feebly returned his pressure.

The poor thing was very wretched and weeping. She confided to Max the cause of her grief. She was alone in the world,—alone and penniless. Her husband had left her ; she had that very day received a letter from him which confirmed all that she had suspected so long. He had left her, carried away all his property, and would not return !

If we say that a selfish joy filled the breast of Monsieur de Galgenstein, the reader will not be astonished. A heartless libertine, he felt glad at the prospect of Catherine's ruin, for he hoped that necessity would make her his own. He clasped the poor thing to his heart, and vowed that he would replace the husband she had lost, and that his fortune should be hers.

"Will you replace him?" said she.

"Yes, truly, in everything but the name, dear Catherine ; and when he dies, I swear you shall be Countess of Galgenstein."

"Will you swear?" she cried eagerly.

"By everything that is most sacred, were you free now, I would" (and here he swore a terrible oath) "at once make you mine."

We have seen before that it cost Monsieur de Galgenstein nothing to make these vows. Hayes was likely, too, to live as long as Catherine—as long, at least, as the Count's connection with her ; but he was caught in his own snare.

She took his hand and kissed it repeatedly, and bathed it in her tears, and pressed it to her bosom. "Max," she said, "I am free ! Be mine, and I will love you as I have done for years and years."

Max started back. "What is he dead?" he said.

"No, no, not dead—but he never was my husband."

He let go her hand, and, interrupting her, said sharply, "Indeed, madam, if this carpenter never was your husband, I see no cause why I should be. If a lady, who hath been for twenty years the mistress of a miserable country loor, cannot find it in her heart to put up with the protection of a nobleman—a sovereign's representative—she may seek a husband elsewhere!"

"I was no man's mistress except yours," sobbed Catherine,



wringing her hands and sobbing wildly, "but, O Heaven! I deserved this. Because I was a child, and you saw, as I trusted, and left me—because, in my sorrow and repentance, I wished to repair my crime, and was touched by that man's love, and married him—because he too deceives and leaves me—because, after loving you—madly loving you for twenty years, I will not now forfeit your respect, and degrade myself by yielding to your will, you too must scorn me! It is too much—too much—O Heaven!" And the wretched woman fell back almost fainting.

Max was almost frightened by the burst of sorrow on her part,

and was coming forward to support her ; but she motioned him away, and, taking from her bosom a letter, said, " If it were light, you could see, Max, how cruelly I have been betrayed by that man who called himself my husband. Long before he married me, he was married to another. This woman is still living, he says, and he says he leaves me for ever."

At this moment the moon, which had been hidden behind Westminster Abbey, rose above the vast black mass of that edifice, and poured a flood of silver light upon the little church of St Margaret's, and the spot where the lovers stood. Max was at a little distance from Catherine, pacing gloomily up and down the flags. She remained at her old position at the tombstone under the tree, or pillar, as it seemed to be, as the moon got up. She was leaning against the pillar, and holding out to Max, with an arm beautifully white and rounded, the letter she had received from her husband ; " Read it, Max," she said : " I asked for light, and here is Heaven's own, by which you may read."

But Max did not come forward to receive it. On a sudden his face assumed a look of the most dreadful surprise and agony. He stood still, and stared with wild eyes starting from their sockets, he stared upwards, at a point seemingly above Catherine's head. At last he raised up his finger slowly and said, " Look, Cat—the head—the head !" Then uttering a horrible laugh, he fell down grovelling among the stones, gibbering and writhing in a fit of epilepsy.

Catherine started forward and looked up. She had been standing against a post, not a tree—the moon was shining full on it now, and on the summit, strangely distinct, and smiling ghastly, was a livid human head.

The wretched woman fled—she dared look no more. And some hours afterwards, when, alarmed by the Count's continued absence, his confidential servant came back to seek for him in the churchyard, he was found sitting on the flags, staring full at the head, and laughing, and talking to it wildly, and nodding at it. He was taken up a hopeless idiot, and so lived for years and years, clanking the chain, and moaning under the lash, and howling through long nights when the moon peered through the bars of his solitary cell, and he buried his face in the straw.

There—the murder is out ! And having indulged himself in a chapter of the very finest writing, the author begs the attention of the British public towards it ; humbly conceiving that it possesses some of those peculiar merits which have rendered the fine writing in other chapters of the works of other authors so famous.

Without bragging at all, let us just point out the chief claims of the above pleasing piece of composition. In the first place, it is perfectly stilted and unnatural ; the dialogue and the sentiments being artfully arranged, so as to be as strong and majestic as possible. Our dear (at is but a poor illiterate country wench, who has come from cutting her husband's throat ; and yet, see ! she talks and looks like a tragically princess, who is suffering in the most virtuous blank verse. This is the proper end of fiction, and one of the greatest triumphs that a novelist can achieve : for to make people sympathise with virtue is a vulgar trick that any common fellow can do ; but it is not everybody who can take a scoundrel, and cause us to weep and whimper over him as though he were a very saint. Give a young lady of five years old a skein of silk and a brace of netting-needles, and she will in a short time turn you out a decent silk purse anybody can ; but try her with a cow's ear, and see whether she can make a silk purse out of *that*. That is the work for your real great artist, and pleasant it is to see how many have succeeded in these latter days.

The subject is strictly historical as any one may see by referring to the *Daily Post* of March 3, 1726, which contains the following paragraph :—

"Yesterday morning, early, a man's head, that by the freshness of it seemed to have been newly cut off from the body, having its own hair on, was found by the river's side, near Millbank, Westminster, and was afterwards exposed to public view in St. Margaret's Churchyard, where thousands of people have seen it, but none could tell who the unhappy person was, much less who committed such a horrid and barbarous action. There are various conjectures relating to the deceased ; but there being nothing certain, we omit them. The head was much hacked and mangled by the cutting off."

The head which caused such an impression upon Monsieur de Galgenstein was, indeed, once on the shoulders of Mr. John Hayes, who lost it under the following circumstances. We

have seen how Mr. Hayes was induced to drink. Mr. Hayes having been encouraged in drinking the wine, and growing very merry therewith, he sang and danced about the room; but his wife, fearing the quantity he had drunk would not have the wished-for effect on him, she sent away for another bottle, of which he drank also. This effectually answered their expectations; and Mr. Hayes became thereby intoxicated, and deprived of his understanding.

He, however, made shift to get into the other room, and, throwing himself upon the bed, fell asleep, upon which Mrs. Hayes reminded them of the affair in hand, and told them that was the most proper juncture to finish the business.*

* * * * *

Ring, ding, ding! the gloomy green curtain drops, the *dramatic persons* are duly disposed of, the nimble candle-snuffers put out the lights, and the audience goeth pondering home. If the critic take the pains to ask why the author, who hath been so diffuse in describing the early and fabulous acts of Mrs. Catherine's existence, should so hurry off the catastrophe where a deal of the very finest writing might have been employed, Solomon's replies that the "ordinary" narrative is far more emphatic than any composition of his own could be, with all the rhetorical graces which he might employ. Mr. Aram's trial, as taken by the penny a liners of those days, had always interested him more than the lengthened and poetical report which an eminent novelist has given of the same. Mr. Turpin's adventures are more instructive and agreeable to him in the account of the Newgate Plutarch, than in the learned Ainsworth's Biographical Dictionary. And as he believes that the professional gentlemen who are employed to invest such heroes with the rewards that their great actions merit, will go through the ceremony of the grand cordon with much more accuracy and

* The description of the murder and the execution of the culprits, which here follows in the original, was taken from the newspapers of the day. Coming from such a source they have, as may be imagined, no literary merit whatever. The details of the crime are simply horrible, without one touch of even that sort of romance which sometimes gives a little dignity to murder. As such they precisely suited Mr. Thackeray's purpose at the time—which was to show the real manners and customs of the Sheppards and Turpins who were then the popular heroes of fiction. But nowadays there is no such purpose to serve, and therefore these too literal details are omitted.

despatch than can be shown by the most distinguished amateur ; in like manner he thinks that the history of such investitures should be written by people directly concerned, and not by admiring persons without, who must be ignorant of many of the secrets of Kitchcraft. We very much doubt if Milton himself could make a description of an execution half so horrible as the simple lines in the *Daily Post* of a hundred and ten years since, that now lies before us—"herrlich wie am ersten Tag,"—as bright and clean as on the day of publication. Think of it ! it has been read by Helinda at her toilet, scanned at "Bulton's" and "Wills," sneered at by wits, talked of in palaces and cottages, by a busy race in wigs, red heels, hoops, patches, and rags of all variety— a busy race that hath long since plunged and vanished in the unfathomable gulf towards which we march so briskly.

Where are they? "Affavit Deus"—and they are gone ! Hark ! is not the same wind roaring still that shall sweep us down ? and yonder stands the compositor at his types who shall put up a pretty paragraph some day to say how, "*Yesterday*, at his house in Grosvenor Square," or "*At Botany Bay*, universally regretted," died So-and-so. Into what profound moralities is the paragraph concerning Mrs. Catherine's burning leading us !

Ay, truly, and to that very point have we wished to come ; for, having finished our delectable meal, it behoves us to say a word or two by way of grace at its conclusion, and be heartily thankful that it is over. It has been the writer's object carefully to exclude from his drama (except in two very insignificant instances—mere walking-gentlemen parts), any characters but those of scoundrels of the very highest degree. That he has not altogether failed in the object he had in view, is evident from some newspaper critiques which he has had the good fortune to see, and which abuse the tale of "*Catherine*" as one of the dullest, most vulgar, and immoral works extant. It is highly gratifying to the author to find that such opinions are abroad, as they convince him that the taste for Newgate literature is on the wane, and that when the public critic has right down undignified immorality set before him, the honest creature is shocked at it, as he should be, and can declare his indignation in good round terms of abuse. The characters of the tale are immoral, and no doubt of it ; but the writer humbly hopes the end is not so. The public was, in our notion, dosed and poisoned by the prevailing style of literary

practice, and it was necessary to administer some medicine that would produce a wholesome nausea, and afterwards bring about a more healthy habit.

And, thank Heaven, this effect *has* been produced in very many instances, and that the "Catherine" cathartic has acted most efficaciously. The author has been pleased at the disgust which his work has excited, and has watched with benevolent carefulness the wry faces that have been made by many of the patients who have swallowed the dose. Solomons remembers, at the establishment in Birch Lane where he had the honour of receiving his education, there used to be administered to the boys a certain cough-medicine, which was so excessively agreeable that all the lads longed to have colds in order to partake of the remedy. Some of our popular novelists have compounded their drugs in a similar way, and made them so palatable that a public, once healthy and honest, has been well-nigh poisoned by their wares. Solomons defies any one to say the like of himself—that his doses have been as pleasant as champagne, and his pills as sweet as barley sugar. — it has been his attempt to make vice to appear entirely vicious; and in those instances where he hath occasionally introduced something like virtue, to make the sham as evident as possible, and not allow the meanest capacity a single chance to mistake it.

And what has been the consequence? That wholesome nausea which it has been his good fortune to create wherever he has been allowed to practise in his humble circle.

Has any one thrown away a halfpennyworth of sympathy upon any person mentioned in this history? Surely no. But able and more famous men than Solomons have taken a different plan, and it becomes every man in his vocation to cry out against such, and expose their errors as best he may.

Labouring under such ideas, Mr. Isaac Solomons, junior, produced the romance of Mrs. Cat, and confesses himself completely happy to have brought it to a conclusion. His poem may be dull—ay, and probably is. The great Blackmore, the great Dennis, the great Sprat, the great Pomfret, not to mention great men of our own time—have they not also been dull, and had pretty reputations too? Be it granted, Solomons is dull; but don't attack his morality; he humbly submits that, in his poem no man shall mistake virtue for vice, no man shall allow a single sentiment of pity or admiration to enter his bosom for

any character of the piece: it being, from beginning to end, a scene of unmitigated morality performed by persons who never deviate into good feeling. And although he doth not pretend to equal the great modern authors, whom he hath mentioned, in wit or descriptive power; yet, in the point of moral, he merckly believes that he has been their superior; feeling the greatest disgust for the characters he describes, and using his humble endeavour to cause the public also to hate them.

HORSEPOWER LANE, *January 1840.*

THE ENIL

